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THE MISTRESS OF SYDENHAM PLANTATION.

A HIGH wind was blowing from the water into the Beaufort streets, — a wind of as reckless hilarity as March could give to her breezes, but soft and spring-like, almost early-summer-like, in its warmth.

In the gardens of the old Southern houses that stood along the bay, roses and petisporum-trees were blooming, with their delicious fragrance. It was the time of wistarias and wild white lilies, of the last yellow jasmines and the first Cherokee roses. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

In the quaint churchyard of old St. Helena's Church, a little way from the bay, young figures were busy among the graves with industrious gardening. At first sight, one might have thought that this pretty service was rendered only from loving sentiments of loyalty to one's ancestors, for under the great live-oaks the sturdy brick walls about the family burying-places and the gravestones themselves were moss-grown and ancient-looking; yet here and there the wounded look of the earth appealed to the eye, and betrayed a new-made grave. The old sarcophagi and heavy tablets of the historic Beaufort families stood side by side with plain wooden crosses. The armorial bearings and long epitaphs of the one and the brief lettering of the other suggested the changes that had come with the war to these families, yet somehow the wooden cross touched one's heart with closer sympathy. The pad-

locked gates to the small inclosures stood open, while young girls passed in and out with their Easter flowers of remembrance. On the high churchyard wall and great gate-posts perched many a mocking-bird, and the golden light began to change the twilight under the live-oaks to a misty warmth of color. The birds began to sing louder; the gray moss that hung from the heavy boughs swayed less and less, and gave the place a look of pensive silence.

In the church itself, most of the palms and rose branches were already in place for the next day's feast, and the old organ followed a fresh young voice that was training itself for the Easter anthem. The five doors of the church were standing open. On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, — in this eastern doorway sat two young women.

"I was just thinking," one was saying to the other, "that this is the first year she has forgotten to keep the day. You know that when she has forgotten everything and everybody else, she has known when Easter came, and has brought flowers to her graves."

"Has she been more feeble lately, do you think?" asked the younger of the two. "Mamma saw her the other day, and thought she seemed more like herself; but she looked very old, too. She asked mamma to bring her dolls, and

she would give her some bits of silk to make them gowns. Poor mamma ! and she had just been wondering how she could manage to get us ready for summer, this year, — Célestine and me," and the speaker smiled wistfully.

"It is a mercy that the dear old lady did forget all that happened ;" and the friends brushed some last bits of leaves from their skirts, and rose and walked away together through the churchyard.

The ancient church waited through another Easter Even, with its flowers and its long memory of prayer and praise. The earthquake had touched it lightly, time had colored it softly, and the earthly bodies of its children were gathered near its walls in peaceful sleep.

From one of the high houses which stand fronting the sea, with their airy balconies and colonnades, had come a small, slender figure that afternoon, like some shy, dark thing of twilight out into the bright sunshine. The street was empty, for the most part ; before one or two of the cheap German shops a group of men watched the little old lady step proudly by. She was a very stately little old lady, for one so small and thin ; she was feeble, too, and bending a little with the weight of years, but there was true elegance and dignity in the way she moved, and those who saw her, who shuffled when they walked, and who boasted loudly of the fallen pride of the South, were struck with sudden deference and admiration. Behind this lady walked a gray-headed negro, a man who was troubled in spirit, who sometimes gained a step or two, and offered an anxious but quite unheeded remonstrance. He was a poor, tottering old fellow ; he wore a threadbare evening coat that might have belonged to his late master thirty years before.

The pair went slowly along the bay street to the end of the row of new shops, and the lady turned decidedly toward the water, and approached the ferry-steps. Her servitor groaned aloud,

but waited in respectful helplessness. There was a group of negro children on the steps, in the dangerous business of crab-fishing ; at the foot, in his flat-bottomed boat, sat a wondering negro lad, who looked up in apprehension at his passengers. The lady seemed like a ghost. Old Peter, with whose scorn of modern beings and their ways he was partially familiar, — old Peter was making frantic signs to him to put out from shore. But the lady's calm desire for obedience prevailed, and presently, out of the knot of idlers that had gathered quickly, one, more chivalrous than the rest, helped the strange adventurers down into the boat. It was the fashion to laugh and joke, in Beaufort, when anything unusual was happening before the eyes of the younger part of the colored population ; but as the ferryman pushed off from shore, even the crab-fishers kept awe-struck silence, and there were speechless, open mouths and much questioning of eyes that showed their whites in vain. Somehow or other, before the boat was out of hail, long before it had passed the bank of raccoon oysters, the tide being at the ebb, it was known by fifty people that for the first time in more than twenty years the mistress of the old Sydenham plantation on St. Helena's Island had taken it into her poor daft head to go to look after her estates, her crops, and her people. Everybody knew that her estates had been confiscated during the war ; that her people owned it themselves now, in three and five and even twenty acre lots ; that her crops of rice and Sea Island cotton were theirs, planted and hoed and harvested on their own account. All these years she had forgotten Sydenham, and the live-oak avenue, and the outlook across the water to the Hunting Islands, where the deer ran wild ; she had forgotten the war ; she had forgotten her children and her husband, except that they had gone away, — the graves to which she carried Easter flowers were her

mother's and her father's graves, — and her life was a strange dream.

Old Peter sat facing her in the boat; the ferryman pulled lustily at his oars, and they slid quickly along the ebbing tide. The ferryman longed to get his freight safely across; he was in a fret of discomfort whenever he looked at the clear-cut, eager face before him in the stern. How still and straight the old mistress sat! Where was she going? He was awed by her presence, and took refuge, as he rowed, in needless talk about the coming of the sand-flies and the great drum-fish in Beaufort waters. But Peter had clasped his hands together and bowed his old back, as if he did not dare to look anywhere but into the bottom of the boat. Peter was still groaning softly; the old lady was looking back over the water to the row of fine houses, the once luxurious summer homes of Rhett's and Barnwells, of many a famous household now scattered and impoverished. The ferryman had heard of more than one bereft lady or gentleman who lived in seclusion in the old houses. He knew that Peter still served a mysterious mistress with exact devotion, while most of the elderly colored men and women who had formed the retinues of the old families were following their own affairs, far and wide.

"Oh, Lord, ole mis', what kin I go to do?" mumbled Peter, with his head in his hands. "Thar 'll be nothin' to see. Po' ole mis', I do' kno' what you say. Trouble, trouble!"

But the mistress of Sydenham plantation had a way of speaking but seldom, of rarely listening to what anybody was pleased to say in return. Out of the mistiness of her clouded brain a thought had come with unwonted clearness. She must go to the island: her husband and sons were detained at a distance; it was the time of year to look after corn and cotton; she must attend to her house and her slaves. The remembrance of that news of battle and of the three deaths

that had left her widowed and childless had faded away in the illness it had brought. She had never comprehended her loss; she was like one bewitched into indifference; she remembered something of her youth, and kept a simple routine of daily life, and that was all.

"I t'ought she done fo'git ebryt'ing," groaned Peter again. "O Lord, hab mercy on ole mis'!"

The landing-place on Ladies' Island was steep and sandy, and the oarsman watched Peter help the strange passenger up the ascent with a sense of blessed relief. He pushed off a little way into the stream, for better self-defense. At the top of the bluff was a rough shed, built for shelter, and Peter looked about him eagerly, while his mistress stood, expectant and imperious, in the shade of a pride of India tree, that grew among the live-oaks and pines of a wild thicket. He was wretched with a sense of her discomfort, though she gave no sign of it. He had learned to know by instinct all that was unspoken. In the old times she would have found four oarsmen waiting with a cushioned boat at the ferry; she would have found a saddle-horse or a carriage ready for her on Ladies' Island for the five miles' journey, but the carriage had not come. The poor gray-headed old man recognized her displeasure. He was the only slave left, if she did but know it.

"Fo' Gord's sake, git me some kin' of a cart. Ole mis', she done wake up and mean to go out to Syd'n'am dis day," urged Peter. "Who dis hoss an' kyart in de shed? Who make dese track wid huffs jus' now, like dey done ride by? Yo' go git somebody fo' me, or she be right mad, shore."

The elderly guardian of the shed, who was also of the old *régime*, hobbled away quickly, and backed out a steer, that was broken to harness, and a rickety two-wheeled cart. Their owner had left them there for some hours, and had crossed the ferry to Beaufort. Old mis-

tress must be obeyed, and they looked toward her beseechingly where she was waiting, deprecating her disapproval of this poor apology for a conveyance. The lady long since had ceased to concern herself with the outward shapes of things; she accepted this possibility of carrying out her plans, and they lifted her light figure to the chair in the cart's end, while Peter mounted before her with all a coachman's dignity, — he once had his ambitions of being her coachman, — and they moved slowly away through the deep sand.

"My Gord A'mighty, look out fo' us now," said Peter over and over. "Ole mis', she done fo'git, good Lord, she done fo'git how de good marsa up dere done took f'om her ebryting; she 'spect now she find Syd'n'am all de same like 's it was 'fo' de war. She ain't know 'bout what's been sence day of de gun-shoot on Port Royal and dar-away. O Lord A'mighty, yo' know how yo' stove her po' head wid dem gun-shoot; be easy to ole mis'."

But as Peter pleaded in the love and sorrow of his heart, the lady who sat behind him was unconscious of any cause for grief. Some sweet vagaries in her own mind were matched to the loveliness of the day. All her childhood, spent among the rustic scenes of these fertile Sea Islands, was yielding for her now an undefined pleasantness of association. The straight-stemmed palmettos stood out with picturesque clearness against the great level fields, with their straight furrows running out of sight. Figures of men and women followed the furrow paths slowly; here were men and horses bending to the ploughshare, and there women and children sowed with steady hand the rich seed of their crops. There were touches of color in the head kerchiefs; there were sounds of songs as the people worked, — not gay songs of the evening, but some repeated line of a hymn, to steady the patient feet and make the work go faster, — the un-

conscious music of the blacks, who sing as the beetle drones or the cricket chirps slowly under the dry grass. It had a look of permanence, this cotton-planting. It was a thing to paint, to relate itself to the permanence of art, an everlasting duty of mankind; terrible if a thing of force and compulsion and for another's gain, but the birthright of the children of Adam, and not unrewarded nor unnatural when one drew by it one's own life from the earth.

Peter glanced through the hedge-rows furtively, this way and that. What would his mistress say to the cabins that were scattered all about the fields now, and that were no longer put together in the long lines of the quarters? He looked down a side road, where he well remembered fifty cabins on each side. It was gay there of a summer evening; the old times had not been without their pleasures, and the poor old man's heart leaped with the vague delight of his memories. He had never been on the block; he was born and bred at old Sydenham; he had been trusted in house and field.

"I done like dem ole times de best," ventures Peter, presently, to his unresponding companion. "Dere was good 'bout dem times. I say I like de old times good as any. Young folks may be a change f'om me."

He was growing gray-faced with apprehension; he did not dare to disobey. The slow-footed beast of burden was carrying them toward Sydenham step by step, and he dreaded the moment of arrival. He was like a mesmerized creature, who can only obey the force of a directing will; but under pretense of handling the steer's harness, he got stiffly to the ground to look at his mistress. He could not turn to face her, as he sat in the cart; he could not ride any longer and feel her there behind him. The silence was too great. It was a relief to see her placid face, and to see even a more youthful look in the worn lines. She had been a very beautiful woman

in her young days. And a solemn awe fell upon Peter's tender heart, lest the veil might be lifting from her hidden past, and there, alone with him on the old plantation, she would die of grief and pain. God only knew what might happen! The old man mounted to his seat, and again they plodded on.

"Peter," said the mistress, — he was always frightened when she spoke, — "Peter, we must hurry. I was late in starting. I have a great deal to do. Hurry the horses."

"Yas, mis', — yas, mis'," and Peter laughed aloud nervously, and brandished his sassafras switch, while the steer hastened a little. They had come almost to the gates.

"Who are these?" the stately wayfarer asked once, as they met some persons who gazed at them in astonishment.

"I 'spect dem de good ladies f'om de Norf, what come down to show the cullud folks how to do readin'," answered Peter bravely. "It do look kind o' comfo'ble over here," he added wistfully, half to himself. He could not understand even now how oblivious she was of the great changes on St. Helena's.

There were curious eyes watching from the fields, and here by the roadside an aged black woman came to her cabin door.

"Lord!" exclaimed Peter, "what kin I do now? An' ole Sibyl, she's done crazy too, and dey 'll be mischievous together."

The steer could not be hurried past, and Sibyl came and leaned against the wheel. "Mornin', mistis," said Sibyl, "an' yo' too, Peter. How 's all? Day ob judgment 's comin' in mornin'! Some nice buttermilk? I done git rich; t'at's my cow," and she pointed to the field and chuckled. Peter felt as if his brain were turning. "Bless de Lord, I no more slave," said old Sibyl, looking up with impudent scrutiny at her old mis-

tress's impassive face. "Yo' know Mars' Middleton, what yo' buy me f'om? He my foster-brother; we push away from same breast. He got trouble, po' gen'el-man; he sorry to sell Sibyl; he give me silver dollar dat day, an' feel bad. Neber min', I say. I get good mistis, young mistis at Sydenham. I like her well, I did so. I pick my two hundred poun' all days, an' I ain't whipped. Too bad sold me, po' Mars' Middleton, but he in trouble. He done come see me last plantin'," Sibyl went on proudly. "Oh, Gord, he grown ole and poor-lookin'. He come in, just in dat do', an' he say, Sibyl, I long an' long to see you, an' now I see you; an' he kiss an' kiss me. An' dere 's one wide ribber o' Jordan, an' we 'll soon be dere, black an' white. I was right glad I see ole Mars' Middleton 'fore I die."

The old creature poured forth the one story of her great joy and pride; she had told it a thousand times. It had happened, not the last planting, but many plantings ago. It remained clear when everything else was confused. There was no knowing what she might say next. She began to take the strange steps of a slow dance, and Peter urged his steer forward, while his mistress said suddenly, "Good-by, Sibyl. I am glad you have done so well," with a strange irrelevancy of graciousness. It was in the old days before the war that Sibyl had fallen insensible, one day, in the cotton-field. Did her mistress think that it was still that year, and — Peter's mind could not puzzle out this awful day of anxiety.

They turned at last into the live-oak avenue, — they had only another half mile to go; and here, in the place where the lady had closest association, her memory was suddenly revived almost to clearness. She began to hurry Peter impatiently; it was a mischance that she had not been met at the ferry. She was going to see to putting the house in order, and the women were all waiting. It

was autumn, and they were going to move over from Beaufort ; it was spring next moment, and she had to talk with her overseers. The old imperiousness flashed out. Did not Peter know that his master was kept at the front, and the young gentlemen were with him, and their regiment was going into action ? It was a blessing to come over and forget it all, but Peter must drive, drive. They had taken no care of the avenue ; how the trees were broken in the storm ! The house needed — They were going to move the next day but one, and nothing was ready. A party of gentlemen were coming from Charleston in the morning.

They passed the turn of the avenue ; they came out to the lawn, and the steer stopped and began to browse. Peter shook from head to foot. He climbed down by the wheel, and turned his face slowly. "Ole mis'!" he said feebly. "*Ole mis'!*"

She was looking off into space. The crumbling, fallen chimneys of the house were there among the weeds, and that was all. The cart jerked as it moved after the feeding steer. The mistress of Sydenham plantation had sought her home in vain.

On Christmas Day and Easter Day, many an old man and woman come into St. Helena's Church who are not seen there the rest of the year. There are not a few recluses in the parish, who come to listen to their teacher and to the familiar prayers, read as one seldom hears the prayers read anywhere. This Easter morning dawned clear and bright, as Easter should. The fresh-bloomed roses and lilies were put in their places. There was no touch of paid hands anywhere, and the fragrance blew softly about the church. As you sat in your pew, you could look out through the wide-opened doors, and see the bending branches and the birds as they sat singing on the gravestones. The sad faces of the old people, the cheerful faces of the young, passed by up the aisle. One figure came to sit alone in one of the pews, to bend its head in prayer after the ancient habit. Peter led her, as usual, to the broad-aisle doorway, and helped her, stumbling himself, up the steps, and many eyes filled with tears as his mistress went to her place. Even the tragic moment of yesterday was lost already in the acquiescence of her mind, as the calm sea shines back to the morning sun when another wreck has gone down.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A BISHOP OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

WHEN we read of Valentinian III. flying from Rome at the approach of Attila and his Huns, and then how the barbarians were turned back, and induced, this time, to spare the Eternal City, by the majestic front and solemn eloquence of Leo the Great, we know that these things mean the end of Imperial and the beginning of Papal Rome. But it is doubtful whether any contemporary Roman citizen fully realized their significance, and it is certain that

one man, of no little distinction, — one of whom, through his writings, we know more, perhaps, than of any other then living, and whose history was destined singularly to illustrate the great vicissitudes of his age, — was occupied almost exclusively with his own private affairs.

In the year of Attila's invasion, 452 A. D., Caius Sollius Sidonius Apollinaris married Papianilla, the only daughter of the future Emperor Avitus. The match was in all respects a suitable one.

Both bride and groom belonged to the best of Gallo-Roman families; and the ancestors of Sidonius Apollinaris, though now for three generations professing the Christian faith, were said to have been priests in an ancient temple of Apollo, of which, if we are to believe tradition, a relic still remains. There is a mask, somewhat resembling the *Bocca della Verità* in Rome, surmounting a ruined portal on the site of the Château de Polignac, destroyed in the Revolution; and the archives of the Polignac family, which claims descent from the sainted Sidonius, and through him from the priests aforesaid, affirm this mask to have been the very vehicle of the oracles delivered in the ancestral temple.

Both the father and grandfather of Sidonius Apollinaris had been prefects of Gaul, and had fulfilled the duties of their office with honor; while on the maternal side he seems to have been distantly connected with his future father-in-law, Avitus. The latter had just rendered an important service to his Emperor, Valentinian III.; for it was apparently by his arguments that Theodoric I., King of the Visigoths, was induced to join his troops to those of Ætius, the Roman general, and march to the relief of Orléans, besieged by Attila and his hordes. Had Theodoric not been on the Roman side, victory must inevitably have fallen to Attila, in the hardly contested battle of Châlons.

It was in the breathing-space afforded to Gaul by the defeat of Attila that the wedding took place between Sidonius and the daughter of Avitus; but before we attempt to follow the fortunes of the young pair, a brief survey must be taken of the state of public affairs.

The Eastern Empire, under the rule of Marcian and Pulcheria, was in abler hands than usual. Its connection with the West had been weakened by the death, in 451, of Galla Placidia, whose tomb yet stands intact under its pictured dome at Ravenna; whose very

mummified remains, arrayed in royal robes, could be discerned through a grating but little more than a century ago, and were only then sacrificed to a freak of childish mischief.

In giving to the world her son Valentinian III. and her daughter Honoria, Galla Placidia had done what she could toward fulfilling the augury of Romulus's vultures, and putting an end to Rome after twelve centuries of greatness. There is no need to retrace here the careers of that brother and sister, each now about to close. Honoria's name is never mentioned in history after Attila's death, and Valentinian had but two years left to live.

The next Emperor of the West would enter upon a sadly contracted kingdom. Africa was in the hands of the Vandals, Spain given over to the Sueves; all attempt to retain the British Islands under Roman rule had long before ceased. Gaul was now divided into many more than the three parts known to classical history. None of its Atlantic seaboard belonged to Rome, and two of the four races between whom this was shared, the Franks and Visigoths, were ever pushing eagerly forward — the Visigoths east and north, the Franks southwards from Belgium — into Central France. Moreover, the Burgundians had established a firm footing in Western Switzerland, from whose mountains they looked down enviously on the rich valley of the Rhone.

The fate surely impending over the Gallo-Romans was that of absorption into one or another of the barbarian kingdoms by which they were surrounded, but they seem themselves to have entertained no suspicion of any such destiny. Their *insouciant* disregard of the signs of the times has been aptly compared to that of the old French *noblesse* upon the selfsame soil, thirteen hundred years later.

Pagan Gaul had been a reflection of Rome. Every considerable city had its

arx and forum, circus, temples, theatre, and amphitheatre. All aimed, in their public edifices and institutions, at copying as closely as possible the great Italian original. The rural districts, as always, had been slower to adopt new ideas. The worship of the Olympian divinities, even, was an exotic religion there, conformity to which, like the wearing of togas, the writing of hexameters, and the study of philosophy, was considered the correct thing, — a necessary part of the "high Roman fashion" of respectable citizenship.

When Gaul received Christianity, it was at the hands of Oriental, not Occidental, missionaries; and this probably accounts for one of the most curious features in the history of these years, namely, that while political Gaul, and above all Auvergne, remained intensely loyal to the Rome of the Emperors, Auvergne the bishopric acknowledged no allegiance to ecclesiastical Rome.

To return to the subject of this sketch. Sidonius Apollinaris was born in 431, at Lyons, where he probably passed the greater part of his youth, and where he received the education which was thought fitting for a young man of his position.

Here he made many lifelong friends, to one of whom, long afterwards, he sent a letter full of gay reminiscences of their schooldays together, in which this Probus who is addressed figures as an infant prodigy, coaching his fellow-pupils, and even correcting his teachers.

Sidonius completed his school course to the high satisfaction of a circle of admiring relatives, who held him, as indeed he held himself, a clever young man and a very promising writer. He had plenty of political ambition, and

desire for a Roman reputation; and he regarded his own facility in the manufacture of hexameters and the composition of complimentary letters as means to that end, rather than as an adequate object in life.

He married, as has been said, the only daughter of the most prominent Auvergnat of that day, and settled down as a member of his father-in-law's household, making himself generally agreeable, while he watchfully bided his time.

Of the villa where Avitus was then living, and which afterwards became his own, Sidonius Apollinaris has left a long and pompous description, professedly modeled on Pliny's well-known accounts of his Laurentian and Tuscan residences, but not by any means the most successful of his imitations. The less ambitious narrative of his visits to Ferreolus and Apollinaris is much more satisfactory, and gives a vivid notion of the ways of living among that generation of men.

"You ask," he writes to Donidius, "why, though I set out from Nîmes some time ago, I still try your patience by delaying my return home. I will explain the circumstances without loss of time,¹ for I know you are pleased with whatever pleases me. I have been passing my time most delightfully, in the pleasantest of places and with the most courteous of hosts, — Ferreolus and Apollinaris. Their estates adjoin,² and their houses are not far apart. It would be a longish walk from one to the other, but a short ride. The hills that overlook both dwellings are planted with vines and olives. . . . One of the houses has a view over the open country, the other looks out upon forests, but the situations are equally charming. So much for the places, and now for the manner of life.

¹ "Reddo causas redivus tardiores, nec moras meas prodere moror" (I return the reasons of my later return, and will not delay to explain my delay), is what Sidonius really says. This habit of playing upon words was inveter-

ate with him, but it would be too tedious always to reproduce it.

² They were, in fact, separated by the river whose name is associated with one of the most marvelous pieces of Roman work still existing in France, — the Pont du Gard.

"To begin, there was a friendly strife each morning between my entertainers as to whose kitchen-chimney should smoke for my first repast. Although nearly related to the one (Apollinaris), and only a distant connection of the other (Ferreolus), I could not very well divide my time equally between them, turn and turn about, because the age and dignity of Ferreolus over and above the deference due to a man who had held the office of prefect gave him the greater claim. However, I was hurried from pleasure to pleasure." He goes on to describe how the tennis-court and the dice-boxes were ready for such as cared for that kind of amusement, and then follows a most interesting description of Ferreolus's famous library: "Here are books in abundance: breast-high cases, like those of the grammarians; wedge-shaped ones, like those of an atheneum; shelves laden like a bookseller's. I observed that the manuscripts laid handy to the armchairs of the ladies consisted, for the most part, of *œuvres de piété*; while those which adjoined the benches of the fathers of the family comprised the noblest specimens of Latin eloquence. There are works of equal literary merit in both lines, no doubt. Thus Augustine may be compared with Varro, and Prudentius with Horace." It was in this library that Sidonius usually passed his mornings until eleven o'clock, when the summons came to lunch, or rather dinner. "They dine quickly but plentifully, in senatorial fashion; for it is their fad and fancy to have many kinds of food served on few dishes." This meal was over by noon; then came a short ride, and then a bath, taken, not in the elaborate bathing-rooms, though such were attached to each villa, but in simpler fashion. Temporary huts, erected along the river-side, and filled with steam by pouring water upon red-hot stones, made very effective *sudaria*, after the style of those described by Dostoievsky, in the Siberian convict prisons. Here

the company not unfrequently remained for hours, in grave or gay discussion; and when they emerged, it was to take first a plunge into very hot water, and then a dip in the limpid river. After this, all felt themselves ready for the abundant evening meal.

We have no means of knowing whether the three years immediately following his marriage seemed to move quickly or slowly to Sidonius Apollinaris, for, save for the account of a visit which he paid to the court of the Visigoths, at Toulouse, he himself has left us no record of them, and it is doubtful whether even this narrative ought not to be referred to a later period.

In the great world, the history of these years is little more than a catalogue of murder. First, Valentinian connives at the taking-off of Ætius, — the skillful, if unprincipled, general whose lieutenant Avitus had often been. Early the next year, Valentinian himself was assassinated by the servant of one Maximus, a Roman senator, who seated himself on the vacant throne, and compelled the widow of his victim to take him as her second husband. Three months after his accession, — June, 455, — Maximus was, in his turn, stoned to death in the streets of Rome, and Genseric came over from Africa, at the summons of the outraged Empress. Leo's venerable presence did not avail to overawe the Vandal, and the utmost Genseric would concede was to limit his occupation and sack of the city to a fortnight.

Fourteen days of systematic pillage ensued, and then the Vandal fleet set sail for Africa, bearing the Empress Eudoxia, her two daughters, and every portable object in the venerable city which had captivated the fancy of the barbarians. We are not altogether sorry to know that the treacherous Empress was ill treated by Genseric, and that one important bit of their booty escaped altogether out of the hands of the Vandals. The vessel bearing the plunder of the

Capitol foundered and sank on its southward voyage. The golden candlesticks from the Temple at Jerusalem, on the contrary, performed the voyage in safety, and were found in Carthage by Belisarius, a century later.

So the midsummer of 455 saw Rome headless and desolate, and Avitus had a mind to assume the inviting purple. By the help of Theodoric II. he succeeded in being proclaimed Emperor at Ugernum, now the Beaucaire, with whose features both the lovers of Mirèio and the friends of Tartarin are abundantly familiar.

The price of the Gothic support appears to have been a free field for unlimited conquest in Spain; and while Theodoric set off upon a protracted Suevic campaign, the new-made Emperor and his escort, his young son-in-law prominent among them, departed for Rome. On his arrival there, Avitus accepted the now shadowy dignity of the consulship, and entered on the duties of his new office after gravely going through with all the traditional preliminaries. The breed of sacred hens was still kept up, and slain for the consular auguries, but the auspices, one would think, must have been very bad on this occasion.

Sidonius — poet laureate by virtue of his relation to the Emperor — delivered the official panegyric, which went off entirely to his own satisfaction and that of all his auditors. What a chance was now afforded him to show the still self-sufficient old Romans that those fellows from the provinces were not behind themselves in elegant culture! In the six hundred and three lines of which his panegyric is composed, Sidonius does all that could have been expected of a court poet. Jove summons the gods to Olympus, and Sidonius rattles off their names with a fluency which, however, can hardly have sufficed to hide from his critical hearers the damning *faux pas* which he committed in closing a hexameter with *Cybele*.

Not only gods, but half-gods, come at Jove's bidding, and are faithfully catalogued. To them assembled appears Rome, *in persona*, recites a compendium of her history, and describes her present sorry state. On her Jove graciously bestows Avitus as ruler, and recounts his biography at length. Each deed demands its array of polysyllables, from the wolf Avitus killed as a boy to his reluctant acceptance of the Empire, which is described by his son-in-law as a coy acceding to the desires of beseeching Gaul.

The moment the Father of the Gods had ceased speaking, Olympus began to applaud, and the Senate did the same for Sidonius. They even broke their benches in his honor, and voted him a statue of brass in the portico of the Library of Trajan, which had been stripped of many of its choicest treasures, no doubt, by Genseric, in the preceding summer.

Avitus's reign is an almost complete blank, and in the next year it came abruptly to an end. He had ceased to be acceptable to Ricimer, the Teuton commander-in-chief of the Roman forces; and Ricimer, surnamed the King-Maker, could do anything, it appears, that he desired, short of placing himself upon the throne of the Caesars.

With his father-in-law's death Sidonius's prospects of advancement were for the time sadly blighted, and he returned to Gaul a very disaffected subject of the central government. How far his disloyalty led him we shall never know, but if he did not actually join the Visigothic faction, he was probably privy to the plot then on foot in Gaul, — to revolt from Rome altogether, and make of Central France either an independent kingdom, or one tributary to Theodoric II. And it is to this period that it seems best, upon the whole, to assign that account of a visit to the court of Toulouse of which mention has been made above, and which, though nomi-

nally addressed to Agricola (the eldest son of the late Emperor), was evidently written for the public eye, and reads very much like a campaign document.

The description of Theodoric's person is too graphic and striking to be omitted: "He is a man of perfectly proportioned figure, shorter than the tallest, but higher and more commanding than those of medium stature. The top of his head is round, and his curling hair recedes a little from the plane of his forehead. He is not at all bull-necked. His eyes are covered by a shaggy arch of eyebrow, and where his lashes droop they seem almost to graze the middle of his cheek. The lobes of his ears are veiled, after the fashion of his people, by waving locks of the hair that grows above them. His lips are finely cut, and do not appear to broaden when parted. His regular teeth, if by chance you obtain a glimpse of them, are almost as white as snow. His mustache is trimmed daily. A close beard begins at his slightly hollow temples, but is carefully plucked out from the lower part of the face by the assiduous care of his barber. The skin of his chin, throat, and rather slender but well-rounded neck is white as milk; but if he be looked at closely it becomes suffused with the rosy glow of youth, for he oftener flushes from modesty than from anger. His shoulders are well made, his arms powerful, the forearm hard, the hand broad. His chest is well expanded; his abdomen recedes."

There follows an equally minute account — unfortunately too long to quote — of Theodoric's daily avocations; and a very clean, just, manly, simple, and yet kingly life he seems to have lived. It should also be noted that the laudatory description which Sidonius has here given of Theodoric receives curious confirmation from a most unexpected quarter, — the polemical writings of Salvian; and we must conclude the rule of the Gothic kings to have been a more just and equitable one, upon the whole, than that

of the Roman prefects. Moreover, under Theodoric, who, though nominally an Arian, was practically a free-thinker, Catholics were never persecuted; and it is no wonder if the Gauls, and especially the family of Avitus, outraged by the murder of their countryman and kinsman, felt their allegiance to Rome wonderfully slackened.

Some steps toward revolt were certainly taken, but they proved abortive; and in 458, Majorian, the first and the ablest of the Emperors whom Ricimer made, came to Lyons, and Sidonius, then quite in disgrace, at the age of twenty-seven took the hint of a friend that it might be a politic thing for so ready a writer to compose a panegyric on the new ruler. A second panegyric was accordingly produced, and though we cannot fancy the composition of it to have been other than a bitter task, reviving, as it must have done, all the memories of that brief season of triumph at the capital and its tragical close, yet it must be confessed that no evidence of any such sentiment appears in the text. There is, perhaps, a covert allusion to the past in the fact that Majorian's eulogy is carefully measured out to exactly the same length — six hundred and three lines — as that of Avitus, at which point it concludes with decided abruptness.

Majorian, however, was apparently quite satisfied. He not only relieved Sidonius from disgrace, but showed him distinguished favor. During the ensuing months, while the imperial court was at Arles, Sidonius was in frequent attendance, and proved himself an accomplished courtier. All his life through he remembered those days with peculiar complacency, and fully ten years later he describes with the greatest gusto a duel of words between himself and one Pæonius, which took place at Majorian's table, and how he won the imperial host entirely to his side, and came off triumphant.

Everything now seemed to smile on Sidonius. The Emperor made much of him; Petrus, Majorian's secretary, being himself a clever writer, had a fellow-feeling, and a very kindly one, for the young poet; Magnus, the prætorian prefect, was interested in him as the school-fellow of his own sons, Probus and Magnus Felix; and he also found a former acquaintance in that famous Egidius who was shortly after appointed by Majorian *magister militum*, and went away to perform those feats of arms in the North by virtue of which he became the Comte Gilles of early French legend.

But Sidonius's dreams of distinction under Majorian were as quickly and rudely dispelled as those had been which he cherished along with Avitus. In August, 461, Majorian was dethroned and put to death by the agency of Ricimer, who raised up to take his place one Severus, of whom little save his name is known. During the reign of this insignificant princeeling, Sidonius lived quietly in the country, as he had done in the first years after his marriage. He made his home at Avitacum, an estate which was dearer to him, so he says, as the patrimony of his wife, than those even which came to him from his own father. Shut in among the hills lay the villa, where the valets dozed all day in the antechamber, and the flight of time was marked only by the varying sounds of the animal world: chirping of crickets at noon, croaking of frogs at dusk; at midnight, the cries of geese and swans, and the crowing of cocks; the hoarse caw of the rooks, when the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the east; and as day broke, the song of the nightingale and the swallow.

A charming retreat, indeed, where he and his people lived in so great amity that he was afraid the friend to whom he sends his elaborate description might attribute this concord not so much to the blessing of God as to some fairy charm.

This villa of Avitacum was situated in the neighborhood of what is now Clermont-Ferrand, and was then that capital of the Arverni which the proverbial schoolboy knows to his cost as the seat of the valiant Vereingetorix, and which had given the great Caesar a vast deal of trouble. Auvergne was now to show itself equally stubborn in its adherence to the Roman rule. They were a conservative race, those partially Romanized Gauls; the pagan temples had still their handful of worshippers, and it was more than suspected that even Druid rites were annually practiced in certain remote and shady spots. Still, the vast majority of the population was of course Christianized, and the bishops of the Orthodox Catholic Church in Gaul were, as a rule, remarkably able men.

With certain of these higher ecclesiastics Sidonius became well acquainted, during his years of retirement, although his friendship with the saintly Lupus of Troyes was probably of an earlier date. Lupus had done for his own city what Leo had done for Rome,—he had averted the descent of Attila by the mere power of his personality. Raised to the bishopric in 427, he was already regarded as the patriarch of the Gallic Church, and he entertained an almost fatherly fondness for Sidonius.

So for four years, or until the age of thirty-four, the twice-disappointed courtier lived that life of a Roman provincial of which Salvian has left so vigorous, if sensational, a picture,—a life which in many of its fashions remained curiously pagan. Crowds attended the games which were still held in the arenas, and pieces were produced at the theatres of which the subjects were taken almost without exception from heathen mythology.

The complicated machinery of Roman government was also maintained after a sort, and the burden of it fell with crushing weight on that class whose

well-being is most of all essential to the prosperity of a country, — the small proprietors. Taxes were so high as to be impossible of payment, and men were forced to become the serfs of some powerful lord, in order to find the means of subsistence for themselves and their families. But Sidonius and his cultivated circle appear to have taken this state of things quite as a matter of course. Not the least striking of his letters is that in which he recounts his successful intercession on behalf of a certain Turnus.

The father of this young man had borrowed a considerable sum of money at twelve per cent., and the debt was of so long standing that the original amount had doubled. The debtor was unable to pay, and, being apparently on his death-bed, he appealed to Sidonius to use his good offices with the creditor, one Maximus, for some abatement of the claim.

At considerable inconvenience to himself, Sidonius made a *détour* by the villa of Maximus, when *en route* for Toulouse, and it is to Turnus that he writes to tell of his success.

"When I arrived," he proceeds, "Maximus himself came out to meet me. I had seen him in the old days, erect in body, brisk of pace, cheery of voice, and alert in expression, but his present appearance was very different. The man's dress and walk, his complexion, speech, and downcast eye, all breathed religion. So did his close-cropped hair, his flowing beard, his three-legged stools, his hair-cloth portières, his featherless bed, his table devoid of purple covering, his hospitality at once kind and frugal, more abundant in vegetables than in meats; for if any particularly dainty *plat* was brought in, it was intended as an indulgence for his guests, not for himself.

"When we rose from table, I took occasion privately to inquire of those present which of the three orders he had

entered. Had he become monk, priest, or penitent? They told me that he had just assumed the bishopric, which had been forced on his unwilling acceptance by his admiring fellow-citizens."

Sidonius now obtains a private interview, falls on his old friend's neck, congratulates him on his new honors, and then introduces his especial business. To continue in his own words: —

"I presented the petition of your father; I alleged his necessity; I deplored his extremity, which would seem all the more grievous to his friends were he to be loosed from the body while still bound by debt. I begged him to be mindful both of his new profession and of his old acquaintance, and to appease by ever so slight a concession the barbarous insistence of the clamorous sheriffs. Should the sick man die, I entreated a year's respite for his heirs; should he recover, as I still hoped he might, a little indulgence for himself, that, weakened by illness, he might have a clear space for convalescence."

Sidonius was yet pleading, when Maximus burst into tears, and, in a broken voice, yielded all, and more than all, which the advocate had hoped. He abated the interest of the debt, and granted a year's delay in the payment of the principal; and the letter concludes quaintly with some rather plain advice to Turnus to lose no time in paying the original sum, and thanking Maximus for his great generosity.

"For," says Sidonius, with the involuntary and very naive cynicism which belonged peculiarly to himself, "when a man like that holds a note, and remits the half where he might exact the whole, if there be any further delay, he feels himself justly offended, and exacts once more that which he had conceded through pious compassion."

The picture of Maximus is not altogether an attractive one to modern eyes, but Sidonius was ever tolerant and easy in his judgments. Most of the things

that people did seemed quite natural to him.

High and difficult moral standards did exist in a few select souls, and Sidonius recognized the fact and respected the individuals, but it was not to such that his sympathies went out most heartily. "I'll tell you a secret," he wrote, years later, to the Bishop of Vaisons. "I look up to those extremely austere men, and, conscious of my own imbecility, I bear with meekness their severity toward myself; but the fact is that such manners make me feel my inferiority more than they invite my confidence."

Yet it should be said in his honor that, however little disposed to idealize his fellow-beings, he was absolutely stanch and loyal, never deserting a friend in misfortune, though laughing at himself, sometimes, for the softness and impolicy of his own behavior. Of this disposition he affords us a striking example in the year 457; but to make the circumstances clear, a few words must once more be given to the political situation.

In August, 465, the phantom Emperor Severus had ceased to be, and his death was followed by an interregnum of sixteen months. At the end of this time, Ricimer, having balanced the advantages to be derived from alliances with Constantinople and with Carthage, decided in favor of the former, and, with the aid and sanction of the Emperor Leo, raised to the purple Anthemius, in whose veins, as it chanced, ran the blood both of Eastern and Western Emperors. The arrangement seemed to promise fairly enough. It was Leo's interest to support it, and Ricimer was thought to be bound by his betrothal to the daughter of the new ruler.

So Anthemius, then in command of the Hellespontic fleet, which had been ordered to watch the proceedings of Genseric, set out for Rome, and on April 12, 457, three miles from the city gates, he was met by a huzzaing multi-

tude, who hailed him Emperor. The news of his elevation, when it reached Auvergne, found the dispositions of Sidonius and his party very unlike what they had been ten years before. Their then lukewarm loyalty to Rome had been rekindled into an ardent flame. Two events had helped to bring about this change. One was the rapid growth of the Burgundian power, which had by this time overrun all that portion of modern France which lies east of the Rhone, except the department of Var and that small tract of debatable land ceded by Piedmont in 1859, and now known as the Alpes Maritimes. Theodoric, the long-haired and clear-featured, had been murdered, and succeeded by his brother Euric, a no less able ruler, but in one important respect a very different man. All religions had been much alike to Theodoric, but Euric was a fiercely proselyting Arian, and there could be no question in the mind of any good Catholic of tamely handing over Auvergne to his tender mercies.

Meanwhile, no suspicion that they were not altogether free agents appears even yet to have dawned upon the Auvergnats. They thought it best to send an embassy to their new master in Rome, and they appointed Sidonius its chief; and verily a more willing envoy never undertook a mission.

Full particulars concerning his journey were sent back to his friend Heronius; and however interesting these may have been at the time, they are at least equally so to-day.

Sidonius begins by frankly congratulating himself on having made his trip at the public charge, and by the admirably managed government post. He crossed the Alps, descending by Lago Maggiore, where he embarked on the Ticino, following the course of that river down to its confluence with the Po, and afterward the latter as far as Ravenna, where he had probably expected to find the court.

The city made a profound and ineffaceable impression upon Sidonius, and it is strange indeed to compare his description with one's own memories. "I hardly know," writes the Gaul, "whether to say of the Via Cæsaris that it separates or connects the old city and the new port;" and as we read of the broad and busy highway from a great capital to its principal mart, the vision arises of a lonesome, narrow rural road, leading between level rice-fields, miles away from the gray and shrunken town of Ravenna, to a majestic and solitary basilica.

Wonderfully imposing in its absolute isolation stands San Apollinare in Classe, and deserted of all save the bones that moulder in its immemorial sarcophagi, and the white-robed figures in fadeless mosaic that walk in radiant procession around its inner wall; and our sensitive Sidonius would have felt a pang of mingled pride and sorrow, could he have known that the very last relic of the rich and teeming port at which he marveled would have recalled, by its dedication to a local saint, his own half-pagan name.

That silent church is literally all that remains of Cæsarea or of Classis. The Adriatic has long since receded from the line where its billows broke before the curious eyes of the stranger from Auvergne, and on the tract of land thus lifted a mighty pine forest, beloved of many a poet, both before and since the days of Dante, has risen, and flourished, and decayed, until now, across the shadeless, flowery waste, only the faintest thread of blue can be discerned upon a distant horizon.

A sense of something *funeste* about the situation and prospects of Ravenna seems to have preyed even upon the mind of Sidonius. "You must think ill of your native town indeed," he writes in his lively fashion to Candidianus, "if you find yourself happy in being exiled to Ravenna, where a loquacious troop

of hopping frogs accompanies your steps through the town, while your ears are pierced by the mosquitoes of the Po. All the laws of nature are reversed in that quagmire: walls fall and waters rise; towers rock and ships are stationary; sick men walk abroad and doctors lie abed; baths are cold and houses hot; the living are parched with thirst, while the dead go a-swimming; thieves are wide awake and authorities fast asleep; the clergy practice usury, while Syrians sing the office; merchants fight and soldiers trade; old men play at tennis and young men at dice; eunuchs bear arms and barbarians affect literature."

The touch of malaria, which he very likely got at Ravenna, though he credits it to the "pestilential Tuscan country," may have helped to put Sidonius out of humor with the place. At all events, he suffered much from thirst and fever, while he proceeded Romeward by way of Rimini and Fano, noting the historic associations of these places with Julius Cæsar and with Hasdrubal. The act of paying his devotions at the basilica which then occupied the site of St. Peter's sufficed, however, for his complete cure, and he established himself in lodgings where he might rest and recruit, until the commotion attendant upon Ricimer's marriage should have subsided.

A few days later he takes up the thread of his narrative, not, as the reader of to-day fondly hopes, to tell of the aspect of Rome as he beheld it, but to describe how he had succeeded in obtaining the Emperor's ear; how, with the help of a friend, he had gone over a list of the senators, and satisfied himself that, "with all due respect to the others, only two were really worth cultivating,—Avienus and Basilus. Now the former was the easier of access, but he had a large family connection, ready to snap up all the favors which came in his way, so the sage Sidonius decided, while keeping on friendly terms with

him, to pay his more particular court to Basilius; and the old senator soon procured for his new-found friend an opportunity of delivering a panegyric of Anthemius in the presence of the Emperor himself.

Once again, therefore, Sidonius was fain to trundle forth the dilapidated old Olympian machinery, and to grind out five or six hundred hexameters, which "may or may not have been thought good work," as he naively says, "but at all events got the reward thereof;" for Anthemius appointed him prefect of Rome. "By the aid of Christ and the use of my pen," as he piously puts it, "I am come to the prefecture;" and very happy he was made for the moment by this big piece of preferment.

Yet to condemn Sidonius as a mere office-seeker, on the strength of a letter like this, would be most unfair. There is another, dating from his very last days of worldly prosperity, which puts him before us in a different light.

"I cannot disguise the fact," he writes from Rome, "that the fall of Arvandus preys heavily on my mind." Now Arvandus had been pretorian prefect of Gaul, and had come to Rome to stand his trial for maladministration there. The province was represented by three prosecutors, Thaumastus, Petronius, and Ferreolus. We have already made the acquaintance of the last, as the possessor of the wonderful library. Thaumastus was cousin to Sidonius; Petronius was his old friend. But Arvandus had been his friend as well, and though he was indubitably guilty, both of extortion and *lèse-majesté*, Sidonius could not find it in his heart to desert him.

When, however, in company with a fellow-noble, he waited on the accused with expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance, the unhappy man turned on them furiously, and with many abusive epithets ordered them out of his presence. They departed more sad than angry. "For where," says Sidonius, "is

the doctor who loses his temper every time an access of rage seizes upon a madman?"

He sorrowfully watched the case to its inevitable conclusion, by sentence of death against Arvandus; and then, when the criminal had been relegated to the Isola Tiberina to await his execution, he once more came forward, and exerted all his influence to have the penalty at least commuted to one of exile. "But in any case," our good Sidonius adds gloomily, "whether he suffer the extreme penalty of the law or only anticipate it, if, after all the insults and humiliations he has undergone, he can find death more terrible than life, he seems to me the most wretched of men." What the fate of Arvandus really was we do not know.

Sidonius retained his office of prefect for one year only. He found its duties very onerous, particularly that of provisioning the city, with the assistance of the *prefectus annonæ*; and he was glad, at the end of a twelvemonth, to exchange his prefecture for the patriciate. Shortly afterward, perceiving on the political horizon the unmistakable signs of freshly gathering storm, he returned to Gaul, abandoning once again, and this time definitively, his hopes of political advancement.

He arrived to find Lyons the Burgundian capital, and very unpleasant to the traveled patrician was the barbarian crowd which jostled him in the streets, of his native city, nor was he slow to express his disgust. To a request for an epithalamium he replies in rollicking hendecasyllabics, to the effect that he cannot write a six-foot measure with a seven-foot savage standing over him, after which he proceeds to a very unflattering description of the personal habits of the new-comers.¹ A satirical skit of this kind may have obtained

¹ These lines have been rendered with admirable spirit in the second volume of *Italy and her Invaders*, by Thomas Hodgkin.

a succès d'estime among the outraged Lyonnais, but was not very likely to ingratiate its author with his new masters; and indeed it must have been a sore trial to a man of refinement to have to share his private possessions (for such had been the strange terms of the surrender of the province) with some one of these unsavory intruders. Erelong, therefore, our friend shook the dust of Lyons from his feet, and returned to Auvergne, most probably to Avitacum, where he occupied himself with the congenial task of editing a volume of his own poems. In so doing, he yielded, as he informs us (the old story!), to the entreaties of his friends, and especially of Magnus Felix. His selection consisted of twenty-four poems, of which eight, comprising about half the bulk of the volume, are made up of his three panegyrics, with their accompanying apologies and dedications. Of these he reverses the chronological order, placing that of Anthemius first, and that of Avitus last.

Then follows his apology to Magnus Felix for the quality of his verse; where-in he takes about three hundred and fifty lines in which to enumerate the subjects he has *not* treated, and the authors he has *not* presumed to emulate ("Quos multo minor ipse plus adoro"); and he concludes with a sentiment which, though not precisely original, obtains our warmer assent, perhaps, for the dreariness of the waste which had preceded it: "The things a man knows are never so many as those of which he is ignorant."

Many a time and oft we are tempted to wish that Sidonius had known less! The greatest poets test our patience by their catalogues. Those of Sidonius are well-nigh unbearable.

For information, the longer poems, including the descriptions of Narbonne and Bourg-sur-Mer, may be consulted, but hardly for pleasure. Sidonius is a great deal better in his less ambitious efforts. Some of his epigrams are neat-

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ly turned, and the artificiality which is ingrain in the man's style is much less annoying here than in his familiar letters. The quatrain which accompanied his gift of a brace of fish is not without grace in the original:—

"Four fishes were caught on my hooks last night:

Two are for thee, O friend of mine!

The larger two by the better right,

For more than half of my heart is thine."

A single specimen must also be given of his graver and sweeter manner; the rather because, in the basilica "reared by the zeal of Bishop Patiens," he has portrayed for us a typical Christian church edifice of the fifth century, like many still existing at Ravenna, or like San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, and one or two others at Rome. The lines may be thus rendered:—

THE BASILICA.

All ye who love our Patient priest and father,
Come and admire, with me, his finished task;

Here pay your vows, and in his temple gather
The boon ye ask.

Afar it shines, and, with no shade of turning,
So justly set upon its lofty place,
The sunrise of the equinoctial morning
Strikes it, full face.

Enter, and all the dusk begins to glimmer,
And all the lacquered ceiling to unfold,
Beckoning the errant sun-rays where they shimmer,
Gold upon gold.

Many-hued marbles lend their changing lustre
To chapel, floor and window. Beings bright
Tread the green-jeweled grasses wherein cluster
Blue flowers of light.

Threefold the lofty porch, in all the glory,
Fifty arrayed, of Aquitanian stone;
Threefold again the atrium's inner doorway;
And far, far on,

The eye that follows where the light is purest,
Down the long nave, beholds on either hand
The stems and foliage of a marble forest
Arise, expand.

Foot-fall and hoof-fall, on the highway ringing,
Are answered from the river by the long
Cadence of creaking oars; and boatmen, sing-
ing,

Respond the song

Of chanting choirs who hymn the Christ be-
loved.

Sing on, ye travelers of all climes and seas!
Here is the home ye seek, the way approved,
Whose end is peace.

The poetical gift of Sidonius, such as it was, appears exactly to have suited the taste of his generation, and compliments on his collection poured in from all quarters. But it was not as a poet any more than as a courtier that he was destined to be longest remembered.

Accustomed as we are to the spiritual *retours* and sudden acts of self-dedication which ever characterize an age of general upheaval and disaster, there seems at first sight something unusually abrupt about the transformation of Sidonius from a literary *dilettante* and glass of Roman fashion into the character in which we find him next. A little reflection will mitigate our surprise, and make the turn of events which raised him to the episcopate appear quite natural.

He was widely beloved for his many amiable qualities; he had shown great energy in resisting the encroachments of the Arian Euric; his fellow-citizens of Auvergne, on the death of their bishop in 472, felt themselves to be in a peculiar and painful sense as "sheep without a shepherd," and their unanimous choice fell upon Sidonius to succeed him. His case was not unlike that of the sainted Ambrose in Milan, and there is no reason to doubt that the *nolo episcopari* which our friend so earnestly professed was quite as sincere as that of his great exemplar. Sidonius had seen much, both at Rome and Ravenna, of the deceitfulness of earthly glory. An unaffected patriotism helped him to overcome his personal scruples, and at the age of forty-one he was ordained, and inducted into what nearly corresponds with the modern see of Clermont.

The step meant, for him, a radical change of life: the renunciation of a thousand darling indulgences, the assumption of heavy, and at the first uncongenial, duties. But his resolution once taken, he accepted its consequences manfully. Not the least of his sacrifices must have been the necessity of confining himself for the future to Christian literature and religious composition; yet such was the rule which he evidently adopted, admitting only occasional exceptions. Once or twice he was persuaded to transcribe an old poem (and one sees that he was always flattered by the request), or even to compose a few lines, where, however, martyrs replace his old pagan favorites, and his tropes and puns and similes appear sadly constrained. He fasted so severely as to endanger his health, and his bounty was almost too lavish. Gregory of Tours quaintly chronicles how once he even sold his table-silver, and gave the proceeds to the poor, to the horror of his wife. "Quod illa, cum cognosceret, scandalizabatur."

Nor were the duties which he assumed of a purely religious character, for a Gallic bishop of that day was, by virtue of his office, a member of the town council, which managed the temporal affairs of his city.

Now, in 472, Euric was preparing a fierce campaign against Auvergne. He coveted the fruitful, pleasant province, all that was yet lacking to enable him to realize the old Visigothic dream of a kingdom bounded by the ocean, the Pyrenees, the Rhone, and the Loire; and the Auvergnats, cut off from all direct communication with Rome, from whose enfeebled arms little aid was in any case to be expected, had only their own forces on which to rely for resisting the Visigothic invasion.

Into this cause the new bishop flung himself with great fervor, impelled by every motive, both religious and political; for one had but to glance at the south-

ern provinces in order to be enlightened as to the lot of Euric's Catholic subjects. Bishops and lesser priests were put to death with cruel tortures, and their sees suffered to lie vacant.

"All is neglect," writes the Bishop of Clermont, "in those deserted dioceses. You may see the very roofs of the churches crumbling and falling in, the doors torn from their hinges, the approaches to the basilicas choked with briars and thorns. The very flocks, alas, not only lie down in the open courts, but browse upon the verdant drapery of the grass-grown altars. Nor is it the rural parishes alone that are desolate. Even in the city churches, people assemble more and more rarely."

But the soul of Sidonius was not daunted by these calamities. From this time onward he has no thought but for the good of his province and the good of his church. In one or two of the letters of this year we detect a slight tone of wistfulness; he hopes that his change of condition may not have lost him this or that old friend; but it is evident that his conduct will no more be influenced by any such private consideration. In his epistles he appears the same kindly, tolerant, humorous, extremely sensitive mortal as of old, changed in one respect only: now he lives no longer to himself, and we find in him a clear perception of duty and a single-mindedness in fulfilling it which are very touching. So simple and matter of fact, so entirely unstudied and unpretending, is his own story of these days as half to blind us to the rare disinterestedness of his conduct.

When the metropolitan see of Bourges became vacant by the death of Eulodius, and the bishops of Berry and Auvergne were summoned to choose a successor, Sidonius Apollinaris was one of the three who alone responded to the appeal, and the choice he made of Simplicius, a son of the late bishop, was in all respects admirable. He has left three letters on

the subject: the first probably a circular one, addressed to all his fellow-bishops; a short note to Euphronius, who in connection with Patiens, Bishop of Lyons, the builder of the basilica, had pursued a very similar policy to his own in filling the see of Châlons; and a third to the Bishop of Tours, inclosing the inaugural address which he delivered, and which gives a minute account of all the proceedings. This last, he assures his friend with pardonable pride, was composed "in two watches of a summer night."

Occupied by his new duties, he had not found time to acknowledge to Claudian Mamert his dedication of the *De Statu Animæ*, but when reminded by the author of his neglect he pulled himself together, and quite outdid himself in that mingling of puns and praises which was considered the crowning charm of his literary style:—

"Here are words new because they are old, a style in comparison with which that of the ancients appears ridiculously antiquated; and what is better still, all this fine diction, equally cadenced and flowing, as amply illustrated as closely reasoned, seeming to suggest more than it says. By comparison with the holy Fathers, Claudian is Jerome for instruction, Lactantius for destruction, Augustine for construction. He exalts himself like Hilary, abases himself like John, reproves like Basil, consoles like Gregory, has the fullness of Orosius with the restraint of Rufinus, narrates like Eusebius, provokes like Paulianus, perseveres like Ambrose."

On the merits of Claudian's book we need not linger, nor tell how, in confuting the errors of Faustus, he fell into others of his own. It would lead us into the dreary maze of semi-pelagianism, a heresy more than usually unintelligible. Neither Saint-Simon nor Sainte-Beuve has succeeded in making quite clear to the average mind the story of Port Royal. Let us follow the example

of Sidonius, and avoid the fifth-century phase of the endless antagonism between grace and free-will. It is more interesting to note that after Sidonius has finished his praises of *De Statu Animæ*, he has something cordial to say of a certain hymn of his friend's composition which has been reasonably identified with the noble

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Prælium certaminis,"

which still holds its place in the Roman Catholic ritual.

With many of his fellow-bishops Sidonius carried on a brisk correspondence, after his elevation, and it is like him to have included in his own collection of letters three to Græcus, Bishop of Marseilles, of which Amantius was the bearer. The first is a graceful note of introduction and recommendation of the young Amantius, — an *epistola formata*, such as every cleric took with him on a journey, and which constituted a kind of passport to the bishops, who alone understood the cipher which such missives invariably contained. The bearer is described, in this instance, as a youth, poor, but of unspotted integrity, who has failed in business, and for whom Sidonius hopes that employment may be found at Marseilles. In the second he recounts with equal candor and animation what a dire mistake he had made about Amantius: how he had just discovered that the youth had begun life by running away from home; how he had next succeeded in capturing an heiress, by judicious presents to herself and flatteries of her widowed mother; and how this good lady, having discovered that she had a beggarly fortune-hunter for a son-in-law, was moving heaven and earth to get the marriage annulled.

Two years passed before Sidonius wrote again, and within this time events had moved rapidly. Anthemius and Ricimer were dead, and Glycerius and Olybrius had each sat for a little on the

throne of the Cæsars, now occupied by Julius Nepos. In Gaul, Auvergne, desperately resisting, under the leadership of Ecdicius, the able and popular brother-in-law of Sidonius, had beaten back the Visigothic advance; and during the brief truce — for peace it could hardly be called — which followed this victory, Sidonius went to Lyons, possibly to try and induce the Burgundian king to come to the aid of the Auvergnats. Here he learned that Ecdicius, for his very signal services, had been raised to the patriciate by Julius Nepos, and hastened to impart the tidings to Papianilla. This is the only letter to his wife which he seems to have thought it worth while to preserve; perhaps for the very reason that the rest are of too intimate a nature. "A good wife, certainly, but the very best of sisters," he calls her, when congratulating her on her brother's advancement. On the whole, we must conclude that their relation, though pleasant, was not especially sympathetic. That he could appreciate the charms of a community of intellectual interests between man and wife we see from the letter to his friend Hesperius on the occasion of the latter's marriage. He reminds him how Martia held the light ("*candelas et candelabra*") for Hortensius to read by, and Terentia for Cicero, and Calpurnia for Pliny, and Pudentilla for Apuleius, and Rusticeana for Symmachus. He even mentions, further on, the joint compositions of Catullus and Lesbia, — but this was in his carnal days.

Returning from Lyons to Auvergne about the time of the new year (475), and finding Ecdicius away and the inhabitants torn by dissensions, Sidonius besought Constantius to come to his aid. This able priest — the same to whom are addressed the dedication and epilogue of the first seven books of letters, and the epilogue of the eighth — succeeded in restoring the citizens to something like unanimity, and they set about preparing for the siege with which they

were threatened by Euric, for the opening of spring.

During the interval of suspense, Sidonius wrote to his old friend Magnus Felix, in the hope of obtaining further information about the fate in store for them, but Felix had no good news to give. Winter passed and spring came, and still their uncertainty continued. Sidonius now entreated Ecdicius, if he had ever loved Auvergne, to return thither without delay. "You never were so needed as now," he emphatically says: and, accompanied by a handful of Burgundian troops, Ecdicius accordingly came, while Euric and his great army were daily expected.

Suddenly an incredible rumor fills the air: Auvergne has been surrendered, — basely surrendered to the Visigothic king. The report is only too soon confirmed, and presently come the names of the bishops appointed to draw up and determine the articles of the treaty. Græcus of Marseilles was first on the list, and now it was that Amantius carried to the Mediterranean the third letter of the Bishop of Clermont, — a fiery epistle, which shows its author at his manliest: —

"Is this to be our reward for famine and fire, sword and pestilence, blades fattened on the blood of the slain, and warriors wasted by hunger? Was it in the hope of this most noble peace that we fed on herbage torn from the crevices of the walls, poisoned over and over again in our ignorance by the unwholesome grasses, which, heedless of the character of leaf or stalk, we snatched with our bloodless fingers? After testing our devotion thus often and severely, you will throw us over, as I hear! I pray that you may come to be ashamed of this treaty, — both useless and unseemly. You are the medium of negotiation. It devolves on you, in the absence of the Emperor, to settle certain points on your own responsibility, — not merely to ratify decisions already made.

Pardon me if I tell unpleasant truths. I do it in sorrow rather than in spite. You take little heed of the public good, and in the sittings of this commission have seemed less anxious to avert public dangers than to advance private fortunes; and this, moreover, has been your regular practice for so long a time that you, who were once the first of us provincials, are in danger of becoming the last. How long is this sort of thing to go on? What will become of the glory of our ancestors, if they are to have no descendants? I beseech you, by all the means in your power, to break off this disgraceful negotiation. We have not shrunk, thus far, from siege, or battle, or famine; nay, we have gloried in them! But if we, whom force could not conquer, are to be given up, it will certainly be because you have made some infamous compact with the barbarians.

"But why do I give way to this excessive grief? Pardon the violence of my expressions. Other provinces, when they are surrendered, expect servitude; Auvergne has to anticipate torture. If, indeed, you cannot help us in our extremity, pray, at least, that our stock may survive, though our liberties perish. Prepare a refuge for the exile, a ransom for the captive, a meal for the wanderer. If our gates are to be opened to the enemy, let not yours be closed against the guest.

"Deign to remember me, Lord Pope."

The conventional ending is almost amusing. One would fancy that Græcus was in little danger of forgetting his caustic correspondent. He must, at least, have recalled him to mind when, a few years later, Marseilles, in its turn, was handed over to the Gothic king.

The letter of Sidonius had no practical result. Auvergne was definitely given up to Euric; and no demands were made, so far as we know, on the hospitality of Bishop Græcus. Many of the Auvergnats left their homes, — among others Ecdicius, who went to the

Burgundian court, which he seems to have exchanged, a few years later, for the see of Vienne, — but Sidonius was not of the number who fled. He stayed with his flock; and he and they seem alike to have received better treatment than they had expected. Victorius, Count of Auvergne, under Euric, exercised an abler, and at the same time kindlier, rule than that of the Roman governors to whom they had been subject of late. Sidonius was quit for two years' imprisonment in the fortress of Livia, near Bordeaux; disagreeable enough, according to his account, but doubtless mitigated, as well as abbreviated, by the good offices of his friend Leo, minister of Euric. There are hints, indeed, that the reality of imprisonment was concealed beneath the veil of a mission. Be this as it may, he was back in Auvergne before the close of 477, and had resumed, as nearly as possible, his former way of life.

The old duties awaited him, but not the old pleasures. He was oppressed by a sense of estrangement from the companions of his youth. The fact of living under a different government appeared to divide him from them, as he had never been divided before. He almost hesitates about writing, even to as early and fast a friend as Magnus Felix, and the ceremonious opening of his last letter is, in view of the circumstances, peculiarly pathetic: "It is a long while since I have written to you, my lord, and many years since you have written me. I could not venture on my old frequency of correspondence, when under the ban of exile and far away from the borders of my country."

He had dwelt, in earlier and happier times, on the possibility of friendship between those who had never met. Let us at least hope that he proved in these declining days that love can outlast absence.

It distresses him to see the Latin tongue neglected and steadily declining,

after the change of rulers; and his warmest words of praise are for those who cling to the old cultured speech, and try to impart a knowledge of it to others.

There is no hint of any attempt having been made to throw off the Gothic yoke when once it had been accepted. Return to the Roman Empire was impossible, for the simple reason that the Empire of the West had ceased to be, and a barbarian king ruled even in Italy.

One does not wonder, in view of all the changes he had seen, that, though not yet fifty, Sidonius felt himself to be old. The requests of his friends that he would undertake this or that literary task were gently put aside, on the plea that his energy was exhausted, and he felt the time had come for him to devote the scanty leisure he could spare from his episcopal work to pious reading and thoughts of eternity. He did consent, however, to edit his letters, and put forth in rapid succession the first seven books.

Here, then, is perhaps the best place in which to say a few words of his literary style, which grates unpleasantly on our ears, no doubt, with its countless affectations, its pompous exaggerations, and wearisome and somewhat perfunctory *jeux de mots*. The utmost which can be said in its defense is, that such was the artificial fashion of his age, and that, after all, he is more readable than most of his correspondents. Here are two specimens from contemporary writers which will illustrate the prevailing manner. The first is from a congratulatory letter of Lupus of Troyes, on Sidonius's appointment to the bishopric; the second from Claudian Mamert.

"As for me, who loved you so much when you were intent on the barrenness of this world, what, think you, is the measure of my love, now that you are intent on the fruitfulness of Heaven? I

am sinking, and my dissolution is at hand; but I shall not consider that I am wholly dissolved, for, held in solution, I shall live in you, and I leave you in the Church. I rejoice in putting off this body, since you have put on the ecclesiastical habit, and are put on the ecclesiastical rolls."

Thus Lupus, and thus writes Claudian to Sapaudus, a rhetorician of Vienne, to whom one of Sidonius's epistles is addressed:—

"For I see that Romans not only neglect, but are ashamed of, the Roman speech; that grammar, like a barbarian woman, is knocked about by the foot and fist of barbarism and solecism; that logic is feared as though she were an Amazon, her sword drawn ready for battle; that rhetoric, like a *grande dame*, is unwelcome in narrow quarters; that, in truth, music, geometry, and arithmetic are regarded with as much horror as if they were three furies; and, finally, that even philosophy is considered as a beast of ill omen."

Surely Sidonius himself does not quite so ruthlessly sacrifice sense to sound! And though this style may not appeal to the present generation, who knows but it may precisely suit the taste of the next? Something very similar was quite the correct thing in France when Voiture wrote to the Abbess of Gères:—

"Madame, j'étais déjà si fort à vous que je pensais que vous deviez croire qu'il n'était pas besoin que vous me gagnassiez par des presens, ni que vous fissiez dessein de me prendre comme un rat avec un chat. Néanmoins, j'avoue que votre libéralité n'a pas laissé de produire en moi quelque nouvelle affection, et s'il y avait encore quelque chose dans mon esprit qui ne fût pas à vous, le chat que vous m'avez envoyé a achevé de le prendre et vous l'a gagné entièrement. C'est, sans mentir, le plus beau et le plus agréable qui fût jamais. . . . J'y trouve seulement à dire qu'il est de très difficile garde, et que, pour un chat nourri en

religion, il est fort mal disposé à garder la clôture."

To the seven books of letters first published was added, in 481, an eighth, and in 484 a ninth and last. About half of these epistles are dated after the return of Sidonius from Livia; and one, long and very curious, contains a minute analysis of the character of a certain Lampridius, who had just been murdered by his slaves. The date and manner of the man's death had been accurately foretold by "certain mathematicians of African cities," and Sidonius suggests that his tragic end may have been Heaven's punishment on Lampridius for having endeavored, by illicit means, to discover the duration of his life. One cannot, however, repress a doubt whether the extremely technical description which Sidonius gives of his friend's horoscope could possibly have been written by one who had not himself dabbled in astrology.

The remaining letters of this period are for the most part answers to the demands of his friends, now for verses, now for the elucidation of some literary problem. Sidonius was always pleased by these requests, and gave them courteous attention. He appears to have kept on hand a stock of poems, dating from his secular days, upon which he drew freely, and once or twice he was persuaded to try a fresh bit of metrical composition. He sends some asclepiads to Tonantius Ferreolus, — who had by this time inherited his father's library, — but he accompanies them by the sage reflection that "it is not easy for a man to do anything both well and seldom."

When Prosper, Bishop of Orleans, begged him to write an account of the siege of that city by Attila, and the sublime conduct of Anianus (St. Aignan), Sidonius made an attempt, but found himself unequal to the task. The note of apology which he sent on this occasion contains the only allusion, in all his later correspondence, to his own ecclesi-

astical position. Concerning his family he is equally silent; yet both as a bishop and a father he suffered many trials and humiliations.

Sidonius had but one son, Apollinaris, who must have been about twenty at the time of the cession of Auvergne to Euric. This youth formed a close alliance with Victorius, governor of that region under the Gothic king, — a man who, after a short period of seemingly righteous rule, took a turn for the worse, and began to abuse his position as shamefully as any Roman prefect had ever done. In 480, the Auvergnats rose against him. Victorius, in terror, fled to Odovacer, and Apollinaris the younger was the companion of his flight.

In Rome their conduct was such that they were soon arrested. Victorius was stoned to death, and Apollinaris dispatched to Milan under the guard of a couple of soldiers. He contrived, however, to escape, and return to Auvergne, where he becomes confused with another Apollinaris, and it is impossible to determine which of these two was the second successor of Sidonius in the see of Clermont.

The Church was the refuge of nearly all the great Gallo-Romans of that day. Felix, Ecdicius, Ruricius, one after another followed their old friend's example, but not one of them has left us an account of his latest days.

The cathedral where Sidonius officiated was of great splendor, built by one Namatius: of a cruciform shape, adorned with precious marbles, and filled with the odor of sanctity, which in this case, we are told, resembled the fragrance of spices. Thither, feeling himself to be near his end, the bishop was brought by his own desire, and laid down before the altar, "while a great multitude gathered about him, of men and women, weeping, and loudly saying, amid their tears, 'Why do you desert us, O good shepherd, and to whom will you leave your orphans? How can we live after your

death? Who, after you, can ever so fortify us with the pungency of his wisdom? Who, by the example of his prudence, inspire us with the fear of the name of the Lord?' These and like things said the people, with great lamentation. Then the bishop, filled by the Holy Ghost, answered, 'Fear nothing, O my people! Lo, my brother Aprunculus lives, and he will be your bishop.' They, not understanding, fancied that he spoke in delirium."

He died on the 23d of August, and was buried in the church of St. Saturnin, situated in the suburbs of Clermont, to the south of the city. Hence his remains were translated, in the Middle Ages, to the basilica of St. Genès, destroyed, like so many other churches, in 1794; and with the rest of its treasures vanished the silver coffer containing the relics of Sidonius.

But though we look in vain for any trace of him at Clermont, there is another spot where we shall be more fortunate. From the less traveled of the two roads between Clermont-Ferrand and Mont Dore, about midway of its length, a narrow cart-track turns aside, and leads, after three miles, to a tiny village on the shores of a charming sheet of water.

There is a smiling landscape, a range of mountains on the horizon, vineyards and green pastures in the middle distance, and at your feet a limpid lake with a single island. L'Ile de Saint-Sidoine the peasants call it, and they show you his altar in their little church, and in the choir a tablet inscribed in archaic and half-obliterated characters:

HIC ST DVO INNOCENTES † ET S SIDONIUS.

As we slowly spell out this inscription, we become conscious of a wish, lying somewhere very near the heart, that the ashes of our Sidonius may not, after all, have been flung forth upon the wild winds of the Revolution, but rather, by

some kind miracle, gathered here on the spot he loved so well.

For this is the site of Avitacum; this is the lake which lapped the villa walls; the ripples that break upon its further shore "are lucent green with the reflection of overhanging trees," and "the bitterness of the gray-green willows is nourished by the sweet waters," as of old. The landscape is unchanged, but a single bit of tenacious Roman masonry is all that remains of the once grand and spacious villa. That went long since, the way of Sidonius's early dreams, his

political ambitions, his fleeting social triumphs.

He witnessed the last throes of the Roman power, and the Burgundian and the Gothic which replaced it were soon to share its fate. They are French *peasants* who live at Avitacum to-day, and they never so much as heard of the perished villa, or its sometime imperial inhabitants. But St. Sidoine is their familiar friend, and we fancy that the thrice-chastened worldling is more than content with his immortality in their humble souls.

H. W. P. & L. D.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XXX.

CALAMITY.

As I entered the school, the next morning, I was met at the door by Miss Gibson, whose countenance gave warning of new evils.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"The children are no better," she said, "and Miss Philipson has at last frightened herself into real cholera, I do believe."

"Hardly that, I think; she will not be an easy victim. She has never subjected herself to the regimen of the establishment. Is that all?"

"Alas! that is not all, doctor; I have been greatly to blame. I cannot understand how I could be so thoughtless. I mentioned it to Yone."

"Mentioned what?"

"I told her that Miss Philipson had been taken ill. It was late. The children were mostly at rest, and she—Yone"—

"I see," said I, sternly; "you need tell me no more."

"Don't, doctor, don't!" she implored,

covering her face with her hands. "Heaven knows I foresaw no evil. And even now"—

"Well, child, well," I answered, as I led the way to the sick-rooms; "she would have heard of it from some one, I suppose. And then she is fated; I have always felt that. The long sacrifice of her life can have only one fitting end. So, then, tell me."

"It was about nine o'clock, doctor. I had gone to watch with the children, meaning that Yone should have a good night's rest; and by telling her she would soon be fit for nothing if she allowed herself so little sleep, I persuaded her to leave everything in my hands until the morning. It was only by chance—a miserable, hateful chance—that I spoke of Miss Philipson's attack. The instant I mentioned it I saw the mischief I had done, and tried to make light of the matter; but Yone shook her head, and said, 'No, I must go to her.' I assured her that the younger sister was perfectly well, and could do all that was requisite, but again she said, 'Oh, no, Miss Kezia is not equal to it; I will go.' Then I promised to look after the old

lady myself, watching half the night here and half with Miss Philipson ; but she would listen to nothing."

"You should have known she would not."

"I ought, indeed. Oh, doctor, do not reproach me. If any harm befalls, what shall I do, — what shall I do?"

"And did she pass the night there?"

"She did. I was there every half hour. When I first went in with her, the Philipsons made a pretense of refusing her aid, and then accepted it as if they were bestowing a favor. Yone said not a word, but set about caring for the thankless woman lying in bed. As for that useless Kezia, she sat comfortably in an armchair, taking great praise and glory to herself for staying and tending her dear afflicted sister, whom she never went near, contenting herself with ordering Yone about, until I told her plainly that if she spoke another word in my hearing, I would take her out of the room with my own hands, and lock her up somewhere."

"Ah, my child, if you could have done that with Yone!"

"I did what I could, doctor; little enough, but my best. I gave her some beef tea, and made her rest at intervals, while I nursed and fanned that impatient creature. Doctor, not all the children together have shown one tenth of the ill-temper, selfishness, — oh, I can't say what, — of that one woman in a single night. At dawn, or just before, I did contrive to get my darling to my own room, promising faithfully to call her if I found things going beyond me. But I fear" —

"What?"

"I fear that the real reason why she consented to go was that she felt her strength was leaving her, and that she could do no more."

"Come," said I, starting forward; "we have delayed too long."

On entering her chamber, we found Yone sleeping. I looked carefully at

her face, and, while I saw enough to give me deep concern, discovered no trace of that which was most to be feared. Placing on guard a quiet little scholar who was devoted to her, — as which of them was not? — with instructions to run for me the instant she saw signs of waking, I first went the round of the youthful invalids, having reasons for doubting the existence of the extreme peril on Miss Philipson's part, and finally made my way to that lady's apartment.

"Oh, Dr. Charwell," she cried, as soon as she caught sight of me, "at last, thank Heaven, at last! Twice have I been at the point of death, twice at death's very door. Save me, oh, save me!"

"Certainly, madam," said I. "I have come for that express purpose."

"I sent for you, sir, twice, last night. Two separate times, when I felt death stealing upon me, I gave orders that you should be summoned," continued the excited spinster; "but I suppose you were absent, — absent from home, Dr. Charwell, when the grim spectre was hovering over me."

"Well, madam," I replied, "I am absent from home *now*, for that matter. The grim spectre is hovering over more sick people hereabout than you, perhaps, are aware of; but still, I do not remember" —

I stopped abruptly at a sign from Miss Gibson, who privately told me that Yone had taken it upon herself to countermand the order, knowing that the case did not then require my attention, and that I needed all the rest I could obtain.

"She thinks of everybody," I whispered to Miss Gibson, "except herself."

"Oh, doctor, tell me, is there any hope for me?" moaned the occupant of the bed.

"I should be glad," I suggested, "to know who looked after you during the night."

"She was well cared for," said the

younger sister. "I was here myself, from the moment the danger declared itself."

"Ah, then," I observed, examining the medicine phials, "so these were measured and administered by your skillful hands, Miss Kezia. Nothing could be more regular."

"Miss Gibson undertook it occasionally," was the reply, every syllable of which sounded like the snapping of a jackdaw's beak.

As the reader knows, I had been made aware of what had passed, but, since it suited my humor that the truth should be drawn from the reluctant couple, I pursued my inquiries relentlessly.

"Then you and Miss Gibson were the only attendants?"

"No, sir, not necessarily," rejoined the now angry Kezia.

"Who were the others? permit me to ask."

"Is it important, Dr. Charwell, that you should know the name of every person who may have happened to be called in during the course of the night?"

"Dr. Charwell," interposed the elder sister, "I insist that you answer my question, instead of continuing this useless catechism. Is my life to be sacrificed in this dreadful devastation, or shall I be spared?"

"You see, madam," I responded, "it is desirable that I know what particular treatment you have been under; and to learn that, I should be informed of the names of your attendants."

"Well, then, do let him know," said the invalid. "There was my sister; and there was Miss Gibson, — very kind indeed of her; and there was that Yone Santo, who seemed determined to come in, — I don't know why; nobody asked her."

"Then I will tell you why," broke in Miss Gibson. "It was because difficult and wearying and thankless work had to be done; and wherever such things

are required, there you will find Yone Santo on the spot."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Miss Kezia; "and little enough return for the countless blessings that have been showered upon her from this house."

"Come, Miss Philipson," I remarked, taking my hat in hand, "I can afford to waste no more time here. Unless my questions are answered, I shall be obliged to leave you."

"Don't let him go!" screamed the recumbent Sophia. "Tell him all he wants to know, I command you, Kezia. I slept so much that I remember nothing."

"Oh, well!" exclaimed the junior, while tears of spite stood in the corners of her eyes; "after nine o'clock, Yone Santo undertook a great deal of the work."

"After nine o'clock?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; after nine."

"And at what hour did the symptoms begin to appear?"

"At what hour? Let me see."

"Shall I tell you?" inquired Miss Gibson.

"No, miss; your interference has already been more than sufficient. It was about nine o'clock, sir."

"Then," said I, "Yone's attention began immediately upon the appearance of the disease. You are trifling with me, ladies. I bid you good-day."

"What do you mean, Kezia?" shrieked the terror-stricken elder.

"How dare you disobey me? Tell him the truth at once!"

"Oh, if you wish me to magnify that creature into a saint?" —

"Never mind what I wish. I wish to be cured. That is the first thing. Afterward, we can" —

"Very good," hastily interrupted Miss Kezia, whose wits were a little more manageable, for the moment, than those of her confused senior. "Then, if you must know, Yone was here from about

nine last evening, when the illness first showed itself, until sunrise."

"No one else touched the medicines?"

"N—no; unless, perhaps, Miss Gibson."

"I did nothing," said the young lady referred to, "but lend Yone my strong arms once or twice."

"And this excellent friend of ours," I continued, resolved, in my irritation, to push the matter home, "did nothing of any kind, I conclude."

"It was surely needful," Miss Kezia feebly protested, "that *somebody* should superintend the proceedings."

"Precisely, precisely," said I. "And now, Miss Philipson, I will answer the question I would have answered immediately, if your sister had obliged me with the information I have with difficulty extracted. From the moment that I know you were in the hands of Yone Santo, I know also that you are undoubtedly safe, without reference to your sister's capabilities of superintendence. Yone's experience was large, last year, as you ought to remember gratefully. She knows as well as I what needs to be done, and you may count yourself a fortunate woman in having secured a ministration which I don't mind saying, madam, you have not in any degree deserved."

I need hardly remark that the invalid's condition was not such as to excite the least alarm, as in that case I should have taken a more rapid diagnosis. Whatever danger there might have been in the beginning had evidently vanished some hours before; and I was simply enjoying my opportunity of probing for the conscience which these two ladies might be supposed to possess, — an operation which may be pronounced heartless and unmanly, but which I shall not take the trouble to defend, — neither that nor any part of my subsequent conduct toward this earnest-minded and otherwise gifted couple.

Half an hour later, I was called, by her little guardian, to the chamber in which Yone was reposing. The child confided to me that her kindest of teachers was not so kind as usual, this morning. Instead of telling beautiful stories, as she always could, she kept interrupting the natural flow of her Japanese speech with long sentences in English, and would speak of nothing but furnaces, ovens, and such unpleasant things. I sent the child for Miss Gibson, and made all speed to Yone's bedside.

"You are there, doctor?" she said, smiling faintly. "I was going to dress me, but the atmosphere is so heavy here that I cannot get my strength. It is so warm in this place, close to the stoves; I cannot bear it."

As I brought her some water, Miss Gibson entered.

"Why have they kindled all the fires?" continued Yone, speaking with great rapidity and a slight huskiness of utterance.

"There are no fires, my dear," said Miss Gibson; "there would be none in any case, on this floor."

"Hark, Marian; you will hear the roar of the blaze, as well as feel the heat. Oh, doctor, it is terrible! What will the little sick ones do? I must go and stop it. And see," she exclaimed, glancing at the window, "the sun, the sun itself, is coming near us! What fearful sounds! Dear friends, what is threatening us? Look from the window. That angry, raging sun comes to consume us."

She made a sudden attempt to spring out upon the floor, but, being withheld, covered her face with the bed-clothes, shuddering violently. Miss Gibson gazed at me in speechless horror.

"Yone, hear me," I said firmly. "I can free you from some of your anxieties, but you must put great faith in me. Try to believe everything that I tell you, even if it is hard to do so. Doubt nothing that I say for a little while, no mat-

ter if you fancy I am mistaken, or am misleading you. And you, Miss Gibson, will think of the invalids elsewhere. You will go" —

"No, doctor, no. I shall stay here. Could you think" —

I stopped her with a hasty and violent gesture, pointing also to Yone, whose face was still concealed by the bed-coverings, to indicate that my meaning must be hidden from her.

"You will go," I continued, "and order all the ice that can be purchased, to be carried to the place where you will understand it is *most needed*. Then run across, yourself, to my hospital, select a comfortable litter, send it — no, let my servants bring it, and come you also. But leave instructions to make ready the up-stairs room in the southwest corner. Be here again in less than five minutes."

She was off like the wind.

"Now, Yone," said I, "can you speak with me?"

"Yes, doctor," she answered, cautiously drawing down the coverings. "Is the danger past? Did Marian bring it and take it away? But that is impossible; yet she is gone. Tell me, doctor, what is this dreadful heat?"

She was again speaking rapidly and wildly. My hope was that I could keep my hold upon her reason until our friend should return with the litter, and Yone's rare docility and confidence enabled me to accomplish this, in good part. She realized, at least, that she had overtaken herself, and accepted my assurance that she must rest for a while, without work of any sort. I allowed her to think the interval might be short, in order to cheer her with the hope of speedily resuming her labors.

In less than a quarter of an hour, she was on the way to a more suitable place for treatment. While passing through the street, from one house to the other, she spoke once, in supplicating tones: —

"Doctor — Marian — must I stay in

this burning boat, while you float beside me in the cool water?"

From that moment, for many a day, she uttered no word that could be understood by any listener. Miss Gibson at once dedicated herself to the sufferer, and at first resented the idea of sharing her task of affection with a hired assistant.

"My arms are strong, and my head is clear," she said; "there is nothing I cannot do."

"But your heart is not hard," I told her; "and some exercise of force will probably be needed. No, my child, you must have a professional nurse with you. There is no help for it."

XXXI.

DARK SHADOWS.

The cholera ran its course among us, desolating many a household, and filling the city with gloom. More than one hundred thousand victims were believed to have been sacrificed to the perversity and arrogance of two ruthless agents of foreign oppression. But all traces of the visitation had vanished long before our most cherished patient recovered her reason. And when the light of understanding returned to her countenance, it was with an anxious dread that I beheld the ravages which a violent fever had wrought upon her delicate frame. Marian Gibson, less tutored by experience, was able to contain her joy at what seemed to her the beginning of the recovery only on being warned that Yone must be kept in ignorance of the perilous state to which she had been reduced. Her intellect being fully restored, Marian now became her sole attendant. Indeed, excepting that devoted girl and myself, she saw no one. The thick-witted husband, still terrified by wild visions of cholera, — which disease had never touched Yone at all, — would not

come near her; and, indeed, his rough presence and coarse speech were not much to be desired in an invalid's chamber.

This was a time when the assistance of Shizu Miura would have been gladly welcomed, but she was already on the way to her new home in a distant land. Deep was the affectionate girl's distress at leaving the companion of her childhood in bodily pain and peril, but Roberts's plans for removal had been definitely arranged before the illness, and could not be set aside without injury to the interests of many parties. He was more touched than I had expected by the harsh necessity which compelled his wife to depart at a period when the mind of her friend and benefactress was clouded, and no intelligent farewell could be given or received. He promised without hesitation that Shizu should be privileged to return, after an interval; and though the pledge was undoubtedly qualified by mental reservations, the deception was kindly intended, and beneficial in effect.

As the days went on, bringing no gain of strength to Yone, I called for the opinions, one by one, of the fellow-members of my profession, whose earnest and unaffected concern was a true consolation in that afflicted period. The missionary physicians — a set of men loftily elevated, as a rule, above their exclusively religious colleagues in the extreme East — were foremost in proffering their aid, with the magnanimity which is developed, I make no doubt, by their humane vocation, and which rises superior to the intolerance that often accompanies imperfect education. Not a few of these were familiar with the fine spirit and character of my patient, and well knew that her loss would be a grievous bereavement to the sick and poor of her quarter. But they could say little, either in encouragement or the reverse. We could hope only for the healing touch of Nature's comforting

hand, and those whose eyes were keenest saw that, to be effective, this must not be much longer withheld.

Presently we thought it wisest to allow her such simple diversions as befitted her condition, and for several days some of her little favorites from the school were invited to be with her, of an afternoon. She asked for others, who had not been able to struggle through the ordeal of the previous month; and when we could not answer, the effect was so painful that we deemed the experiment too severe for repetition. But she begged so piteously for her child friends, promising that she would no more be disturbed by the absence of any of them, that they were admitted again, without further discussion.

"Why shall I mind missing those that are gone?" she said, with a strange expression in her thoughtful eyes; "it is for such a little time. My doctor knows it will soon be their turn to come to Yone's arms, and then *these* will be the absent ones."

I think, from something which happened a little later, that she would not have spoken thus if Miss Gibson had been present; but she turned her face to me with a smile of sorrowful meaning, from which I learned for the first time with certainty what the near future had in store for us.

One day the Philipian sisters presented themselves, with an intimation that, if desired, they would favor the sick girl with an interview. I had then determined to defer in everything to Yone's wishes, and on finding that she made no objection, the ladies were admitted, though not with Miss Gibson's cordial concurrence.

"Why, Yone, child," was the salutation of the elder, "how shockingly you look! Have they taken proper care of you here, I wonder?"

"Shocking, indeed," said Miss Kezia; whereupon a sharp glance passed between the pair, foretelling a philological

combat à l'outrance, at the first opportunity, on the question of employing adverbs or adjectives, here represented by "shockingly" and "shocking," in certain familiar forms of expression.

"Not quite such perfect care as Yone took of you, Miss Sophia," remarked Miss Gibson, "but still the best it was in our power to afford."

"I have been treated most kindly," was heard, in Yone's calm, sweet voice; "and of kindness only let us think, if I may ask it. You are welcome here, ladies; it does gladden me that you passed through all danger without harm."

"We are quite well, Yone," Miss Sophia replied, "as I am sure you will be, soon."

"Oh, we are all sure of that!" exclaimed the junior.

But to this our invalid did not incline to respond, although she regarded both the sisters with a pleasant smile.

"Well, we cannot stay long," said Miss Sophia, rising. "I hope, Yone, we are friends?"

"I wish you well, Miss Philipson, with all my heart."

"You know, if I sometimes seemed a little harsh" —

"Do not speak of it, I beg; it has not a place in my thoughts," said Yone.

"It was my religion that compelled me to take a course toward you which I would often have wished to avoid; but you cannot understand that."

"Certainly not," affirmed the second Miss P.; "we do not expect you to."

Yone now turned her lustrous eyes upon them.

"No," she said slowly; "no, truly, I cannot understand that."

"Never mind," rejoined Miss Sophia, glancing quickly at Miss Gibson and myself, — "never mind; we shall see you again, soon, and meanwhile I will pray for your convalescence."

"Do not think of that, madam; there is no need, and your prayers would not avail."

A scared look passed over the elderly woman's face, and her thin, pinched lips trembled as she replied: —

"Why, Yone, you speak as if you hated me. I have always wished to be your friend. And why should my prayers be unheard?"

"I never hated anybody, Miss Philipson. I should be in despair now, if I could remember to have hated anybody. And I thank you for your offer. I should have done that before, but I was thinking how certain it was that no prayers could keep me in this world. And my mind was fixed upon another matter, besides. We are taught, in our faith, that those who are taken away to heaven are permitted to plead for those who are left behind; and if, hereafter, I am not unworthy to be heard, I shall have no such happiness as to recall all the good" —

She was interrupted by a sudden start from Miss Philipson, who, pressing a handkerchief to her lips, moved hastily toward the bed in which Yone lay. What her impulse might have been I never knew. It remained unfulfilled; for after two or three quick steps, she turned about, murmured something the sense of which was obscured by her handkerchief, and hurriedly withdrew from the chamber, pulling her sister after her. If it was a tardy impulse of tenderness, — as to which, indeed, I cannot be sure, — it was checked before it could declare itself; and I have more than enough reason to believe it was held in characteristic restraint forever after.

While Yone was speaking, the color vanished from Miss Gibson's face, leaving it of a death-like hue; and as the visitors departed, she quickly followed them, with an apparent pretense of taking leave outside. Being alarmed for her, I, too, presently followed, and found her alone, in a state of passionate and convulsive grief.

"It is not true, doctor," she sobbed;

"her delirium has returned. There was no meaning in those awful words. Oh, tell me, tell me" —

"If you can be calm, Miss Gibson, you shall know all that I know. But if I may not reckon upon you, where shall I look? To-morrow, I give you my word, I will tell you my true conviction."

"To-morrow! But I shall fear the coming of each day, now. And I, also, have something to tell. Perhaps I should have told before; perhaps, I have thought, I should not tell at all. I have been greatly perplexed, but now you give me new and terrible reasons for deciding quickly."

"Does it concern Yone?"

"Yes, closely, intimately."

"Then I should say — But you will judge best, no doubt."

"Do not be offended, doctor. It is a matter of much difficulty. I have had such anxious hours; but from this moment I am resolved. To-night you shall learn the whole. As soon as I can leave Yone, I will go to your office."

At a later hour she came, bringing news that was indeed unlooked for.

XXXII.

LAST LESSONS.

"Arthur Milton is here!"

My amazement was so great that for a while I could not answer, but stared speechless at her, awaiting further intelligence. As she likewise remained silent, I brought my mind to bear more clearly upon the strange announcement, and to consider what it portended.

"Arthur Milton?" I repeated. "Here again, to witness — Do you mean that he is in this city?"

"I believe so; certainly not far away. I received a letter from him, dated Yokohama, early this morning, — a truly mournful and penitent letter. Doctor,

I do think it would move the most unforgiving spirit. Pray tell me, are you as sure as ever that he has no good quality in him?"

"He has ingenuity, at least. Why did he write to you instead of me, do you suppose?"

"I have been wondering why."

"Then I will tell you. Because he knew his false lamentations could no longer impose upon me, and he thought a woman might be more successfully deluded. Nothing could be easier than for him to learn how intimate you and Yone had become. He would have no difficulty in informing himself about our journey in the country. I'll warrant he urges you to conceal his return, and the fact of his writing, from me."

"You are not altogether right, doctor. He asks me to see him first, and after one interview he is willing — he desires, even — that you shall be told. I wish to be guided solely by what is best for Yone. I think of nothing else. I will leave his letter with you, and to-morrow morning we will consider all its merits, or its faults. But I must ask — more than that, I must demand — to speak and to be heard in this matter. Yone is a woman, my younger sister, — I feel her to be that, and nothing less; and there are things concerning which a woman's loving instinct is more to be trusted than the wisest father's sagacity. Dr. Charwell, we must think and work together, in this."

"God bless you, my child. I ask for nothing better than your generous help; but I beseech you to build no flattering hope on so vain a foundation as Milton's honor or integrity. That is my only warning. And now, good-night."

The letter, as might be expected, was eloquent, pathetic, and eminently calculated to move the compassion of any person not familiar with the writer's loose and vacillating nature. Knowing him as I now did, I nevertheless was struck with its seeming grief and re-

more. It was most difficult to distrust the genuineness of his emotion — at the time of writing. He had, moreover, some remarkable facts to communicate. He had met his party on their return from Peking to Shanghai, and after a series of vain endeavors to share their pleasures, and a futile struggle to accompany them on their journey through Southern Asia, had gathered together the members of his family, told them — unreservedly, he declared — the story of the past few weeks, and proclaimed his purpose to return to Japan without delay, there to fulfill what he knew was his duty, and to insure the happiness of his life. With no little pains, but yet with less than he anticipated, he had obtained his mother's and his sister's assent, which was not, indeed, indispensable, but which would stand in proof of the honesty of his intentions. At this point, the idea appeared to be conveyed that Mrs. Milton and her daughter were profoundly conscious of the sacrifice about to be made, and had pressed entreaty and remonstrance upon him, until they found his resolution utterly immovable. That was the weak passage in an effusion of which the greater part was distinguished by a touching accent of humility.

In the morning, I found Miss Gibson better prepared than I had hoped for what she had to hear. She listened with all the control she could command while I told her the hour of separation was very near at hand, and found some relief from her anguish in my assurance that Yone's life would end as tranquilly as it had passed, and far more painlessly. We agreed that she should herself decide upon the question of permitting Milton to visit her, as her composure was greater and her judgment, we believed, clearer than our own. And when we submitted it to her, we found that our confidence was justified.

"I told you, doctor, that he must never come to see me again," she said.

"Yes, you remember that. But I did not know what would happen so soon. It is different now. If you are willing, he shall come."

After a few words of explanation, Miss Gibson started for the place where he had said he could be found. Immediately upon her departure, Yone beckoned to me with the pretty Japanese gesture of invitation.

"Please sit beside me, doctor, and let me hold your hand. I am glad we may be alone a little. One thing I wish to say which Marian, perhaps, would not understand; but you, dear friend, understand everything. It is selfish, — oh, I can see very selfish thoughts, if I look to the bottom of my heart, — but it shall be confessed. I must tell you how happy I am to remember that you are not young. You do not need to show me that this is not right. I know, — I know. I love Marian dearly; she has been like a true sister to me, — how beautiful and good! But it is to you I owe everything, — all, all, all the brightness the world has ever contained for me. I can bear to wait for her; but you, my constant help and protection, the guardian of my whole life, the father of my soul, — ah, I have taken such pleasure in hoping we shall be so little time apart. If it is wrong, you will forgive me. You always have forgiven Yone's faults."

"Don't, Yone, — don't speak to me like that. You are stronger than I am, now, my child. Think what I am feeling, and say no more, dear; not just yet, — not just yet."

She took her hand from mine, and, as if wishing to dispel the sad emotions she had awakened, held up the little feeble fingers for my inspection, smiling at the recollection they happened to suggest.

"Do you remember Mrs. Steele?" she said. "Mrs. Steele would not complain of these hands. How they once did vex her! She would not scold me now."

"Nor would she ever, if she had a woman's heart."

"Oh, doctor, forgive me, but I think you are hasty to say that. It was a great trouble to her, my untidiness; and she could not know the reason. No, no; I should never mind that. Only, when" —

"Go on, Yone."

"Yes, there is something else. When we were all three together, at Miyano-shita, — oh, those glad days! — I was never so happy, and my thoughts went out joyfully to everybody I had ever known. I wanted to tell them all of my good fortune, my pleasure, how grateful I was. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Steele. I thought she would not be unwilling to hear about the brightness that had come, as she knew something of my sorrows. I thought so, but" —

"She did not answer?"

"No."

"Perhaps she never received the letter, Yone."

"She received it, doctor."

"Do not be too sure; I will make inquiry."

"That is not necessary; she sent it back to me."

"My poor patient darling. Why in God's name do all the women who come here leave charity and humanity behind them?"

"Not all, doctor, — not all. I have Marian, and for her dear sake I will think no evil thing of any of them. You will tell Mrs. Steele, some day, when it is right to do so, — when she knows all the truth, — that Yone sent her a farewell message through you, and" —

"Forgave her?"

"Yes, if that word is not amiss, to my teacher and my elder."

Again she clasped my hand, and we remained in silence until the faithful messenger reappeared.

"He will be here," she told us, "very soon; but if he gets a warning, at the

door, that he is too early, he will go away, and return after another hour."

"He must not wait too long," said Yone placidly, "if he wishes me to see him."

"Dear Yone," entreated Marian, "you cut me to the heart. Do not grieve us so."

"But we are not to deceive ourselves in what we think or what we say. Let us look at what is coming without fear. Tell me, Marian, where has he been since I last saw him?"

"Mr. Milton? He has been in China and Siam. He came back on your account only."

"Does he know how ill I am?"

"I have told him — all."

"Yes," sighed Yone; "yes, that is best. It will spare him pain."

"But — what can I say? He will not believe me. He passes it all by as mere exaggeration or illusion. Would to God he were right! I hope he is right. Oh, I hope, I hope" —

The tender-hearted girl burst into tears, and her speech became broken and incoherent.

"It gives me great joy to know how much you love me," said Yone. "That was the last blessing I could wish for; and it came, dear Marian, when I did deeply need it. Now I shall tell you all the truth. You know what my doctor has done for me ever since I was a little, foolish, ignorant child. He alone is nearer to me than you, my dear, and for a while he must be; but early in the millions of happy years of our next companionship, our affection will become quite the same. Yone will have no cause to seem unkind in speaking of earthly preferences."

"You are never unkind," Miss Gibson declared; "but is that the belief of your people?"

"That is what we learn for truth," answered Yone.

"I did not know it," said the older girl. "And do you think, — forgive me,

Yone, — do you think that in time your good-will may extend to all you have ever met — even those who have not cared for you — even such as — those ladies of the school?"

"Oh, surely so!" replied Yone; "how can you ask me?"

"I will ask no more, dear love; your answers shame me."

Soon after, the dying girl requested me to move her bed near the centre of the room, so that one of us, her friends, might be on either side of her. As we sat thus upon the edges of the cot, she passed an arm around each, letting her thin, worn hands rest upon our shoulders, and raising herself by this means to a higher position.

"Now I am comfortable," she said. "Doctor, let my left hand hold your right, and, Marian, my right shall clasp your left."

Her pulse was feeble, though not alarmingly so; and I should have derived some satisfaction from her slight ability to exert herself, but that a soft flush came into her cheeks as she remarked: —

"This is a great liberty for a Japanese girl; but for once you will not mind it. . . . Yet you are not to forget it," she added, smiling gently at us in turn.

XXXIII.

FAREWELL.

A servant appeared, with the announcement that Mr. Milton was asking for me below. I was about to disengage myself, when Yone interposed, saying: —

"No, do not go; do not leave me, either of you. I am best in this way. Lifted upright, as I am, I speak more easily."

"Are you well enough to speak at all?" I asked. "Do not attempt too much."

But Miss Gibson had given orders that the visitor be brought to us, and Yone said softly: —

"I wish to see him. I need to see him now."

I doubt, nevertheless, if she could have been in any degree prepared for the agitating incidents which ensued. We heard his footsteps rapidly approaching, then saw his well-remembered form and face framed for an instant in the doorway. For an instant, only, he stood motionless. Then he tottered, caught vainly at the lintel above with an outstretched arm, staggered blindly forward, and fell, with a sharp cry, by the side of the bed, where he remained kneeling, his head clutched within his hands, and resting, half hidden, close to the body of the girl from whose life he had driven peace and gladness.

"My God, O my God, what is this?" he presently cried. "What does it mean? What have you done to her? Yone, for merciful Heaven's sake, speak to me! I don't dare to look at you, but give me a word, — just one word. Or you, Dr. Charwell, — are you here? For God's sake, tell me this is not the end!"

There was a brief interval, and then Yone's sweet and plaintive voice was heard.

"It is not the end, Arthur," she said, "and I am more glad than I can tell that you are here in time. I wonder that I am so glad. I thought I could have died without much grief if you had not come; but now I see how little I knew myself."

"Why does she talk of dying?" exclaimed Milton, partly raising his face, and giving a sidelong glance at me, but still averting his eyes from the wasted form beside him. "She shall live a life of such happiness as a man's best affection can give her. I am here with my hand and my name for her acceptance. Santo will consent to an honorable divorce, and Yone shall have all the devotion that a true lover and an honest

husband can bestow. Oh, Yone, don't speak of leaving me, my treasure; don't think of it. Come to me as I have come to you."

Yone had started when he spoke of the divorce, for the scheme had never been revealed to her; but his meaning was plain before he had finished.

"Then you did come to marry me," she said simply.

"I do, I do!" he cried. "You shall soon see. My mother and my sister wish it, too, Yone. They have sent their love to you, and many messages of kindness. As soon as you are better you shall learn everything."

"Arthur," she said gravely, "look in my face."

With slow and reluctant movements, as if afraid to confront again the sight which met him when he entered, he turned his eyes upward, and fixed them upon the features he had hitherto seen only in health and loveliness, but which now revealed the fatal signs of a hopeless disease. Stricken speechless, he gazed upon the face which had once been lighted by a rare and noble attachment, — an attachment called into existence by him, but upon which he had trampled with the recklessness of a blind and unmanly egotism. And as she returned his gaze, there came back before our amazed view a strange and chastened reflection of the purity, the modest grace, and tender delicacy which had made all other youthful charms appear dim and dull beside those of Yone Yamada. At the summons of the only absorbing love she had ever known, the fairness of her brighter days revived and clothed her again with the unforgotten beauty.

"I see nothing to disturb me," he faltered. "You have been ill, very ill, I fear; but Dr. Charwell — who has been my best friend when I least thought him so — will soon restore you to us. Heaven only knows what I shall owe him then!"

It was a marvel, the power of this creature of impulse over our senses, when our judgment still refused to condone his baseness. As he knelt before us all, with a glow, hardly less fervent than Yone's transient flush, beaming from his eyes, and with his whole aspect betraying the most eager and intense solicitude, it seemed cruel to doubt that he realized, at last, the force of his former iniquity. In any case, this was not the time for suggesting doubts, and we — Miss Gibson and myself — were grateful for even the briefest term of happiness which Yone could enjoy. As I caught Marian's interrogating glance, I almost allowed myself to disregard the sorrowful testimony of experience, and to imagine the possibility that the newly kindled joy might inspire with fresh vitality that fragile and exhausted frame. Alas, it was but a passing fancy, unsustained by any reality of hope.

"Come nearer to me, Arthur," said the fading girl; and as he moved forward, still kneeling, she disengaged her hand from my shoulder, and laid it upon his head.

"Regard him now, doctor," she continued, appealingly; "he never thought to harm me. Marian, he meant no wrong. He did not know. I am sure he did not know."

"Yone, you crush me with your goodness," Milton answered, in half-stifled tones. "I *did* think to harm you. I *did* mean wrong. I cannot keep the truth from you. But now all is changed. All shall be well, my poor, wounded dove. I know how to love you as you deserve, now; they shall all witness it. I think of nothing but to make you my wife, if — if only you will forgive me."

"Forgive you?" she responded, in a tone which, gentle as it was, thrilled through us all. "Forgive you? — Oh, Arthur! But I think my two best friends, here, may not understand you as well as I do. This is what they will

both do to please me. Doctor, you will forgive all his mistakes. Marian, you too, for my sake."

"I do not yet know Miss Gibson," murmured Milton, "and Dr. Charwell does not know me—as I am now. But if they will wait"—

"Oh, no," said Yone; "there is no need to wait. They will refuse me nothing. But I wish them to feel that you—that you deserve it. Therefore, in the days to come, when I can no longer speak for you, dear Arthur, let your actions, I pray you, always be such as to keep their friendship with you true and sacred."

He looked at us with a bewildered air, and again turned to Yone.

"Do not misunderstand me, Yone. I am sure you misunderstand me, for you could not be willingly unkind. I ask that we may never be separated. I shall always be near you till you are well, and from that time we shall constantly be together."

"Arthur, it is you who will not understand. Are you alone unable to see what all the rest can see? Speak to me no more like that. You cannot know the happiness I feel, except only for the grief I must soon give to you around me. And now—but you will wait for me a little; I am fatigued. Marian, dear, please raise me again."

She was moved, as she desired, and as her lips were dry, I moistened them with a cooling cordial. She thanked us, and closed her eyes wearily, still keeping her hand on Milton's head.

"If this is real," he muttered huskily, "what is left for me? Must I wait for God's just vengeance, or will it strike me here and now?"

Yone heard, but did not comprehend. She opened her eyes, looked at us intently for a space, and then, more faintly than ever before, said, with an effort that could not be concealed:—

"Now I shall ask you each to place your right hand upon my breast, as I lie

here. I wish to fold mine over them. It is only for a little time."

We did as she requested, and as she laid her slender hands upon ours, and pressed them near her heart, she added, with a smile of infinite tenderness:—

"This is my utmost power. It is all I have, and I give it to you to show the strength of my love for you."

Again the eyelids fell, and all was silence.

As we stood motionless, fearing, indeed, to stir, nor daring to look at one another, a curious sound came through the hall-way, as of heavy bodies moved or moving stealthily. We felt that the shock of a rude intrusion would be unbearable, yet none of us could stir to close the door.

Presently we heard rough whispering, yet still we were incapable of breaking that solemn circle.

The voices drew nearer. One of them, at least, could be recognized. Speaking in Japanese, that memorable "reclaim-er," Miss Jackman, delivered herself thus, in an undertone, though apparently with little intention of concealment:—

"That is the door. Go in there: you will see what I have brought you for."

The next instant we heard her retreating footsteps, while Santo, the boat-builder, entered the chamber.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"The big woman—why, she is gone now—she came to my place, with round eyes and a green face, and dragged me hither in a *jin-riki-sha*. She had two *jin-riki-shas* ready, waiting for us. She told me to be calm, and to be merciful, and to shed no blood. Why should I not be calm and merciful; and why should I shed blood? Ah, ha! Is she crazy, more or less, that big one? Now here is nobody but the doctor, and the teacher-miss, and the young American buyer of boats. Yes, she told me he was here, very softly, making such awful faces as you never saw. Ha, ha! To

be sure, she is crazy, — all crazy, every pound of her. And there is my Yone. Will it do me no harm to go near her? You think not? Well, cholera is a thing to keep away from, generally. How is she now, doctor?"

Then noticing that we kept our heads averted, he drew nearer, and peered inquisitively at us. At the same moment, Yone's thin, attenuated hands relaxed their grasp, and fell to her sides. Milton dropped to his knees again, and hid his face from sight. Marian threw her arms about the frail figure, trembling violently, though with slight audible demonstration of grief. I turned to the husband, who had been brought with such malicious design, and whose advent had been so strangely timed.

"What! is she, then, dead?" he inquired, subduing his harsh voice, and staring with astonishment at the unexpected sight before him.

I made an affirmative gesture.

"But this is stranger than anything in the world. Why are they crying? You, too, — I see you are crying. Is it because she is dead?"

"It is."

"Well, I cannot understand it. I should never think of crying. I may cry at the theatre, or when I listen to the *hanashi-ka*, but not in my own house. Is it a custom of foreigners?"

"Not always. But we respected and admired Yone very much, and loved her dearly."

"What, that poor little doll?"

"She was a good woman, Santo, — the best woman I have known in all my life."

"I never knew that, Doctor-san, — never thought of such a thing. Are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure."

"Because that other, the big woman, tried to say — Oh, but she is crazy from head to foot."

"Entirely so. And now, Santo Yori-kichi, if you will excuse me, we will not

talk any more. You shall stay, or go; but you must allow us to be quiet."

"Yes, I will go. I have no idea of foreign customs. To think that my poor Yone was so good a woman, and I never suspected it! It is a pity I did not learn it earlier. I will go, — I will go. To-morrow we will make some arrangements about the burial. Good-day to everybody. Farewell, Yone; I shall tell our neighbors how good a woman you were. I wish I had known that before."

He went out, with an evident desire to maintain a decorous bearing, but obviously more startled and bewildered than touched by grief, and, I made no doubt, calculating in his mind the probable cost of the ceremonies which he would be called upon to pay for. His anxieties on this latter question were, indeed, turned to our advantage; for we found no difficulty in obtaining his consent that the interment should take place at Tenno-ji, a tranquil and not too sombre burial-ground, partly appropriated to aliens, where we were able to procure a tomb in one of the most silent and secluded corners. There, at last, this long-suffering, white-souled little pagan saint found rest.

XXXIV.

REST AND SILENCE.

We were sitting, Marian Gibson and I, beside Yone's grave, one afternoon, some weeks after the sepulture, when we saw approaching a species of irregular procession, in the centre of which we detected the monolithic figures of the Misses Philipson. Our familiarity with the neighborhood enabled us to retire unobserved, and take shelter behind a cluster of willows, which, while concealing us, left the new-comers open to our inspection. Their object in visiting the spot we could not at first divine, being confident that the sisters, at least, had

no precise knowledge as to Yone's modest tomb; but we soon discovered that they were escorting a party of excursionists through the noted localities of Tokio, and had crossed over from the Park of Ueno, hard by, to this sequestered retreat. Four or five of their most advanced pupils were with them; brought out, no doubt, to serve as guides and interpreters. As they drew near to Yone's little inclosure, these young girls detached themselves from the others, walked rapidly forward, and, falling on their knees before the gate, devoutly inclined their bodies until their foreheads touched the green sods. The astonishment with which the Philipsons regarded this proceeding proved to us that a revelation was awaiting them. First of all, however, a note of objurgation was sounded by the younger of the twain:—

"Whatever does this mean, girls, getting on your knees in all this dust and mud? Explain yourself, Tama Yasuda. Come here, all of you; don't stay sprawling there when I call you."

"Be moderate with them, Kezia, I beseech you," said the elder, not disinclined to pose before the visitors in the character of a merciful intercessor, and at the same time to impart an erudite interest to the occasion. "These poor children are all familiar with the ancient shrines," she continued, "even when the landmarks are set aside, as in this neighborhood. Now I dare say that if we listen to them, they can tell us an impressive story of fortitude and heroism, or pious devotion, connected with this very spot. That, no doubt, is the explanation of the reverent prostration we have just witnessed."

By this time the younger Miss P. had drawn the facts from her scholars, and was advancing toward her senior, endeavoring, by facial contortions of the most extravagant description, to arrest the latter's flow of historical eloquence.

"What is it, sister?" was the gracious inquiry. "What is the object of

veneration associated with this scene of classic beauty?"

A rapid whisper followed.

"Indeed!" said Miss P. No. 1, with portentous dignity. "You girls, you five, will report yourselves for punishment to-morrow, before breakfast. Such disgusting slovenliness! Such heartless disregard of the unhealed scars of our innermost wounds!"

Here, however, some of the travelers, whose curiosity was excited by the sudden transition from benignant complacency to vengeful ire, made bold to ask for an elucidation; whereupon the too precipitate superior of the academy found it necessary to take in sail, and tack, and perform other manœuvres to which her skill and cleverness were not wholly adequate.

"The truth is simply this," she said, trembling with indignation and a fear that she might, in her confusion, mix herself up more ridiculously than was appropriate to a responsible elderly female,— "simply this: that these forward minxes seem to have engaged in a conspiracy to mortify us. I now learn for the first time that this is the grave of a young woman, a Japanese, in whom we took a great interest both before and after her marriage, but who ill repaid our watchful care. She was respectable enough while under our eyes, but she afterward got completely corrupted by contact with a young American; and as she showed no shame, and would not repent, keeping up the improper connection to the day of her death, we believe, we were obliged, of course, to throw her off. She was a sort of leader among a certain set of native girls, and, as you have seen to-day, their obstinacy is incorrigible. There is no accounting for it, except by remembering, as we are constantly compelled to do, that we are in Japan."

We were listening, of necessity, to the chorus of asinine acquiescence which arose as the party passed on,— the silly

echoes of "Quite so," "To be sure," "How truly dreadful," "So sad," — when Marian uttered an exclamation of alarm, and, darting from me down a steep side-path, succeeded in arresting the onward progress of a young man who was marching with great strides in pursuit of the retiring body.

"Let me go," he said. "There may be a man or two among them, to learn what it is to desecrate a grave."

"You shall not go!" exclaimed Marian. "Would you cast a blot upon Yone's perfect memory? Come with me; come with us. You surely did not see the whole. The beginning would have reconciled you to the end."

"The brutes — the devilish hags!" he cried passionately.

"Milton," said I, having now made my way down to the level where he stood, "it was as hard for me as for you, but I had to bear it. Reflect seriously: shall the poor girl's peace be broken, and by you, in this her only place of repose?"

"You are right," he answered, "and perhaps I ought not to be here when foreigners are likely to come; but it is not easy to keep away."

"We have not seen you since the burial," said I; "where have you been?"

"I have found," he replied, after some hesitation, "a little house in the priests' quarters, close by. It is very comfortable, and the people are very nice. Will you come and see?"

He led us to one of the daintiest cottages imaginable, built originally in the quaint old native style, but variously modified and adapted for foreign occupation. Observing that our attention was attracted by the evidences of care and expense which had been bestowed upon it, he remarked: —

"It was hardly habitable when I first came, and, as I mean to remain, I had to put it in order."

Marian looked at him with innocent and admiring wonder. I saw no occa-

sion for pursuing a conversation on the line suggested, and we presently left him to his uneasy solitude.

The day was not far spent, and we directed our steps toward Yone's recent dwelling, upon the opposite bank of the river. Santo received us at the gate, as he had met us on Miss Gibson's first arrival, a few months before, and silently guided us to the chamber in which we had found the invalid of whom we were then in search. He threw aside the door, and we saw, to our surprise, that the contents were precisely as they had been left by the former occupant of the little apartment. Nothing had been removed, and the arrangement of the simple furniture appeared in all respects unchanged.

"Will you go in?" he said. "You see everything is the same. I have been thinking a little; perhaps she will be pleased."

"You have been very good, Santo Yorikichi; we thank you sincerely."

"It is a small matter," he answered quickly, in a tone which seemed to protest against the imputation of undue sensibility. "The house is large, there is plenty of room, it gives no trouble, and it costs nothing."

Observing that he remained in the passage, I asked him to come nearer to us.

"No, no," he objected; "I never go there. The servants do everything very carefully. It is their duty, but I never go in."

"Since you are kind enough to let us enter," said Miss Gibson, "I hope you will join us."

I translated her remark, but without immediate effect.

"Ah, it is different for you," he replied. "You understood, — I never did. You did not tell me about her. No, I will wait here."

"Beg him to come this once, doctor."

I told him that we both earnestly wished it, and then he yielded.

"Do you think I might? Would she like it? Truly, you ought to know. Well, I will do as you bid. The room belongs to her, and you are her friends. If you say it is right, I will come. Indeed, I do not keep myself apart from her always. I go to her tablet every day. You shall see the tablet presently. I hope you will be content with the name that the priests have chosen. To find the best name is not an easy thing, they say. It is a sorrow, Doctor-san, that no one told me she was so good, while she was alive. It is a great sorrow, but I have thought about it many times since she died."

He walked to the little bed on which she had lain, and knelt beside it, inclining his head as if in meditation. Miss Gibson was much moved. Approaching him, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, she said:—

"If you know it now, Santo-san, that is enough for you and for her."

Without responding, or appearing to be aware of her touch, he raised himself slowly, and began to recite the opening line of a song which we recognized as one that Yone had been used to sing. After a few unsteady syllables, his voice fell hoarsely to a dull, unmeaning sound. He flung out his right arm, as if to thrust away the unusual emotion which oppressed him, and endeavored, almost fiercely, to continue the familiar verse. Again his utterance was suddenly broken, and his heavy frame was shaken by three or four harsh, grating, gasping sobs. Then, dashing his hand across his forehead, he turned, and ran headlong from the room, while we stood in shocked amazement at the unexpected, and to me inexplicable, outburst. A moment later we heard him in the boat-yard, furiously berating the workmen for some hastily imagined offense.

"Let us go," said Miss Gibson; "he cannot bear to meet us after this. He will think he ought to be ashamed of his weakness, the dear, rough, honest soul."

"But he wished to show us Yone's *ihai*" (posthumous tablet), I suggested.

"Not now; we will come another time. You do not quite understand him, doctor; Yone and I noticed that, not long ago, on this very spot. No, let us go at once, without speaking to him again."

As we made our way off the premises, we were obliged to pass near him, but he avoided us, pretending to gaze in another direction, and the air resounded with fresh and more vehement vituperations of his astonished laborers.

"How he scolds, God bless him!" exclaimed my companion, with what I chose to pronounce the purest feminine inconsequence. But I was fain to admit that his scolding was more satisfactory to my ear than Mr. Milton's protestations of unending constancy had been.

"Yet Mr. Milton declares that he means to remain in perpetual seclusion at Uyeno," said Miss Gibson, in a somewhat awe-stricken tone, as we walked toward Tsukiji. "Will he really never leave that place?"

"'Never' is a terribly long word," I replied.

"But to think that he should give up even the years of his youth so devotedly!"

"My child, he will not give up the years of his youth, nor yet a single year. Pray make no mistake about that."

"Doctor, you think him utterly incapable of truthfulness or good feeling. You are too hard upon him."

"Oh, no; I think he is a better man than he was, and that his experience in Japan has done him good. Whether the result was worth the sacrifice of such a life as Yone's I shall not say. But certainly it would do him no additional good to stay where he now is, even for a little while."

"He said he should."

"And he thinks so, undoubtedly, for the moment. But the mere fact that

he is fitting up the little cottage so luxuriously shows he is not in the ascetic frame of mind suitable for a long term of isolation. No, indeed; we shall soon see the last of him, — or rather I shall. You will meet him in another season or so, as you go your social ways in Boston."

"Then I am to be driven out of Japan, also: is that your determination, doctor?"

"There is not much to keep you here, Marian," said I. "At your age you can do nothing alone, and you have not the experience nor the patience to ally yourself with young women of Yone's stamp, even if you were sure of finding them. Yet I know you will never forget your little friend, and, far away in the future, when you have learned more of the world's lessons, you may be able to come back and give a helping hand to those who will then be struggling, as she did, and falling by the wayside, as she did *not*, for want of sympathy and charity. But I don't think it very likely. The odds are against your ever seeing this country again, after you once leave it."

"Perhaps so; who can tell? In any event, doctor, as you say, I shall never forget."

Nor do I believe she has forgotten, though I have heard but seldom from her since she sailed away, a few months after we had thus conversed together. Milton waited a little longer, and was then summoned home by that "necessary business" which is the convenient pretext of the habitual idler. He was fervent, on his departure, in protesting that he would rejoin me the following summer; but several summers have since passed, without bringing him. Not long after reaching Boston, he wrote to ask if I would take charge of a fund — a truly munificent amount, I am bound to say — for the protection and education of deserving Japanese girls; or, if preferable, for the establishment of an academy in which young

women should be harbored and taught, upon principles directly adverse to certain false and injurious Western methods. The scheme was not without attractions, but no amount of attractiveness could induce me to coöperate in such a project with Arthur Milton. By no process so easy and simple to him could I be led to condone his crime, or to associate any act of his with the memory of the gentle creature whose existence he had darkened with grief and desolation.

In the execution of a more modest and unambitious trust confided to me, I have, however, found a satisfaction which time has never deadened or diminished. At the appropriate seasons of each year, packages of flower-seeds, from Shizu Roberts, in Scotland, cross the seas, accompanied by small sums of money, which I am requested to apply to the embellishment of the inclosure wherein the dearest object of her love and veneration lies. An occasional line from her husband vouchsafes the information that nothing would gratify him more than to increase the humble contribution a hundred-fold, "in honor of that truly good woman;" but that Shizu has set her heart upon maintaining the supply from a little domestic fund, which is "all her own," and he cannot oppose a wish expressed with such extreme intensity of feeling.

The elder Miss Philipson no longer enjoys the satisfaction of attributing the mischances of her declining years to the circumstance that she is "in Japan." She was, in due season, relieved from the cares of school administration, and, with her sister, returned to illuminate the councils of credulous devotees at home. I have never heard that either of the ladies suffered in any form for the possible errors of their Oriental career. On the contrary, they flourished socially and prospered materially; the time not having arrived, in their day, for the application of such tests as

should determine the trustworthiness of those who bring tidings from the unknown East. They were greatly in requisition for lectures and addresses on topics with which their extensive experience was supposed to make them familiar. For reasons satisfactory to their friends, however, they did not pursue a common path. It was deemed preferable that they should separately shine as examples of zealous and devoted service among the heathen. Keen observers had remarked that when they were brought together upon the same platform, a jarring lack of perfect harmony was perceptible in the proceedings. Thus, when Miss Sophia would relate—"with due reservations, necessitated by political exigency," as she explained—the circumstances under which she had converted an illustrious personage to Christianity, sister Kezia would assume an expression of countenance which could hardly be called confirmatory of that interesting narrative. And when the younger lady told how she had once marshaled a host of promising pupils, "daughters of the aristocracy," and marched them into Yedo Bay, to be baptized in a body, sister Sophia was heard to whisper to those around her that the children certainly underwent the immersion described, but did so in the conviction that they were simply to be taught swimming in foreign style. When privately questioned as to these disagreements, Miss Sophia would declare, with a compassionate smile, that, notwithstanding her admitted seniority of age, it had been happily vouchsafed that *her* memory, at least, had never suffered from the strain of mental exertion to which she had, for years, been subjected; and Miss Kezia would intimate that one of her chief sources of content was the reflection that a protracted sojourn in a land renowned for the romantic inventiveness of its people had not tended to an abnormal development of *her* purely imaginative faculties,

however it might have affected others. Whereupon, although it was acknowledged, by the community they adorned, that the awakening stimulus of their recitals was too valuable to be sacrificed, arrangements were made by which they might, for the future, revolve in different orbits.

And Dr. Charwell? There has been little enough in his life to interest any reader, during the eight or nine years since the occurrences hereinbefore related. I dare say he is credited by his neighbors with an abundance of the morose eccentricity which distinguishes most foreigners who grow old in the service of an adopted country, and I am bound to admit that he makes few exertions to secure a more favorable verdict, either from aliens or from the people among whom he has cast his lot. I may mention that he undertook, last summer, not without misgivings, an excursion to a certain popular watering-place,—a favorite resort of his a dozen years ago. But the place had lost its old attraction. The streams sparkled less brightly; the bloom of the gardens was dim; the songs of the forest birds and insects failed to charm again. It was not a successful expedition, and it will never be repeated. I must confess that, as the days go by, the doctor does little to dispel the gloom which, as he very well knows, is said to be gathering mistily about him. He cares for no companionship, excepting that of an aged cat, which he cherishes with much consideration, although the creature has long outlived all possible usefulness, and he consorts with none of his own species, unless it may be, upon odd occasions, with an uncouth and crusty old carpenter, who plies his trade of boat-builder near Yokoämi, on the Sumida River. For the rest, his sole habit of recreation, if so it can be called, is as lugubrious as the character attributed to him. At frequent intervals he walks out to Uyeno, the city's gayest pleasure park, not to

seek diversion in its noble avenues and shining lawns, but to wander among the graves of Tenno-ji, an adjoining cemetery. One of these, noted for its constant adornment of flowers at all seasons of the year, is said to be the object of his chief attention, though as regards the cause of his interest reports are uncertain. Time runs swiftly in Japan, and the periods of foreign residence are commonly so brief as to allow no extensive range of memory; and, as the modest inclosure contains no stone or tablet to assist investigation, it is an unsettled question whether the ground is tenanted or vacant. As nearly as I can ascertain, the general opinion is that the doctor, who makes no secret of his in-

tention never to leave the soil of Japan, has chosen this as his last tenement, and takes the same morbid pleasure in keeping it well prepared for occupation that is enjoyed by many philosophers who, in the prime of life, choose to surround themselves with coffins, skeletons, and other emblems of mortality. How far this surmise is correct few can learn with exactness, during his life, for he encourages no communication on the subject. That it will eventually prove well founded, to a certain extent, there is no doubt; for, whether his time for everlasting sleep comes soon or late, his resting-place will surely be by the side of the child whom he loved better than any other being in all the world.

E. H. House.

AN ENCHANTED DAY.

"HOT water, mem, and the 'bus leaves at seven," said a soft voice at the door.

"Are you awake, Saint Katharine?" I called. "Do you hear? *Must* we leave Inverness to-day?"

"Yes," she answered, sleepily, to all three questions. "We must. But do you suppose that when we get to heaven we can stay as long as we want to? We have not been to the castle yet."

"Don't bother your blessed head about that," I said consolingly. "The castle is frightfully modern, and it is only a prison, at the best. Nothing is worth looking at over here that is not older than the seventeenth century. Is your portmanteau packed?"

The omnibus was soon announced; but early as it was, — and seven o'clock is very early in Scotland, — we found our genial host waiting to escort us to the steamer by which we were to go down the Caledonia Canal. Presently we were whirling away through the sunlit, silent streets and over the sparkling

river, on our way to the dock of the pretty little Glengarry. As we crossed the bridge, we looked up for the last time, not so much to the castle as to its site on the storied hill. For there Macbeth and his proud queen had dwelt, and there, in some dark chamber of the old eleventh-century castle, there can be little doubt that gentle King Duncan was foully slain. Malcolm Caen-More, he of the "Big Head," razed it to the ground in his filial vengeance, and builded in its stead another and a finer one, where he and fair Margaret Atheling held court for many a day. This, in its turn, was blown up by the troops of Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1746, and number three, the present castle, is a court-house and a jail.

It was a glorious morning, clear and cool, with the bluest of skies, and sunshine that transfigured whatever it touched. There was a merry stir and bustle on board the small craft, but even before we were fairly off order had suc-

ceeded chaos, and the passengers, singly, in pairs, or in groups, but all, like John Gilpin, "on pleasure bent," had chosen their seats and established themselves for the day. The comfortable, large-windowed cabins accommodated many; but most of us preferred the upper deck, from which we could watch the long, changeful panorama as it unrolled before us. For the Caledonia Canal, despite its prosaic name, is but a connecting link between a series of surpassingly lovely lochs, running through the Highlands, in almost a direct line, from Inverness to Oban.

For miles after leaving its dock, the little steamer wound its way between green banks, the canal following so closely every bend and curve of the river Ness, which was here scarcely wider than itself, as to seem its veritable shadow or double. The effect was very singular. They were so near each other, and there was so little that was artificial in the appearance of the latter, with its environment of reeds and rushes and the varied outline of its banks, that it was hard to say which was river and which was canal. Just below Inverness we passed the new cemetery, on a hill-side sloping to the shore. Trees and flowers, green turf and golden sunshine, made God's-acre beautiful that morning, and we caught glimpses of granite columns and of sculptured marbles. Over one small grave a white-winged angel poised lightly, bearing aloft a flaming torch. The sunlight, streaming down upon it, kindled it as with fire from heaven.

But not for life nor death did our pretty Glengarry pause; and on we swept through little Loch Dockfour into Loch Ness, the longest link in the chain of lakes, and averaging but one mile and a half in breadth. Long and narrow as it is, it has depth enough and to spare, and it never freezes. Little cared the merry passengers whether it did or no, as we stopped for a moment

at Urquhart, and saw jutting out into the loch, on a bold peninsula, the ruins of Urquhart Castle. A truncated tower, ivy-mantled to its summit, and with many loopholes, in and out of which the wandering vines creep as they will, and some low crumbling walls, are all that is left of its ancient strength and splendor. A few miles farther down, and we landed at Foyers. There, it was said, omnibuses would be in waiting, to convey such of the passengers as did not care for so long a walk to the falls of Foyers. The boat would wait for us an hour. But the enterprising inhabitants must have made up their minds that the average tourist is a pedestrian. Just one nondescript vehicle waited at the little pier; and it was filled and whirling away down the road with the first comers long before the rest of us had left the boat. There was a rush for tickets, and then by twos, and threes, and half dozens, a boat-load of people hurried off in the direction of the falls.

"Go on, Saint Katharine," I said, "and see the show if you can. The attempt, even, is beyond my powers."

I followed, very much at my leisure. To see the falls was a matter of small account. But just once in a lifetime to have a few blessed moments all to one's self in those sweet, wild Highland solitudes, — would not that be worth the having? Fate granted me a full half hour. The crowd passed by me; the footfalls, the gay voices, the peals of laughter, died away. At my left, a narrow path wound up the heights and through the woods to the falls. Before me, the level road stretched on and on. Sheer cliffs, not bare and desolate, but mantled by all manner of creeping growths, towered on one side. On the other, behind a screen of trees, brightened here and there by the scarlet berries of the rowan or mountain ash, the beautiful lake shone in the sun.

It was about ten o'clock. The air was fresh, yet warm, and spicy with the

breath of the sweet-ferns. At a little distance, a gate in a hedge-row led into a descending lane, fern-bordered and thickly shaded. It was very enticing, and I tried the latch. Alas, it was fastened! There is always a flaming sword before the gate of Paradise — or, if not a sword, its equivalent — to keep us out. Yet why seek for anything better than the best? Paradise was all around me. Now and then a bird, forgetting that springtime and love were over, trilled softly. Butterflies, black and golden, fluttered in the sun, and held special rendezvous wherever the brown earth in the roadway still kept the moisture of the dews. Everything seemed strangely familiar: cranesbill and buttercups bloomed by the wayside, and in the tangled thickets brakes and ferns jostled each other precisely as in rocky Green Mountain pastures. I looked at my watch, and knew that just then the same sun that shone on me in that sweet sylvan solitude was rising over Killington and Pico, three thousand miles away, — kindling the mountain-tops with sudden glory, and filling all the fair valleys with radiant light. Nature was chanting the same *Te Deum* there as here, — “All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.”

But my half hour was over. Tramp, tramp, came the returning feet; laugh answered to laugh, and an occasional shout awakened the echoes. Saint Katharine, finding me under a tree, congratulated me on my wisdom in lagging behind. The falls were pretty enough, yet hardly worth the climb to those of us who knew the grand New World, where Nature works on so large a scale. Embarking again, we had a good view of Mealfourvornie, an isolated peak rising on the opposite side of the loch, and then swept on our downward way to Fort Augustus, where, by a series of seven locks, we ascend to Aberchalder, at the north end of Loch Oich. The passage of these locks takes an hour or two.

For a while we sat upon the deck, watching the slow procedure, as two dozen men tugged and pulled and pushed, turning a sort of turnstile round and round; and we wondered how long it would have been, in America, before some one of the two dozen would have discovered a way to apply horse or steam power to the work, which was evidently tedious.

Pictures to right of us, pictures to left of us. For our delight, no doubt, even though all unconsciously, a young woman in a brown gown, with a red kerchief knotted about her throat, and no covering on her bright brown hair, had seated herself on the very edge of the canal, and was devoting her strong, supple fingers and all her energies to the making of a great gray fish-net. No royal dame, no princess of the blood, could have glanced at the *canaille* with a more superb scorn than she at us. Her seat was her throne. What cared she for idle tourists? With bagpipes under his arm, his green plaid over his shoulder, and his Scotch cap set jauntily, here comes Sandy, striding along as if in seven-league boots. Two younger laddies — for Sandy is but a lad himself — trot by his side, small copies of the big brother or cousin, bagpipes and all. Scarlet coats gleam here and there, as her majesty's omnipresent soldiers mingle with the crowd, exchanging greetings and bandying jokes. Old women, in mob-caps with flapping borders, preside at little tables unsheltered from the sun, and dispense beer, ale, milk, and sundry other things to such of the passengers as are tempted to test their hospitality. But the old crones waste no time while waiting. Each has her knitting-work, and the long blue-gray stocking grows apace as the shining needles flash merrily. Children, quaintly dressed, and looking as if they had stepped out of a Kate Greenaway book, race up and down the pier. All is bustle and animation.

Not far off, the monastery of St. Ben-

edict rose in the midst of extensive grounds. We had seen the ghosts of monasteries and abbeys without number, and most entrancing we had found them. Now here was our chance to see one that was alive, — a bit of mediæval existence dropped into the last quarter of the nineteenth century. So climbing the rather long ascent from the dock to the pretty lodge at the entrance of the grounds, we made the usual inquiries of the portress. Yes, we could go in. The fee was a shilling. But it was too late to go over the monastery. A party from the boat had gone up long before (conscientious sight-seers that they were, while we lazily dallied looking at pictures), and there was not time to escort two parties, etc. Overwhelmed with remorse for our shortcomings, we looked at each other in dismay, and were about to go back, when we heard first an unobtrusive call, then a loud shout. Some one at the entrance of the monastery, at a long distance down a graveled walk, was waving both hands, beckoning frantically, and shouting something that sounded amazingly like a Yankee "Hurry up!"

Hurry we did, to find that the whole party of early birds had been kept waiting all this while, for the possible addition of two or three late comers. Our gesticulating friend, who proved to be the janitor, a talkative, red-haired Irishman, was soon conducting us up stairs and down, from chapel to cloister, from kitchen to refectory, from recitation-room to dormitory. For the monastery of St. Benedict, which was once Fort Augustus, having exchanged the clash of arms for the tumult of cricket and tennis, is now a college, or large school for boys. It was vacation, and not a soul was to be seen, — not a single lad in cap and gown, not so much as the shadow of a black-robed friar in hall, chapter-house, or cloister.

"Where are all the brethren?" asked an inquisitive American, with a broad

sombrero and a long beard. "Where do the monks hide themselves? Can't you show 'em up? Come, now, I'll give you an extra shilling."

The janitor looked at him with half-closed eyes, from beneath a pair of heavy eyebrows, for full half a minute. "You won't see them," he said quietly. "The brothers are not such fools as you may think. They're not on exhibition, — the friars."

It was interesting to see a monastery of our own time. But it lacked the atmosphere, the glamour, the mystery, of the past. It is a fine building, and doubtless a good school. Yet very poor and commonplace did it seem in the strong, clear light of to-day, and very prosaic and shadowless are its brand-new, spick-and-span cloisters, unhallowed by song or legend.

The warning-bell rang sharply, and as we hurried back to the boat we saw one or two tall figures, in black gowns and low, broad-brimmed hats, stealing towards St. Benedict, through the lanes and behind the hedges. Neither the friars nor the monastery were on exhibition now, and the brothers were hastening home.

As we left Fort Augustus we saw the prettiest picture of all. Do the folk about there live out-of-doors, I wonder, French fashion? Soon after we were under way again, on the very shores of the lake, we passed a family group that looked as if posing for a photograph. In the foreground, seated in a low chair, with her knitting in her lap, was a lovely lady in black, whose only head-covering was a widow's cap, so fresh and immaculate that one could but wonder how it was ever made and put on. A younger woman leaned on the back of her chair, and some pretty children, bare-headed, played at her feet, scarcely noticing the steamer as it passed so near them that it would have been easy to toss a ball into the midst of the group. At the right of the fair lady stood a gentle-

man in full Highland costume, with tartan kilt that left the knees uncovered, a belted jacket, and a bright plaid draped across the breast, and fastened on one shoulder with a cairngorm clasp, or brooch. His richly ornamented sporran, or pouch, reached below the kilt. By his side hung his dirk, and the handle of the sheathed knife with the unpronounceable name stuck from the top of the stocking, where it is worn. My laird would have been handsome in any costume. In this he was simply superb. For an instant, it seemed like a tableau gotten up for our especial benefit, and I, for one, felt an absurd desire to applaud as the pretty picture faded out of sight.

Soon after we entered Loch Oich it began to rain so violently that we were driven below, much to our chagrin. Yet the passing shower proved to be but a blessing in disguise, and by the time we had passed through two or three more *locks* and as many *locks* to Banavie, the sun, "clear shining after rain," made the constantly changing panorama more beautiful than before. There we left the steamer, and found omnibuses in waiting to convey us a mile or two across a sort of peninsula to Corpach, where we again embarked.

The long summer afternoon was at its height when we caught our first glimpse of the mighty bulk of Ben Nevis towering above Fort William. A little farther northward stood the round towers of ruined Castle Inverlochy, once a royal fortress, but dismantled even so long ago as when the chiefs of Glengarry and Keppoch and Lochiel sent the fiery cross far and wide through all the mountains of Lochaber, summoning their vassals to do battle with Montrose against Argyle. Here Argyle had encamped, in the narrow valley "where the Lochy joins Loch Eil," and here Campbells and Camerons, the Knight of Ardenvohr and bold Randal of the Mist, had met hand to hand in deadly combat. Every mountain pass, every narrow defile, every

lonely glen, was peopled with the spirits of the past. And hark! What is that? The bagpipes are sounding. Surely it can be nothing less than the

"Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Comuil!"

"Wild waves the eagle plume blended with heather," sang he who will live as long as the hills and lakes of his own bonny Scotland. We saw no eagle plumes that day, but there was not a Scotch man or woman on the boat who did not wear the heather fastened in cap or bonnet. Sometimes it was worn alone, as an all-sufficient ornament; sometimes it was held in place by a great cairngorm, as lustrous and full of imprisoned sunshine as an Oriental topaz, and sometimes by Lochaber axes, dirks, or claymores fashioned from pebbles set in silver. As a fine contrast to these northern splendors, we had on board an Indian nobleman, Prince Hernam Singh, and his dusky princess, in whose brown ears gleamed long, barbaric pendants of emerald and pearl. All day long, their servant, a tall and stately figure in snowy turban and Oriental costume, stood on one of the stairways leading to the upper deck, silent, impassive, statuesque. He was a most imposing and impressive figure, with his folded arms, his compressed lips, and his dark, inscrutable eyes, that took in every unaccustomed feature of lake and sky and mountain. His master and mistress made few demands upon him; but more than once I saw the latter approach him with a few low words in soft Hindostanee, or perhaps some dainty from the lunch-basket. When we stopped at Corpach, the little street gamins, to say nothing of their elders, crowded about him on the dock; touching his strange garments, peering up into his face, and making themselves generally disagreeable. He did not turn his head nor lift his hand, heeding them no

more than if they had been insects buzzing about a marble statue.

Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, is grand and imposing, less from its height, which is only 4406 feet, than from its breadth, if one may use the word. Its circumference at the base is, we were told, nearly twenty-five miles. To the average eye it seems higher than it is, at least when seen from the water. It is a world of precipices, and glens, and huge rents and fissures, and vast shadowy masses that are always taking on new outlines and new proportions. Often it appears in the similitude of some great, crouching monster brooding in sombre majesty over the pigmies at its feet.

At last, as day began to wane, we passed through Loch Aber and the Corran Narrows into Loch Linnhe. And here the mighty spirit of the lakes and mountains took possession of us all, and held that boat-load of merry people silent and spellbound. It was as if we were being borne onward, swiftly and noiselessly, into the inmost holy of holies. Even the captain and the very deckhands stood like men entranced, overwhelmed by the surpassing splendor. Anything so grand, so weird, so magical, can hardly be imagined, much less described. The rain of two hours before had left the air heavy with vapor, through which the sun now shone gloriously, producing the most marvelous effects. "You might make this trip a hundred times, ladies," said the captain, as he stood uncovered, "and not get the half of what you are getting to-day, — no, nor the tenth of it."

I quote this, lest some of our dear wandering kinsfolk, who have been "down the Caledonia Canal" on some dull, gray day, when the Scotch mists hemmed them in on all sides, and they could scarcely see beyond the decks, should cry out, "How that woman exaggerates!" But we have all seen transformation scenes on the stage,

where the effect of light and color, of rapidly dissolving views, and of seemingly supernatural revelations filled us with wordless awe. Now make the stage one vast panorama of shining, sparkling water, as still as a sheet of silver. Dot the surface with islands, dark masses of verdure rising out of the depths, and often picturesquely beautiful with ivy-grown mouldering towers, broken arches, and here and there a stately monument. Let the nearer hills, sloping upwards from the shores, be cultivated and clothed with living green more than half-way up; make them gentle and homelike by building stately mansions on the broad terraces, and letting small gray cottages, like birds'-nests, perch on the slightly cliffs; then, stretching far above these human habitations, let the purple of the wild heather, blending with the soft olives of ferns and mosses, climb to their very tops. Beyond them, tier on tier, not in regular ranges, but jutting out edgewise, and crosswise, and *allwise*, let the mightier hills stretch upwards and onwards, appearing and disappearing; now looming up out of the vapor in cold, blue splendor, then suddenly vanishing like pallid ghosts; changing every moment; presenting constantly new vistas, new cloud marvels, and new openings into far, radiant reaches, through which you seem to see heaven itself. Throw over all this light veils of mist, that soften rather than obscure, — pale gray, dazzling silver, soft rose, translucent amber, purple amethyst, — veils that float, and lift, and waver with every breath and with every motion of the boat, and you will have some faint idea of what our eyes beheld that August evening as we crossed Loch Linnhe and passed into Loch Leven, pausing for a few moments at Ballachulish, and then, turning into Linnhe again, swept on our downward way towards Oban. But you must do still more. You must imagine all this magnificence of cloud and mountain and

island so perfectly mirrored in the clear, still waters of the lake that even the changing splendor of color was duplicated, and heaven was below as well as above us.

It grew dark and chill at last. The overpowering glory died, and earth was

earth once more, but the effect remained. Young men and maidens, old men and children, were content to sit in silence, or to speak in subdued whispers, as we watched for the first gleam of the semi-circular cordon of lights that guard the bay of Oban.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

A CALL ON "MOTHER MOSCOW."

VARIETY of climate is the one relief which the seasons bring to the monotonous contour of the empire of plains. If earth has welded this territory into the awful unity of a land without mountains, heaven has at least given its spatial immensities the vicissitudes of her genial hues and changeful smile. In a very true sense it may be said that celestial pigments, not Appalachian ranges, mark off from each other the natural divisions of many-peopled Russia. She has her vault of blinding white, fit heaven of the frozen marshes and the Arctic Ocean; her sky of pale green, roof of summer midnight in her city of granite and cold; her arch of light blue, canopy of her spring floods and forest aisles; her concave of deep azure, lord of the waving steppe, from the "black earth," yielder of Ceres' choicest gifts, to the infertile plains, gray and smooth as a lunar sea; and then, southernmost of all, in Mediterranean parallels, her Krym and Caspian firmaments, tenderer than the sky of Italy, and more lustrous than the Egyptian night.

Below, as above, to the traveler moving through it, Russia is a panorama of shifting lights and shades, or rather, one might say, a complete story of Nature's relation to her environment, with the hypothesis of natural selection left out. Among the snow-fields of the north, life runs its cycle bleached from year to year. The very trees seem to mimic

with their garments the universal whiteness; while the lower vegetation goes its round in never-varying livery of deadened, inert green, — a green which, compared with the vivid hues of southern flora, can scarcely be called worthy of the name. The human visage itself reflects the prevailing monotony, and so widely is color banished from the faces of human beings that it has come to rank, by mere rarity, as the chief attribute of beauty in women. Easy, nevertheless, is the escape from the tree-belted realm of this tyranny of snow. Go southward but a few hundred versts, and already you shall see the widening out of summer's dominion around you, and above the deepening of the heavens into blue. The further you descend, the brighter grows the prospect. At first the forests relax from their sombre severity, and ere long salute you with their thousand voices; then laughing lights play from the steppe lands; soon you come to regions where village children grow brown and maidens red in the sun.

It is through changing scenes like these — like them in kind, if not in degree — that the traveler passes, in his first trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Even the natives call it a journey from Europe into Asia, yet the route suggests antitheses of quite another kind. Such details of line construction as meet the eye recall, not the Orient, but the far

West. The method of securing rail to sleeper, the rudely built wooden station-house, the roughly trimmed tree doing duty as a telegraph-post, the rail-iron used in the making of gates, the slow-going locomotive with its cone-shaped stack, the train itself, its stove, and conductor, and end-to-end passage, — all these things belong to the category of railway experiences in the New World. The terminal buildings, on the other hand, are English in their massive ugliness, while the restaurants and dining-halls they inclose bring back memories of midday repasts in the French capital. It is noteworthy, as illustrating the truth that civilization first makes its way along the great highways of commerce, that to the iron road falls the credit of having introduced into Russia the American country depot, flanked by the English lawn and garden, bright with many flowers.

It is only the social character of traveling in Russia that can rightly be called Russian, and so the novelty of the trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow is largely reserved for him whose railway experiences have been gained in the countries of the West. The fear to converse with one's fellow-passenger, which destroys the pleasure of a trip, say, between Liverpool and London, has no place on railway lines in a land where the forming of "travel acquaintances" constitutes so large a part of the exhilaration of movement from city to city. The Russians journey as, for the most part, they live, with the profound conviction that men and women are human beings; and so far they have not reached that modern stage in which the fleeting attribute is made superior to the thing which it should merely qualify, in which the redness or blueness of its binding has become of more importance than the book itself, in which the minor classifica-

tion of money swamps the major classification of man. That Russian should be the only language in Europe which expresses companionship of travel in a single word¹ alone suggests this unique thriving of democratic manners in unfavorable soil. How valuable these railway customs are to a true interest in the life and ideas of a great people cannot be easily told. In a few hours one is made acquainted with everything weighty enough to be narrated concerning one's fellow-passengers, — the story, given in his own words, of each man's past and present, his career, his position or business, his aims and hopes for the future. Such confidences as these have all the charm of spontaneousness; wholly unchecked by any suspicion that the listener can be bored by the flow of personal history under such circumstances, they illustrate the abounding social sense of the Great Russian, and show how he can be dignified and expansive, picturesque, enthusiastic, sentimental, by turns, but always at his best. Nor does all this communicativeness end merely in talk. Once fairly acquainted with each other, the passengers tacitly form a sort of society for mutual service, every member pledged to aid in the satisfaction of whatever necessities, individual or collective, the journey may from time to time bring forth.

Such racial characters as these gain added impressiveness from the fact that in Russia there is no wealthy class self-separated from the rest of the people by its habit, as the phrase runs, of "traveling first-class." Save on occasions rare enough to be phenomenal, the same carriages which receive the peasant, the priest, the artisan, the soldier, and the student also convey the merchant, the rich country nobleman, and the land-owning millionaire. Instead of being divided, moreover, by rival or widely

¹ *Poputchik*, in common use, with meaning as follows: Traveler A: "Whither bound?" Traveler B: "To Moscow." Traveler A:

"Moscow is also my destination. We are *poputchiki*," or, "You are my *poputchik*."

differing interests, the representatives of classes outwardly so various and isolated from each other are really united at many points by a common bond of union. The land-owner, like the merchant, has probably risen from the smallest beginnings, and feels sympathy, born of his own struggles, with the humblest phases of life. The nobleman — in all likelihood a man of the modern school — draws from principle the humanitarian breadth which comes to the man of affairs by impulse. Both men have sons at the universities, and both have passed through the army. The student's father is either a merchant, a priest, or a peasant, determined by the "new ideas," as they are called, to give his children the best education he can procure for them. The peasant character, again, is naturally interchangeable with that of the priest, and the priest, in a majority of cases, is a peasant transformed by a suitable course of tuition. Take this man of the flowing robe and rob him of his smattering of ecclesiastical Slavonic; simplify a little his ideas on geographical, astronomical, and political subjects; then re-apparel him in sheep-skin overcoat, fur cap, and bark sandals, and you will make of him as typical a peasant as may be. On the other hand, send this giant of the steppe to an ecclesiastical seminary for a few years, and discharge him in priestly attire, and you will find him fairly qualified for membership of the white clergy. Remember, too, that, widely as pursuits may separate these your fellow-passengers, a single habit makes them one. They have a horror of the sessile life by which higher as well as lower organisms degenerate. They are migrants to the core.

Especially worthy of remark are the traveling customs of the *bourgeois* and merchant classes. Simple to the extreme in everything they do, these people obey literally the Russian injunction: "If you go for a day, take provisions for a week." Even a short trip de-

mands its hamper of edibles. The butler brings tea from the station-house, and the lighter meals, at least, are enjoyed *en route*. Nor is the business man less solicitous in the matter of his sleeping accommodation. As Russian hotel-keepers supply guests with a mere moiety of the means of nightly repose, — compel them, that is to say, to bring their own bed-clothes, — the native traveler practically carries his bed about with him. The metamorphosis of carriage-seats into sleeping-couches is thus easy. But slumber is difficult, even to tired passengers. The constant demand for "your ticket," the perpetual crash of the closing door, make rest well-nigh impossible.

At one point alone can you be grateful to the conductor for disturbing you. A single spot displays the only scenery of the trip worthy of the name. It is a scape, moreover, not of land, but of river and sky, — a spectacle which is brightest in the absence of the sun, — and it catches the eye of the wakeful passenger on any clear summer night, when the train has just begun to cross the bridge over the Volkhov, in the government of Novgorod. Here he moves suspended between two heavens, almost alike in their brilliancy; for if the real sky lies overhead, with its fullness of stars softly shining, the very intervals between point and point dimly luminous, as broad and well-nigh bright a sky lies below, looking up with its thousand eyes through the mirror of the Volkhov. Midway over the flood the spectator forms the centre of two firmaments, perfect hemispheres, that have their meeting-line in the river's bosom, at a depth far too profound to suggest the presence of any reflecting surface.

But the time passes swiftly, and each hour brings some new evidence of our nearness to the old capital. The conversation more and more busies itself with Moscow, and passengers exchange reminiscences of former visits to Rus-

sia's city of churches. In the zealous talk and rising enthusiasm of the peasants, one may gather a whole philosophy of the affectionate interest with which Moscow is regarded by the people. Russia has a unique literature — partly in prose, partly in rhyme — of popular sayings about Moscow, and these the traveling agriculturists love to repeat, in a sort of patriotic competition, and with a view of determining which can recall the largest number. Some of these sayings relate to Moscow as a city, such as: "Moscow was not built at once: it took ages to build Moscow;" "Moscow was created by the ages, St. Petersburg by millions;" "Moscow with its seven seigniories, — seven shepherds to one sheep;" "Moscow, mother of all cities;" "Hump-backed Moscow, built upon hills;" "Who in Moscow ne'er has been, he a beauty ne'er has seen;" and "Moscow, white-stoned, golden-domed, hospitable, Orthodox, loquacious, Tsar-loving." Others describe Moscow as an ecclesiastical centre: "In Moscow there are forty times forty churches;" "In Moscow every day is a holiday;" "Moscow matin chimes may be heard on the Vologda." Among the general allusions are: "Live, live, children, until you have seen Moscow;" "It is high in the *terem*, but far to Moscow;" "There is plenty of room in Moscow;" "Moscow is not a suburb;" "It is refreshing to live on the Don; it is gay to live in Moscow;" "Moscow is not obliged to imitate, follow, be led or influenced by, the Tsar, but the Tsar must be led by Moscow;" "To taste bread and salt in Moscow is like listening to sweet music;" "Moscow is renowned for its virgins, its bells, and its bread rolls;" "There is never a bad harvest of bread in Moscow;" "Moscow mud does not soil;" "In Moscow the bread rolls burn like fire." A pessimistic vein is disclosed by such sayings as: "Moscow loves money;" "To one Moscow is a mother, to another a mother-in-law;"

"They calculate to the last copek in Moscow;" "Praise Moscow after you have seen it;" "Moscow delay;" "Nothing is to be had as a gift in Moscow." Four rhymes contain some of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin: "Our native village is more beautiful than Moscow;" "Moscow is a kingdom; our village is a paradise;" "It is good to be in Moscow, but not like being at home;" and "You will find everything in Moscow except your own father and mother."

The real Moscow, as distinct from the Moscow of the proverb, the guide-book, and the literary description, stands alone among cities, as Russia stands alone among countries. The ground which it occupies is a vast circular plain, into the southern half of which the river Moskva penetrates like a blunt wedge. The city has a *krem*l, or fortress, for its centre, facing the watercourse, and around it have been built successive concentric rings of urban growth, representing in the order of recession the business, residential, and village portions of the old capital. That is to say, the church lies at the core of life in Moscow; commerce comes next, bound to the ecclesiastical centre by the closest ties; third in line stand housekeeping and pleasure; last of all live huddled together the dependent and impoverished classes of one of the richest cities in the world. The parallel between the structural and the sociological order in Moscow is thus complete.

The best general view of the old capital is obtained from the tower of Ivan the Great, on the high ground of the *Krem*l. It is here, with an outlook over the walls of the fortress to the Sparrow Hills, that the spectator at all familiar with Russian literature recalls those charming lines of Glinka: —

"City wondrous, city olden!
Nestling 'neath thy summits golden,
Lie thy suburbs, villages;
Shine thy mansions, palaces."

Afar off, the eye takes in regions where Moscow begins to fall away into houseless country and open champaign; nearer are the straggling outskirts, and just within them runs an endless thoroughfare of gardens, binding Moscow as with a peripheral belt of never-withering vegetation. The city proper is represented for the vision by a bewildering expanse of painted roofs, that swallow up the outlines of separate edifices in a flood of color. Only below and immediately around him can the observer study buildings in their totality, and even here the lines exposed are wholly those of the palace and the church. Viewed from the hills whence Napoleon caught his first glimpse of it, with its splotches of badly contrasted pigment, its tricky, theatrical appeals to the eye in vermilion, green, and blue, all softened by distance, Moscow is the "beauty" which the proverb declares it to be. But seen at close range the city is disappointing. It has neither the magnificence of St. Petersburg nor the multitudinous aspect of Paris: it is an inextricable complex of details, all jumbled together, without the slightest regard to proportion or harmonious grouping.

The Kremlin bears a relation to Moscow proper somewhat like that in which the High Town stands to Edinburgh. It is not only the most elevated and least noisy quarter of the city; it is a garrisoned fortress, under the strictest military discipline. A soldier sentry, with loaded musket, has station in front of every building of importance; strict watch is kept over visiting tourists; nor is permission to look upon certain historical monuments, to which the entry is nominally free, often granted without a course of the most tedious preliminary circumlocution. The lavish care thus taken of the Kremlin has another and worthier object than the mere preservation of costly things, for its whitish walls inclose memorials of the past of priceless value to the student of Russian

history. It is not only that the Kremlin pictures the ecclesiastical life of the people from the period of their conversion to Christianity; it yields in palace, mansion, and museum glimpses of every stage of their domestic progress and national advance. The very stones tell a new tale in architecture; the strange rooms, with their ancient tapestry and massive furniture, their striking windows and luxurious wall decorations, bring back the atmosphere of the semi-Byzantine terem, the rivalry of the grand princes, the struggle to save Moscow, the exploits of boyars and brigands, and the deeds of Ivan the Terrible. In glass cases are countless relics, such as the crown of Vladimir Monomakh, the sceptre of Alexei Mikhailovich, the throne of Ivan III., the flag of Prince Pozharsky, the swords of Minin, the bed of Peter, and the carriage of Boris Godunov. Then, passing from the Kremlin to the adjacent Red Square, the visitor looks upon the Gate of the Saviour, beneath which it is still the custom to pass uncovered; the figures of Minin and Pozharsky, beloved of the peasant generation; and the Vassily Blazhenny Cathedral, with its grouping of fantastic towers and cupolas.

Once leave the Kremlin, and you are reminded of that early stage in the development of urban thoroughfares which finds its expression in so many old English and German towns. In primitive times, streets seem to have had an intense individuality of their own, not unlike the early egotism of human beings; each line of travel in a city starting where it would, going in the direction it liked best, and ending where it was pleased to stop, all without the slightest regard for the feelings of the other streets. But in these modern days, with the rise of the collective sense in man and the cultivation of the altruistic sentiments, the streets of cities, like the men living in them, have come to be conscious of each other's existence. In-

stead of the lack of sympathy which, using the word in its Greek sense, marked their ancient relations, city streets now pass along side by side without collision; thus illustrating in the parallel lines of their symmetrical development the same regard for the rights of others as that which limits individual activities in the modern community.

Moscow's streets belong largely to the old period. It is true that many of them, being concentric, are to that extent regular. Yet between these successive rings of roadway, encircling the Kremlin at various distances therefrom, lie numberless crooked, winding, labyrinthine ways that would do honor to the oldest town in Western Europe. Nor is the suggested connection of such thoroughfares as these with human characteristics merely what people unaware of the part played in knowledge by analogies call a fancy. In Moscow, at any rate, there are grounds for asking whether this individualism of streets had not its origin in the imperfect solidarity of different sections of the urban population. — sections not yet bound closely together in the mutual relations of the later communal life. The Russians have shown little art as builders of cities, and I have sought to show elsewhere how straggling, disconnected, and incoherent a thing a native Russian city really is. Note especially the evidence of names given to the pathways of Moscow. I traversed, for example, the Street of the Cooks, the Place of the Apothecaries, the Field of Virgins, the Street of Carriages, the Place or Square of Newspapers, the Street of the Blacksmiths, the Thoroughfare of Gardens, the Way of the Hunters, the Passage of Onions, the Road of Church Bells, the Street of Caps, the Place of Drums, the Court of Pancakes, the Street of Peas, the Alley of Baths, and the Honey Cul-de-Sac. I also found such designations as the Square of Horses, the Place of Crows, the Alley of Swans, the Court of Bears, the Street

of Fish, and other channels of traffic named after pigs, dogs, wolves, and "wild beasts." Some of these names, of course, are peculiar to Moscow neither in the designation itself nor in the process by which it came into being. Yet the remainder, especially those descriptive of occupations, seem to indicate that early stage of the tendency to segregation out of which progress lifts fluent, changing human units without being able to affect thoroughfares, that, once determined by urban growth, are established, as it were, for all time.

Moscow's streets are truly picturesque in winter, when the cupolas put on their caps of snow, and the painted scales of the great wing of roofs stretched over the old capital grow white in the waxing frost. But in the summer months, even far into the autumn, the same thoroughfares suffer from the double scourge of oppressive heat and blinding dust. The pavements, moreover, being largely of wood, discharge the filaments of their decaying structure into the air, or, in rotting through moisture, rob the pedestrian of his foothold. Rain falls rarely, and water is so far from being available for use in the streets that it has to be supplied to hotels in barrels, and must in like manner be tubbed to the scenes of conflagrations. Even the frequent use of the droshky fails to suppress these disadvantages of traversing Moscow in the daytime. My own daily investigations were much aided by a habit of rising early; in time, that is to say, for those abnormally matutinal services of the Greek Church to which the Orthodox are summoned by the "matin chimes," when the air is cool, and the thoroughfares are silent, and Moscow is mysterious by mere lack of the hurry and clamor of business. But the city's repose lasts scarcely long enough for a foreigner's early morning ramble. A full hour in advance of the costermonger at Covent Garden, the street-vender of a thousand specialties takes his stand in

the squares and market-places ; the carts of incoming peasants, laden with the previous day's produce, fresh from outlying villages and farms, throng every gate with their invading lines ; and then at innumerable points the droschky-driver, emerging from the place of his nightly sojourn, springs to the box of his vehicle, and drives amid the clatter of steed and wheel to the station which he has chosen as the base of his operations for the day. Later still begins the pilgrimage of Moscow's business army from the residential districts to the commercial quarter, known as the Kitaigorod, — a procession which, full of the strangest contrasts both of attire and equipage, illustrates the extent to which ceremonial usages and habits of distinctive dress have been developed in Moscow. Position and wealth are to some extent distinguished by dress in all parts of Russia, but in the old capital the distinction rises — or falls — to the status of a livery. The chief of a business establishment not only attires himself in the costliest furs ; he drives officewards in a dashing troika, and dismounts with the air of an Eastern prince, — all of which means that inflection in ceremonial or dress, like inflection in language, tends to be thrown off at the two extremes, and to be insisted upon very strongly in its middle stage. Thus in the evolution of his manners of dress, the Moscow merchant is as far off, on the one hand, from the primitive chieftain, who has not yet learned how to express his rank in attire, as, on the other, from the American millionaire, who is not differentiated by dress from the humblest of those who render him service and owe him allegiance.

The Russian proverb which declares that "in Moscow every day is a Sunday" has a special verity for foreigners. The native is accustomed to these ubiquitous signs of worship ; for the stranger they confer a holiday aspect upon the busiest thoroughfares. The plenitude of

churches, whose bells are rung three or four times a day ; the throngs of worshipers marching to their devotions ; the perpetual mingling of monks and priests with pedestrians and sight-seers ; the frequent acts of religious devotion performed in public by rich and poor, quite regardless of the attentive curiosity of the un-Orthodox, — all seem to give an air of make-believe to the noisiest evidences of Moscow's passion for commerce. On the other hand, the most sacred places of the old capital are daily handed over to trade's itinerant host ; and so searching is the process that you shall traverse the city from end to end without finding a single alley, place, or street not given up to buying and sale. Nay, the trafficker thrives, as we shall presently see, in the very churches themselves. It might thus seem that while in countries of the West men preserve the sanctities of religion by isolating them from contact with commerce, in Moscow the religious is yoked, Pegasus-like, with the secular, both being condemned to the meanest services in the interest of the tradesman, the priest, and the state. Yet Moscow simply illustrates the survival of a stage in the development of all peoples, wherein the life of religion is not merely inextricably mingled with the life of affairs, but has not yet been perceived as distinct therefrom.

In Moscow, every thought, like every thoroughfare, leads to a church. It is characteristic of the city that while more human beings die than are born within its walls, new temples of the Greek faith are yearly built that represent no increase of population whatever. The demand for ecclesiastical services in the old capital is permanently in excess of the supply. Hence it is that the Moscow priest in charge of a parish enjoys a state of well-being not attainable by the urban clergy in any other part of Russia. His town residence costs him nothing, and his resources enable him to

maintain a separate establishment in the country. His income is largely what he likes to make it. The lighting of his church involves him in no expenditure, for the edifice is illuminated by the votive candles of the faithful. Living makes but small inroads upon his purse, for he receives almost daily substantial presents "in kind." His charges are regulated by no fixed scale. None the less conscientious is his attention to social distinctions: if he consent to marry some wretched peasant to his wretched sweetheart for half a dozen roubles, he will exact a hundred, or more likely a thousand, from the merchant bridegroom who has a place of business on the fashionable Kuznetsky Most. At baptisms and funerals, the Church shows the same discriminating sense of the circumstances of its devotees. During a single service, that of communion, money is looked for five times. The payments begin with the purchase of a candle, the unburnt remains of which become the perquisite of the priest; money is given on the entry of the participant's name in the register; another payment is made after the act of confession; a fee is received on the drinking of wine; in finally blessing the communicants, the priest holds the crucifix over them with one hand, and stretches forth the other to receive their gifts. In ways like these the white clergy of Moscow often rise, in material resources, above the social position of the merchants who love to patronize them. Most prosperous of all is the priest who is fortunate enough to have a parish. For the priest's assistants — the one a kind of curate, the other a kind of sexton — a much less happy lot is reserved. I have seen one of these impoverished churchmen trudging home, in full ecclesiastical vestments, with a watermelon under one arm, and a bareheaded, peasant-like wife on the other, one or two slatternly, olive-faced children bringing up the rear.

The great demand for priests in Rus-

sia is usefully correlated with that widespread desire which exists among the peasants to enter the service of the Church. Forms of address, at any rate, set up no distinction between the two classes, for the term *batyushka*, "little father," is not less applicable to the agriculturist than to the priest. If the peasant knows nothing of "miserable books," it is a rare experience to find sacerdotal acquirements that include a knowledge of geography and European politics. Very few of Moscow's holy men speak or read French, in a country where an acquaintance with foreign tongues is remarkably common. Large numbers of priests do not know even Ecclesiastical Slavonic; in most cases, fluency during service in the liturgical language of the Greek Church may mean nothing more than a feat of skill in Russian mnemonics. A few stars of the first magnitude, it is true, shine in the firmament of this picturesque religion, but the majority of its lights are much too modest of effulgence to be noted of mankind. The priest in Moscow is simply adapted to his environment. While his surroundings remain what they are, he will continue to teach, not an intellectual religion, but an emotional and ceremonial one; he will go on thinking much more of the condition and price of watermelons than of the nebular theory, and his interest in the "mechanical equivalent of heat" will still be determined by the amount of exertion which his services require of him on a hot summer or a dusty autumn day. But if his environment vary by ever so slight an amount; should his parishioners demand something more than the stereotyped formulas of the Greek Church; suppose for a moment that the people among whom his lot is cast rise to higher levels of thought and faith, — then you shall see him respond to the change, and adapt himself anew to the surroundings. The questions to be asked are simply: Does the environment vary?

Is the priest being raised by his people? Are the conditions which make him what he is engaged in a movement of ascent?

All of us remember that the Greek Church came to Russia in the time, so to speak, of her national childhood. Its appeal was largely, if not wholly, to the sensuous perceptions. For the eye were its Byzantine framework, its shrines and mosaics, and its gilded, often golden, cupolas, just as for the ear its gorgeous music and its ritual in an unknown tongue. Impression upon the heart, or rather the intellect, its services made little. That it could gather a cultured class of ecclesiastics into its official ranks was impossible. For a long period there were no institutions in which these priestly recruits could be trained. Even when the Church established ecclesiastical seminaries, it did so only to permit them to fall into a condition which forty or fifty years ago had become intolerable. The fund devoted by the authorities to their support had then been much diminished by peculation, while the food and clothing supplied to the pupils were at once wretched and inadequate. The depraved superiors added to the vice of greed the crime of outrageous cruelty, and by means of espionage, punishments, and tyrannical regulations kept the students under their charge in a state of scarcely veiled revolt. Amongst the inmates themselves an immorality well-nigh inconceivable prevailed. Since their reform in recent years, these seminaries have given better account of themselves. But they still foster the same spirit of negation and of opposition to authority which characterized them five decades ago. On the one hand, we see them training up for positions in the state Church the most loyal and zealous adherents of the dual system in Russia; on the other, these same institutions, in

nursing youth destined in after years to join the ranks of the discontented and disloyal, develop the dragon's teeth that, sown in a thousand places of darkness and misery, are to answer each year's political punishments with the dread irony of armed men. Perhaps a third of the domestic enemies of the Tsar are youth who have left the ecclesiastical seminaries without passing into the service of the Church. Some of the most remarkable figures that Russia has produced spent a part of their lives in preparing to become priests. Pomyalovsky, Dobrolyubov, and Chernishevsky were all seminarists.

I must confirm from observation much that has been written concerning the unpopularity of the priesthood. These holy men are not beloved of the people. Their avarice is proverbial, and the popular epithets which perpetuate the belief in it do them little injustice. It is still considered unlucky — even amongst the classes by whom their services are most in demand — to meet one of them in the street; impending rencontres are usually avoided by abrupt crossing of the thoroughfare.¹ The moral influence exerted by priests is notoriously small. They are rarely admitted to the houses of the nobles and land-owners; rich merchants, on the other hand, as well as merchants who hope to become rich, eagerly purchase their favors. The frequent complaint made of insobriety within the Church is only too well founded. A few years ago the *Golos* drew attention to this vice of the clergy by publishing illustrative cases, gathered from time to time by its correspondents in various parts of Russia. The revelations made were regarded as "scandalizing," but it was the *Golos* that died a natural death; the evil of clerical intemperance came forth from the agitation unseathed.

¹ I have heard this superstition explained as a survival from the period in Russian history when the Christian priest was regarded as hos-

tile to the peasant not yet converted to Christianity from his earlier faith.

Only an unworthy student of Russian history can sneer at the Greek Church, as only a shallow lover of science can declaim against religion. When the true nature of this "quest of the highest" comes to be understood, there will no longer be room for doubt regarding the function of ecclesiastical systems like that enthroned at Moscow. Even now this Byzantine ceremonial in Slav surroundings — this faith of the crescent dominated by the cross — has aspects that affect a sensitive nature with a part, at least, of the charm of its appeal to the Orthodox mind. I remember thinking of this, one warm summer afternoon, when, as I passed through the southwest corner of the Kreml, a crowd streamed by me on its way to the Assumption Cathedral. Following the march, I pushed my way to a position in the edifice whence I could command a fairly unhindered view of the interior, and learned that only the attractions of a special service could have so filled the church an hour in advance of ordinary vespers. The congregation consisted largely of peasants and artisans, of both sexes, as well as of shopkeepers and merchants; yet all stood shoulder to shoulder, without the slightest regard to precedence or place. The people were packed so closely together that even a panic could have brought no injury to the throng, since it was impossible for any one to fall far enough to be trampled upon. All the more remarkable was the activity shown by the congregation, for the hour of waiting was spent in buying candles, and setting them up to burn before the images of favorite saints. The candles were displayed at a table near the main exit, and had each worshiper been obliged to make the purchase himself, but few offerings of piety could have been disposed of. The difficulty was ingeniously overcome. Money was passed from hand to hand until it reached the table, and the returning candle followed in the same

track, if in a reversed direction. Distinct lines of transmission were thus set up in the throng, to disappear and give place to others when one set of bargains had been consummated, and when, thanks to the willingness of the people, the candles ordered had been finally hung before the icons for which they were destined.

The service was wholly choral and ceremonial: boys and men chanted at intervals; in the pauses of singing the officiating priest read the lessons of the day from the liturgy. Only once was the monotony of three hours' chanting and reading interrupted. A sudden commotion occurred in the crowd, and then, without other warning, I became aware of an imposing figure seated on the throne of the cathedral; that is to say, in the centre of the throng, and elevated above it. The face was thin, and had a somewhat ascetic look; yet it wore an expression of mild benignity, and was, withal, the most intellectual Russian countenance it had ever been my lot to look upon. The people acted as if delirious with joy in the presence of their pastor, and when, at the close of the service, the Metropolitan of Moscow — for he it was — endeavored to leave the cathedral, the whole throng seemed to precipitate itself forward in an effort to come near him. I saw him struggle for a few moments with the crowd, and then surrender unconditionally. For a time he held out one hand; this was fought for, and, when captured, kissed with the same affectionate zeal by women and by men. Two hands soon became necessary to meet the demand, and these were held out rapidly to right and left, the scene continuing until the assistant priests had succeeded in making a lane through which the Metropolitan could reach the door of the cathedral.

It is not unnatural that power so tremendous as this should have been misused. But Moscow is something more

than an ecclesiastical centre. It has educational facilities not always possessed by cities blessed with free municipalities and the right of the popular vote. In addition to a famous university and many colleges and schools, public and private, the old capital maintains a Historical Museum, a Polytechnic Museum, a Museum of Ethnology, a Museum of Art and Industry, a Museum devoted to the Science of Pedagogy, and a Museum of the Practical Sciences. Five public picture-galleries provide art entertainment, and five public gardens open spaces for the people of the city, while for the study of natural history facilities are supplied by a zoölogical and a botanical garden.

None the less must it be said that, for the moment, industry, not education, is the true antithesis of ecclesiasticism in Moscow. A slow transformation is remoulding the life as well as the aspect of the old capital. In amongst the cupolas the darker outlines of chimneys are beginning to appear; the soot-besmeared artisan already jostles the merchant in the finest thoroughfares. By daytime Moscow's canopy is darkened prematurely by settling clouds of carbon smoke; after nightfall the same canopy flashes back the glare of flaming furnaces. Streets that once held only the habitations of the rich are now being rebuilt with the domiciles of artisans; villages that a few years ago surrounded Moscow with an outer ring of gardens are now noisy with the play of hammers and the hissing of steam-engines.

Industry is no foe of the Church, nor is the Church hostile to industry. But there is something in each which is incompatible with the interests of the other. There was once a Russia to the circumstances of which the ceremonial usages of the Greek faith were, to say the least, not ill adapted. It was the Russia of the native manufactures, — of the period when, without the aid of machinery, the people produced all they

needed with unaided hands. No check was then placed upon their habits or occupations by the frequency of *fête* or holy days. But in the Russia of the modern and industrial epoch, when the country is daily decreasing her dependence on foreign markets for the products of the mill, the forge, the furnace, and the factory; when the industrial needs of the people have dotted the land with manufactories from end to end, the Church holiday system, with its encouragement of idleness and intemperance, has become intolerable. The artisan who clings to the usages of his creed surrenders that capacity for regular work upon which his chief value for industrial operations depends; the workman who would remain valuable to his manufacturing employer must neglect his duty to the Church. A conflict of interests such as this can have but one issue; already thousands of the Russian Orthodox are laying at the feet of the capitalist what they have come to feel cannot reasonably be demanded of them by the priest. The Greek Church itself is half moved to compromise with the growing army of its members, who, belonging to industry, yet cling to religion; and thus the prospect of healthy change, faint and distant though it be, seems to open up thus late in the day for an establishment that no reform has touched for a thousand years.

Now a glance backwards over the way we have come. To sojourn in Moscow, and find a profounder meaning in one's surroundings than any which can be suggested by the gilded domes of churches and the painted roofs of domicile and palace and tower; to wander through the treasure-houses of the old capital with an eye for something far other than crowns bespangled with diamonds, worn by princes centuries dead, or costly armor in which the boyars once fought, or stately carriages wherein Tsars and Tsaritsas performed their imperial journeys; to stand over the sa-

cred coffins of ten generations of Russian royalty, and yet feel a greater chasm yawning between one and the sight-seer at one's side than that which separates both from the oldest sarcophagus which the priest shows at a rouble a head, — to do these things is not to take delight, but to be profoundly sad at heart, if not miserable, in Moscow.

St. Petersburg is European, and half the things which pain one there are felt to be in some sort of association with the evils and vices of the West. But Moscow has its own miseries, and they are so intensely Russian, so characteristic of that vaster Moscow of which the old capital is merely the tiny centre, that in becoming sensible of them one shudders, not for a community merely, but for a whole people. The contrasts which life offers in St. Petersburg are contrasts mainly between things which it is scarcely just to compare, — between a well-being which is foreign and a want that is native; but in Moscow wealth is elder brother to poverty, yet stands divided from it by a chasm as impassable as it is merciless. There is a distinct alliance of roughness and semi-culture between the rich merchant, who does business daily in the White Town, and the wretched street-vender, whom he passes on his way a dozen times; yet the two are farther apart than the poorest and the richest classes in Western Europe. Moreover, poverty is so unspeakably miserable in Moscow that it seems to be the characteristic rather of a distinct species of the animal man than of any particular layer of the population. The streets daily yield figures which can only on general principles of anthropology be called human. The eye disentangles a face from these moving masses of rags but slowly and painfully; unless the inspection is at long range, the nose itself is too apt to protest.

The Russian summer calls innumerable peasant beggars and country paupers to Moscow. In the daytime they ex-

plore the city from gate to gate, halting from time to time to beg alms, or munch the fragments of black bread which form the chief spoils of their diurnal quest. Many women of this class are young and robust, fresh from the labors of the field; but some are old, infirm, haggard. All trudge along with the aid of a staff, and all wear a rude canvas bag tied around the neck. At night, long after the last vesper has died away, when the White Town is deserted, and the suburban residences are gay with lights, with music, and with the laughter of happy men and women, this vast army of the penniless and the miserable seeks its nocturnal repose Heaven alone knows where, — on the forsaken field of the day's markets in the open air, on the steps of churches and cathedrals, or in the quadrangles and courts of palaces and public buildings. To be unutterably wretched, and yet to be a nightly sojourner in the "outer courts of heaven;" to be poor, and yet to fall asleep with only the thickness of a wall separating one from some of the most useless and costly accumulations of treasure in Europe, the conversion of which into money would furnish the means for banishing acute poverty from Russia altogether, — such experiences as these are the lot of thousands to whom Moscow is less a place of pilgrimage than a centre of hot, weary, dusty life, a focus of burning despair.

The very bells in Moscow suggest the impression made by many visits to Russian cities, — the impression of some strange complex of sociological conditions, the unraveling whereof discloses new and more intricate entanglements still; of some mighty power of specialized manners, unyielding as the coercive force of magnetized steel; and withal of some awful tragedy bending over individual and collective humanity with a destiny of iron. In these silver tinklings, in this multitudinous clamor of sounding metal, in the sonorous, per-

vasive, vibrating boom, running like a ground-swell through all the higher notes, you listen but to the clumsy play of some cruel Titan on that instrument of many strings, — rude, it may be, but won-

derfully sensitive, — the Russian heart. Yet these very discords are the delight of the native imagination, and to a faith deep as mine they are the promise of harmonies to come.

Edmund Noble.

IVO OF CHARTRES.

Now may it please my lord, Louis the king,
Lily of Christ and France! riding his quest,
I, Bishop Ivo, saw a wondrous thing.

There was no light of sun left in the west,
And slowly did the moon's new light increase.
Heaven, without cloud, above the near hill's crest,
Lay passion-purple in a breathless peace.
Stars started like still tears, in rapture shed,
Which without consciousness the lids release.

All steadily, one little sparkle red,
Afar, drew close. A woman's form grew up
Out of the dimness, tall, with queen-like head,
And in one hand was fire; in one, a cup.
Of aspect grave she was, with eyes upraised,
As one whose thoughts perpetually did sup
At the Lord's table.

While the cresset blazed,
Her I regarded. "Daughter, whither bent,
And wherefore?" As by speech of man amazed,
One moment her deep look to me she lent;
Then, in a voice of hymn-like, solemn fall,
Calm, as by rote, she spake out her intent:

"I in my cruse bear water, wherewithal
To quench the flames of Hell; and with my fire
I Paradise would burn: that hence no small
Fear shall impel, and no mean hope shall hire,
Men to serve God as they have served of yore;
But to his will shall set their whole desire,
For love, love, love alone, forevermore!"

And "love, love, love," rang round her as she passed
From sight, with mystic murmurs o'er and o'er
Reverbed from hollow heaven, as from some vast,
Deep-colored, vaulted, ocean-answering shell.

I, Ivo, had no power to ban or bless,
 But was as one withhelden by a spell.
 Forward she fared in lofty loneliness,
 Urged on by an imperious inward stress,
 To waste fair Eden, and to drown fierce Hell.

Helen Gray Cone.

THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

WE know distressingly little, we are eager to learn more, of the childhood of the Hellenic race. The Homeric poems offer us, as it were, a glimpse of a landscape seen by a flash of lightning. What came before and immediately after we cannot discern. Even the picture itself is avowedly an idealized one. Unconsciously, indeed, the Homeric poets have no doubt painted for us in the main their own age, the men and manners they knew; yet they profess rather to depict the more heroic earlier time, as they imagine it to have been. Such as it is, the picture remains indelibly outlined, beautiful and precious for all time, but isolated, undated, not to be verified by historical evidence.

The world is at least several centuries older when Herodotus unrolls before us, upon his crowded canvas, the varied scenes of Greek and barbaric life in his own day, and something like a connected history of civilization upon the eastern shores of the Mediterranean begins for us. Themistocles and Aristides, Leonidas the Spartan hero-king and Pausanias the regent, Xerxes and Mardonios, are the first Greeks, or foes of Greeks, whose figures and exploits are truly familiar to us. As soon as the sweet-tongued Father of History—and fable—begins to recount the tales even of the next earlier generation, we realize that romantic tradition and poetic fancy have been busy in the interval. The soften-

ing haze of the semi-mythical foretime dims even the very outlines of the accounts we hear of King Cræsus of Lydia and his conqueror, Cyrus; of Polycrates, the lucky despot of Samos, and Egyptian Anasis, his timorous ally; or even of Solon the lawgiver, and Pisistratus the tyrant, of Athens.

There is, perhaps, no moment in the history of civilization more dramatic, more decisive, than the midnight before the battle of Salamis. Millions of Asiatic invaders have filled the land from Thermopylae almost to the Isthmus. Attica is overrun and devastated. The towns have been sacked, the temples defiled and set on fire. The Athenian women and children have been hurried away to destitute exile upon the islands. The only hope of the Greeks is in their united fleet, and the Peloponnesian admirals are determined to scatter to their homes when the morning breaks. Then the desperate patriotism, or duplicity, whichever it was, of Themistocles impels him to send the secret message to the Persian, bidding him blockade the straits and cut off the Greek retreat.

On so slender a thread, undoubtedly, hung the salvation of Hellas, and with it, in a sense, our modern civilization. But for the miraculous victory of the next morning, which frightened the cowardly lord of all Asia and half Europe into precipitate homeward flight, instead of the glorious fifth century of Athens

and Greece, we should have only such stagnant monotonous oblivion as now covers the annals of the hundred races absorbed into the unwieldy Persian empire, the Russia of antiquity: —

“Such whose supine felicity but makes
In action chasms, in epochas mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of
down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.”

In such an hour the Athenians awoke to the full consciousness of their own future. Even the second devastation of their city and land, in the following summer, did not check for an instant their assurance of complete and glorious victory. The generation who beat back the long-haired Mede at Salamis, and the next autumn at Platea, strode on with confidence year after year, from that time, to make the city of Pallas queen of the Ægean, and the stronghold of Hellenic statecraft, philosophy, art, and literature.

Of this heroic generation, the first, as has been said, which stands out clearly and fully seen in the annals of Hellas, — the first, also, of the three which so distinctly divide the fifth century among them, — Æschylus is a most fitting type, even as Sophocles was the brightest ornament of the Periclean age, and as Euripides reflects in his dramas the breaking up of old faiths and morals with which the century closes.

Those awful disasters of 480 and 479, and the truly miraculous escape, after all, from annihilation or slavery, stirred the life of Greece, even as Prussia was born again to a nobler existence amid calamities and triumphs during the closing years of Napoleon's career, or as England was roused by the defeat of the Invincible Armada. Especially the Athenians of that age felt that only the personal and almost visible presence of the gods on earth, guiding the feeble efforts of men, could account for the signal vengeance inflicted so instantly on the presumptuous and impious tyrant

who had desecrated and destroyed their shrines. Herodotus records, with unquestioning belief, instances of evident divine interposition in those days, related to him by Athenians.

In this conviction that the gods control and guide aright the fortunes of men, as in many other respects, Æschylus was influenced by, and exerted an influence in turn upon, his own generation. He has no doubt whatever of a divine justice presiding over all earthly events. That is for him the one clear and evident truth amid all the vicissitudes of man's life. Indeed, his own boldest pictures of retribution for presumptuous guilt must have seemed to him but faint, far reflections of that tremendous drama for which his own land had been the stage.

The latest method of studying the literatures of the past is borrowed from the natural sciences, and its aim is to trace the evolution of rudimentary into more elaborate forms. The same difficulty, however, baffles us in the case of the Greek drama as with so many other literary developments. The masterpieces in each kind have so entirely supplanted the ruder works of an earlier time that these latter have perished, leaving hardly a trace behind them. Thespis, who “introduced the first actor,” is almost as empty a name to us as Arion, the inventor of the dithyrambic chorus, or Orpheus himself, the discoverer of the lyre, while even Phrynichos and the other elder rivals of Æschylus survive only in meagre fragments, which give no just idea of their artistic power or success. We are forced to begin with Æschylus, and though we have abundant reason to regard him as by far the most daring and creative spirit among all who aided in the development of tragedy, yet we cannot always know what is to be credited to his genius, and how much was, even in his day, part of the sacred traditions of the Dionysiac festival.

A number of the minor inventions and improvements in costume, stage machinery, etc., are doubtless due to him. By adding a second actor, he really became the creator of classical tragedy, since he thereby first made possible a dialogue wholly upon the stage, thus reducing the chorus from the leading element to the position of sympathetic listeners.

Æschylus must by no means be thought of as a poet of the study, a mere turner of verses. Again and again, during the Persian wars, he and his brothers fought gallantly in the Athenian ranks. His works, though they do not violate artistic propriety by covert allusion to current events, breathe unmistakably a spirit of steadfast, enlightened patriotism and soldierly courage as well as of fervent, pious trust in the heavenly justice. To the mood of his time, and to the lofty earnestness of the soldier-poet himself, may be safely attributed much of the noble elevation of tone, the sincere religious character, which continued to manifest themselves in Attic tragedy even long after Æschylus' own death. Especially congenial to his nature was that doctrine of Nemesis, which he taught with such terrible power. The chief lesson of tragedy, in his hands, is that full atonement in suffering must be paid by every man, not only for his own sins, but also for all the crimes of his ancestry:—

“For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.”

Out of seventy Æschylean dramas known and considered genuine by the competent Alexandrian critics, seven have drifted to us, several of them in tattered and imperfect form. It is, indeed, highly probable that for several centuries their transmission to us was dependent on the preservation of a single extant manuscript. Æschylus usually, perhaps always, offered for the competition three plays connected in subject. Only one such trilogy has come down to

modern times. That one describes the murder of Agamemnon by his unfaithful wife; the vengeance inflicted by Orestes upon his own mother and her accomplice, Ægisthus; and lastly the final rescue of Orestes from the pursuing Furies, and his purification from the defilement of matricide. Every lover of Greek literature should read Anna Swanwick's fine English version of these three plays; but not at a single sitting, nor in hours of mental depression. Upon the Attic stage the effect of these scenes must have been terrific, and tradition so assures us.

It is proposed in the present series of papers to offer to English readers three works of our poet, all earlier than the Oresteian trilogy. Each of them has survived the dramas with which it was originally connected. They are the *Seven Against Thebes*, the *Persians*, and the *Prometheus*. The first-named play was preceded by a lost *Laius* and *Œdipus*, and all three dealt, of course, with the crimes and sorrows of the Theban royal line. The *Seven Against Thebes* was admired greatly by the ancients for its martial spirit. It culminates in the fatal assault on Thebes, and the death, each by the other's hand, of Œdipus' two sons, the reigning and the exiled king. A final scene, in which Antigone declares her determination to bury her traitor brother, is, perhaps, a later addition, as it opens, but does not complete, the subject so effectively treated in Sophocles' famous play.

The *Persians* is in some respects the most interesting among the Greek tragedies we possess, as it is the only one founded upon an event of the poet's own time, and, moreover, contains the most graphic and authentic account which we have of the sea-fight by Salamis. This description of the battle, written by an eye-witness, to be recited before thousands of surviving contestants, has the highest possible trustworthiness. It is put into the mouth of a messenger from

Xerxes, for the scene of the drama is laid at the Persian court.

The Prometheus has, however, a wider interest than any purely Greek drama can have. It belongs, in part at least, as much to us as to the ancient hearers, for it is an attempt by a great poet to deal in a philosophic spirit with the relations of divinity to primeval man. Its chief ethical purpose seems to have been to free from degrading legends and bring out in clearer relief the figure of a just and wise supreme ruler. The tortured Titan only appears to be the loftiest of the poet's conceptions, because but a single act of the great drama has been transmitted to us. Yet even so, a careful reader will see that Prometheus himself can claim only our sympathy, not our approval.

In any study of Greek mythology, it must be kept in mind that there was no complete or harmonious system of belief developed at any particular time or place. Various attempts were, indeed, made to reduce the principal legends to something like a consistent body of theology, though with very imperfect success; but in reality Greek myths were more diverse and manifold, even, than Greek dialects. Every valley, every long-settled town, every ancient shrine or oracle, had its own local tales; the favorite tendency being to invent a hero bearing the same name as the locality, and then to associate that personage with the most illustrious figures of the universal Greek myths, making him a son of Heracles, of Poseidon, of Zeus. This multiplicity of local legends is best seen in the classical guide-book, as we may call it, of Pausanias the traveler, who visited nearly every portion of the Greek mainland in the time of the Antonines.¹

There are undoubtedly figures in the

Greek pantheon which are as old as the days when the ancestors of the Greeks and our own forefathers dwelt side by side in some unknown region of Asia, or of Europe, in the cradle of that great Aryan race, which, by successive tribal migrations in prehistoric times, has spread itself over almost all lands, from Hindustan to the Hebrides.

One of the oldest and most universal figures is Zeus, the omnipotent father, whose missile is the lightning, whose nod shakes heaven and earth. The Latin Jupiter or Diespiter, the Greek Zeus-pater, and the Sanscrit Dyāus-pitr, the several names for the supreme divinity, are of precisely the same composition, and in Sanscrit the original significance, "sky-father," remains unobscured. Zeus is, therefore, not only the loftiest, but perhaps also actually the oldest, creation of the myth-making imagination; much older than the shadowy parents and ancestors with which the Greeks eventually provided him.

Yet even with this majestic figure the bold fancy of successive generations, savage or refined, of countless myth-makers, amid the diverse conditions of life in a thousand valleys and islands, played many a strange trick. To begin with the most bewildering of all, in Crete his grave was pointed out!

Of the countless legends which represented him as assuming animal forms, to accomplish some disgraceful or wicked deed, there is no need to speak in detail. Andrew Lang has thrown an interesting light upon this subject by calling attention to the custom, widespread among savages, of totemism; that is, the acceptance of some animal, generally one which can be easily sketched by untrained hands, as the name-giver and badge of each clan. This animal usually comes to be regarded as the actual ancestor of the tribe. Now many a gross legend about Zeus may have arisen when such a tribe had advanced in civilization sufficiently to prefer the belief, not that the

¹ A translation of this most curious and valuable book has been recently added to Bohn's Classical Library.

bull, the swan, or the serpent was their progenitor, but that the supreme god had miraculously assumed such a form to become by a mortal woman the ancestor of their race.

Whatever their precise origin, such legends were evidently a legacy from ruder forefathers. The historic Greeks never would have invented such tales. Most men were no doubt perplexed and shocked by them. Plato, and other philosophers before and after him, raised a bold voice of condemnation against all stories of evil-doing by the gods.

In one curious belief about Zeus all the Greeks were apparently united. He had not always reigned. Like a human monarch, he had a father and a grand-sire, who had ruled the universe before him. His father, Kronos, had been dethroned and imprisoned in deepest Tartaros by his rebellious children: a fate, it may be said incidentally, which the grotesque old cannibal richly deserved. The Prometheus is a drama which takes us back to that period of elemental strife.

Homer makes no allusion to Prometheus, and it is possible that the whole myth, in the form familiar to us, is the invention of an age later and more self-conscious than that which produced the Odyssey. The name Prometheus is a masculine formation on the same stem as the Greek word for forethought, "promethia," and the tale is thus avowedly, in its origin, a parable. Prometheus, the champion of humanity, is a personification of that quality which raises man above the level of savage life, and enables him to cope with those mighty forces of nature in which every savage's untutored mind hears and sees his gods. He is the fire-giver simply because the acquisition of fire is felt to be the most essential step in the progress toward civilization. But we must not try to detect a parable in every detail of this or any Greek myth. When once the character is invented, the pure love of myth-making, the imaginative fancy

of the race, supplies him with exploits and adventures, or attaches to him the floating tales which were already told of Somebody or of Nobody.

Later legends made Prometheus the father of the entire human race, or of Deucalion, the Hellenic Noah, sole survivor of the heaven-sent flood. In still other accounts he appears as the actual creator of mankind. The traveler Pausanias was shown, in Phokis, fragments of flesh-colored clay, having a peculiar human odor, remnants of the material out of which Prometheus shaped primeval man. In the earlier Hellenic myths, however, there is a striking absence of any elaborate attempt to explain the origin of man. Most Greeks seemingly contented themselves with the explanation of Topsy, — that they "jes' grewed." Many passages in ancient authors point clearly to the belief formerly prevalent, that men at first developed in some way from trees, or grew out of the earth. This belief is perhaps hinted at in the usual remark to strangers, in the Odyssey: —

"Who, pray, art thou, or whence art come?"

For methinks thou'rt hardly sprung from rock or tree."

The grave Thucydides, least mythical of historians, tells us that the old-fashioned Athenians of pure descent wore a silver grasshopper to bind up their hair, an emblem that they, like that animal, were aboriginal, had sprung from the Attic soil. All lovers of the Age of Fable will recall the favorite legend of men rising full-armed from the ground where the dragon's teeth were sown.

In Æschylus' Prometheus, and in that earlier poem by which he was evidently most influenced, the human race is apparently coeval with the gods themselves. The poem alluded to is the Theogony of Hesiod, which has descended to us in an incomplete and interpolated condition. This is the first attempt to reduce mythology to a system which has been preserved.

Hesiod was a poor farmer of Ascra, an obscure village in Bœotia. As to his time, Herodotus, peering backward into the dark, says, "My opinion is that Hesiod and Homer lived four hundred years before my time, and not more." His guess is as good as any modern one. In his *Theogony*, consisting of ten hundred and two rather heavy and prosy hexameter lines, Hesiod attempts a complete genealogy of the gods, beginning with Chaos, Night, Heaven, Earth, etc., all these being individuals in the Hesiodic account. Zeus, as was remarked before, gains supreme power by dethroning and imprisoning his father. Zeus and his brethren are involved in a desperate struggle with their uncles, brothers of the deposed Kronos, who are called the Titans. Prometheus, with his brothers, Epimetheus (that is, Afterthought) and Atlas, are cousins to Zeus, being children of the Titan Iapetos. Hesiod says nothing of any share taken by Prometheus in this war between the Titans and the younger gods, but Prometheus does already, in the *Theogony*, appear as the especial champion of the human race, even then in existence, and apparently treated by the gods as familiar friends. Indeed, a line in the *Works and Days* (another poem attributed to Hesiod) declares that "gods and mortal men are sprung from the same source," — no doubt the common mother, Earth.

But Prometheus, says Hesiod, while making a sacrifice in man's behalf, attempts, by trickery, to beguile Zeus into accepting as his share the worthless bones and fat, which have been covered with thin slices of the choicest meat. Zeus, in revenge, deprives men of the use of fire, and Prometheus undertakes to steal it again from heaven (as later writers add, from Zeus' own hearth; or from Hephaistos' forge; or, most poetic fancy of all, by lighting a torch at the radiant chariot-wheel of the sun-god). Pandora is, moreover, sent to torture

mankind with her deceitful beauty and by opening the casket of woes. Epimetheus accepts her as his bride, and from her, says the poet, sprang the idle, mischief-making race of women. Whether he means that until then only men had existed can only be conjectured. Moreover, Epimetheus, the Titan's son, is surely not a mortal man; but here also the rude and fragmentary poem eludes our too critical inquiries. Prometheus is chained to a pillar and tortured by a vulture, which devours his liver, until, long afterward, Zeus allows his favorite mortal son, Heracles, that his glory may be yet greater on earth, to shoot the vulture and release the sufferer. Thus far the *Theogony* of Hesiod, a partial sketch of which is essential to any study of Æschylus' play.

Another Bœotian poet, but of far loftier flight, was Pindar, the contemporary of Æschylus himself. In Pindar's Seventh Isthmian ode we find, impressively told, a myth which influenced Æschylus powerfully: —

"For the hand of Thetis" (loveliest of the sea-nymphs) "there was strife between Zeus and glorious Poseidon, each desiring that she should be his fair bride. Yet the wisdom of the immortal gods brought not such a marriage to pass when they had heard a certain oracle. For wise-counseling Themis" (Justice) "told how it was predestined that the sea-goddess should bear an offspring mightier than his father, whose hand should wield a bolt more terrible than the lightning or the dread trident, if ever she wedded Zeus or his brethren." "Cease ye herefrom; let her enter a mortal's couch, and see her son fall in war," says Themis. So Thetis was given to King Peleus, and in his halls she bore Achilles.

These two legends, the tale of Prometheus and the prophecy concerning Thetis, Æschylus was probably the first to weld together. Prometheus is no fit subject for tragedy until he has some

means to resist, at least passively, the power of Zeus. In Hesiod's account his mother is a Titanid Clymene, but Æschylus has boldly assigned him to Themis as a son, and lets him learn through her of the danger into which Zeus will some day be brought by his infatuation for the lovely sea-nymph Thetis. This secret knowledge enables him to bear the tortures of his crucifixion for centuries, and finally so terrifies Zeus that he sends Heracles to release Prometheus, who, however, must first promise that he will immediately reveal in full the secret to which he has darkly alluded.

The attempt has been made to indicate the probable development of the tragic plot in our poet's mind. We are ready to begin the study of the drama itself.

The scene is laid in the extreme north-east of Europe. At the back of the stage is represented a desolate cliff, and the stage itself is to be considered as a ravine at the foot of the precipice. The ocean is seen on the right; upon the left, the wilderness.

Might and Force appear, dragging or carrying the gigantic form of Prometheus, while Hephaistos, the smith of the gods, follows, with sledge-hammer, spikes, and fetters. Here we have at once an evident reminiscence of Hesiod, who mentions Might and Force as brothers, and as Zeus' trustiest helpers against the Titans.

PROLOGUE.

Might. To earth's far outmost regions we are come,

The Scythian tract, the pathless wilderness.
Hephaistos, thou the injunctions must regard,
Upon thee by the father laid, this wretch
Upon the lofty cliff to set in bonds
Unbreakable of adamant chains!

The glory of all-working fire, thy flower,
He stole and brought to men. For such mis-
deed

He to the gods must pay a penalty,
That he may learn to love the rule of Zeus,
And may desist from his man-loving ways.

Hephaistos. O Might and Force, behold, the
will of Zeus,
For your part, is fulfilled. Naught hinders
more.

I lack the heart to bind a kindred god
By force against this rude and wintry crag.
But yet I must, indeed, take heart for this:
The father's words are hard to disregard.

(*To Prometheus.*) O thou audacious son of
Themis sage,

Against thy will and mine in brazen chains
I'll spike thee to this man-forsaken hill,
Where neither voice nor any mortal shape
Thou'lt see, but, scorched by Helios' gleaming
blaze,

Thy face shall lose its bloom. Thou wilt re-
joice

When starry-mantled Night shall hide the day,
Or Helios put to rout the frost of dawn.
Even the agony of present ill

Shall waste thee. Thy releaser lives not yet.
Such is thy gain through thy man-loving
ways.

A god, thou didst not shrink from wrath of gods,
But wrongfully bestowed thy gifts on men.
And therefore shalt thou guard this joyless
rock,

Upright, unslumbering, bending not thy knee.
Many laments thou'lt utter, and vain groans;
For unrelenting is the heart of Zeus,
And ever harsh is he whose rule is young.

Might. Well! why dost thou bemoan, and
tarry in vain?

Why dost not hate the deadliest foe of gods,
Who has betrayed thy glory unto men?

Heph. Kinship and friendship are a mighty
bond.

Might. I grant it. But how canst thou dis-
regard

The father's words? Dost thou not dread that
more?

Throughout the remainder of this dia-
logue it will be noticed how aptly the
very form of Hephaistos' single-line
speeches indicates his aversion to the
task imposed on him, while Might, in
his double-line retorts, gives utterance to
his unfeeling delight in the disgrace and
agony of Prometheus:—

Heph. Still art thou harsh and full of inso-
lence!

Might. For him, at least, there is no escape
from grief;

But do not spend thy fruitless toil in vain.

Heph. O utterly detested handicraft!

Might. Why dost thou hate it? For indeed
thine art

Is no way cause of that which now is done.

Heph. Would it had fallen to another's lot!
Might. All things are onerous save to rule
 the gods,

For there is no one free save Zeus alone.

Heph. I know it; nor can I that word gain-
 say.

Might. Wilt thou not hasten, then, to fetter
 him,

For fear the father see thee lingering?

Prometheus is now held firmly against
 the cliff by the two grim servants of
 Zeus, while Hephaistos reluctantly binds
 him fast.

Heph. And lo, here are the armlets to be-
 hold.

Might. Take them, and round his arms with
 mighty strength
 Smite with the hammer. Spike him to the
 rocks.

Heph. Behold, 'tis done; nor is that task
 delayed.

Might. Bind fast! Smite harder! Spare
 not! He is skilled

Even from the impossible to find escape.

Heph. This arm, at least, is fixed beyond
 release.

Might. This, too, now fetter sure; so he
 may learn

That he, though wise, is not so keen as Zeus.

Heph. No one, save him, has cause for wrath
 toward me!

Might. Now pitilessly drive straight through
 his breast

With strength this adamantine wedge's tooth.

It is now, at any rate, evident that the
 part of Prometheus is not here taken
 by a living actor. It is only a great
 image which is thus fastened to the
 rock; and as Force is a mute, this scene,
 as well as the rest of the play, could be
 performed by two actors.

Heph. Alas! Prometheus, for thy woes I
 mourn.

Might. Dost thou again delay, and mourn the
 foe

Of Zeus? Perchance thou 'lt pity yet thyself!

Heph. Thou seest a vision hard for eyes to
 view.

Might. I only see one meeting his deserts.

But cast the girdling bands about his sides.

Heph. Be not too urgent, since this needs
 must be.

Might. But I will urge thee, and proclaim it,
 too.

Do thou descend, and bind in rings his legs.

Heph. Behold, the deed without great toil
 is wrought.

Might. Now smite the piercing anklets vig-
 orously,

For harsh is he who is censor of our task.

Heph. The utterance of thy tongue is as
 thy shape!

Might and his companion are evidently
 made repulsive by hideous masks.

Might. Play thou the weakling; but do not
 revile

My sternness and the harshness of my wrath.

Heph. Let us depart. His limbs are fettered
 now.

And gathering up his tools, the soft-
 hearted smith beats a hasty retreat, but
Might lingers to address a taunting word
 of farewell to the silent sufferer:—

Be insolent here! Steal now the rights of
 gods,

And fetch them to ephemeral men! How,
 pray,

May mortals rescue thee from this distress?

Thou falsely art of gods Prometheus called,

For thou hast need of forethought for thyself,
 How thou shalt extricate thee from these
 bonds.

Hereupon *Might* and *Force* also depart.
 Prometheus, left alone, breaks his dis-
 dainful silence, and appeals for sym-
 pathy to the powers of nature about him.
 A modern poet, even a Shelley or a
 Scott, only tries to fancy that winds and
 waves, sun and earth, sympathize with
 man. To Æschylus—and especially in
 this drama—the world actually is full
 of life in myriad forms which are more
 real than humanity itself.

The same actor who played Hephaistos
 now speaks, from behind the image
 on the cliff, as Prometheus. The other
 player will appear successively as Okeanos,
 Io, and Hermes.

Prometheus. O air divine, and breezes fleet
 of wing!

Ye river-sources, and the deep-sea waves!

Innumerable laugh! great mother Earth!

And on the sun's all-seeing disc I call!

See ye what I, a god, endure from gods.

Do ye behold in what disgrace

Wasting away through unnumbered years

I shall endure? For the youthful lord

Of the Blessed Ones has contrived for me

Such unseemly bonds.

Alas! for the evils both now and to come

I lament. What, pray, is destined to be

The limit for these my sorrows ?
And yet, what say I ? All do I foreknow
Exactly that shall be ; nor unforeseen
Shall any trouble come. My destined fate
With resignation I should bear, who know
The strength resistless of Necessity.

But I can neither tell nor leave untold
My lot. For bringing gifts to men in these
Perplexities I wretchedly am bound.
The source of fire within the hollow reed
I sought by stealth, which has become for men
Teacher of every art, and great resource.
But this atonement for my sins I pay,
Being aloft in air bound fast in chains.

Ah, ah !

What echo, what odor unseen, to me flits,
Divine or mortal, or of both combined ?
Unto the hill on the bounds of the world
Comes he to view my woes, or seeking what ?
Behold me bound, a god in evil plight !

A foe unto Zeus, and with all the gods
Into enmity have I fallen, whoso
Are permitted to enter the courtyard of
Zeus,

Because of my too great love for mankind.
— What rustling of birds do I perceive
Yet again at hand ? And the air resounds
With the lightsome whirling of their wings.

I dread whatever approaches !

The sea-nymphs, daughter of Okeanos
(Ocean) and Tethys, have heard in
their grotto under the sea the sound of
Hephaistos' hammer, and, suspecting that
Prometheus may be the victim, they have
bravely hastened forth to proffer sym-
pathy.

They enter singing, as they ride in a
chariot through the air. Prometheus
answers in the lively anapæstic form of
recitative. This passage is the Parodos,
as the Oceanids constitute the chorus of
the tragedy. They have overheard Pro-
metheus' last words ; indeed, they were
probably then already visible to the
spectators, though the fettered Prome-
theus is supposed to be unable to turn
his head to see and greet them.

PARODOS.

Chorus. *Have no dread ! A friendly band
is ours,
That with fleet contending wings,
Not with ease the father's mind beguiling,
Toward this rocky hill has come.*

*For the sound of beaten brass had darted
Through the hollows of our caverns,
Banishing my shy reserve. Unsandaled,
On my winged car I hastened forth.*

Prometheus. *Ah me ! Ah me !
Ye offspring of Tethys, in children rich,
And sprung from him who about the world
Winds with his ever-unresting stream,
The father Okeanos, — look ! Behold
In what captivity impaled*

*On the topmost crags of this ravine
An unenvied watch I am keeping !
Cho. I behold, Prometheus ! To my eyes
Rushed a fearful mist*

Full of tears, as I descried thy figure

*Wasting on the rocks away,
In thy shameful adamantine fetters.*

*Youthful pilots rule Olympus ;
Zeus with novel laws tyrannic governs ;*

*What was mighty once is now unseen.
Prom. Oh that under the earth and to Ha-
des' abode*

He had cast me, to boundless Tartaros

*That receiveth the dead,
And set me in bonds that could not be loosed,
Where neither a god nor aught else that
lives*

*Had rejoiced thereat !
Now, wretched, the sport of the breezes of
heaven,*

I endure 'mid the foes' exultation.

*Cho. Who of gods is so unfeeling
That to him this brings enjoyment ?*

*Who but grieves with thee in trouble,
Zeus alone except ? But he*

Wrathful holds a heart unbending,

While he sways the heavenly race.

*He will yield not ere his soul be sated,
Or by some device his kingship,*

Hard to win, be wrested from his grasp.

Prom. Yet surely of me, although I am

In merciless fetters and suffering wrong,

The chief of the Blessed will feel the need,

To reveal that new decision whereby

He of honors and sceptre bereft shall be.

Nor by Persuasion's honeyed charms

Will I be beguiled,

Nor yet from dread of his terrible threats

Will I this secret to him make known,

Until he release me from pitiless bonds,

And shall consent

To make for this shame an atonement.

Cho. Rash thou art, and no submission

Makest in thy bitter anguish ;

All too bold the words thou speakest ;

Piercing terror stirs my soul.

For thy fate am I affrighted,

Wondering where, from these thy toils,

Thou shalt anchor and behold a haven,

Since a nature unrelenting

And a stubborn heart hath Kronos' son.

Prom. Full well I know that Zeus is harsh,
And holds that with him all justice abides.

Yet milder of mood

Some day he will be, when crushed thereunto.
Then shall he allay his unyielding wrath,
And with me in my eagerness eagerly he
Into friendship and league will enter.

Here the Parodos ends, and a calmer dialogue follows between the great sufferer and the sympathizing sea-nymphs. We may call this the beginning of the first episode, though these technical divisions are not so clearly marked as in later Greek dramas. Especially is this true of a play which, like the present one, admits of little action after the opening scene.

FIRST EPISODE.

Chorus. Do thou reveal and tell us all the tale;

Upon what charge has Zeus laid hold on thee,
And treats thee bitterly and shamefully?
Instruct us, if thy words shall work no harm.

Prometheus. Even to speak thereof is pain to me,

But silence too is pain, and every way
Is woe.

When first the gods began their wrath,
And strife against each other was aroused,
Some wishing to drive Kronos from his seat,
That Zeus, they said, might reign; but some,
again,

Earnest that Zeus should never rule the gods, —

Then I, who would have won to shrewder plans
The Titans, progeny of Heaven and Earth,
Availed not; but all crafty artifice
Disdaining in their strength and pride, they
thought

By violence easily to be supreme.

Prometheus' real sympathies, then, were,
by his own confession, on the side of
Kronos and the Titans, against Zeus.

But not once only had my mother Themis,
And Earth, — one figure under many names, —
Foretold how destiny should be fulfilled:
That not by force, nor yet through violence,
But by their craft should the victorious rule.

Yet when with arguments I showed them this,
They did not deign to glance at it at all.
In such conditions surely it appeared
Wiseest for me, winning my mother's aid,
Gladly to succor Zeus, who welcomed me.

Prometheus is not describing his own

action as a very creditable one. He aids Zeus because he is sure to win, after failing to induce his own proper allies to adopt craftier measures.

And through my plans the deep and darksome vault

Of Tartaros holds ancient Kronos now,
With his allies.

The tyrant of the gods,
Having received such benefits from me,
Requited me with recompense so base;
For this is somehow a disease innate
In tyranny, to put no trust in friends.

And as for what ye ask, upon what charge
He thus maltreats me, that will I make clear.
When he was seated on his father's throne,
Straightway to various divinities
He allotted various honors, and his realm
Divided; but for wretched men he showed
Nowise regard, and, blotting out their race,
Desired another new one to create.
And this not one opposed except myself;
But I did venture, and released mankind,
Who else had perished and to Hades fared.
And therefore with such tortures am I bound,
Grievous to suffer, piteous to behold.
By pitying mortals I have not deserved
This treatment, yet I ruthlessly am brought
To order thus; for Zeus a shameful sight!

Æschylus has modified the account of Hesiod in important respects. There is no hint of a fall of man from a previous happier state. The dishonest sacrifice, as well as the consequent wrath of Zeus, and also the creation of Pandora, have vanished from the tale. Such legends were without doubt beneath the dignity of the conception formed by Æschylus of the supreme deity, but their disappearance leaves Zeus' desire to destroy mankind quite unexplained.

Prometheus is no doubt sincere in his criticism, but he has failed to comprehend fully the scope of Zeus' plans. The destruction of the present mortal race was to be accomplished only in order to prepare the earth for fitter inhabitants. Such an annihilation of humanity for its unworthiness is a familiar feature in Greek as well as in Oriental tradition. Indeed, in the Works and Days, the race then living is supposed to be the last of five wholly distinct successive creations. Hence the mere statement

of his intention to destroy the existing race would not necessarily stamp Zeus as a cruel and arbitrary tyrant, nor justify the resistance of Prometheus, though it does, of course, secure for the sufferer the sympathy and gratitude of mankind.

It is curious that in the Works and Days Hesiod (if it is he) repeats in somewhat altered form the tale of Prometheus and Pandora related in the Theogony. The former poem, however, does not appear to have influenced Æschylus in any important detail of his drama; and it would perhaps be difficult to prove even that he was acquainted with it.

Zeus' failure to carry out his project indicates that his power is not unlimited. That is indeed a notion almost inherent in any polytheistic creed. The Zeus of Æschylus is a most noble and lofty figure; but the poet deals cautiously, in fact reverently, with the traditions of his ancestors, even when they weaken somewhat the simple majesty of his own conception. Many of the myths he deliberately avoids; in some he tries to bring out a worthier significance; but he cannot openly combat even the most repulsive. A very similar spirit pervades Pindar's poems, and is clearly avowed in his treatment of the Pelops myth, in which the Blessed Gods had been represented as cannibals.

We must never forget that this whole speech of Prometheus is an *ex parte* statement of a rebel; heroic, indeed, self-sacrificing, and sincere, yet a rebel, who eventually sees and confesses his short-sightedness and error, binds his brows with the willow of repentance, and puts upon his finger the iron ring of submission.

Chorus. Of iron soul and wrought of stone
is he

Who with thy troubles sympathizes not,
Prometheus. I desired not to behold
The sight, and seeing it am pained at heart.

Prometheus. A wretched sight indeed for
friends am I.

Cho. No further, even, didst thou go than
that?

Prom. I rescued mortals from foreseeing
fate.

Whatever the poet's intention may be in this mysterious allusion, we shall probably agree that it is a blessing not to foresee the destiny which we are helpless to avert. It is strange that Prometheus should be the power mentioned as depriving men of any prophetic insight. The allusion is perhaps to that overwhelming dread of imminent death which paralyzes human activity.

Cho. What remedy hast thou found for that
disease?

Prom. Blind hopes have I implanted in
their souls.

Cho. Thou gavest mighty aid thereby to
men.

Prom. And fire besides I did convey to them.

Cho. Ephemeral men have now the blazing
fire?

Prom. Ay, and through that shall learn
full many arts.

Cho. Upon such accusations, then, does Zeus
Maltreat thee, and relaxes not thy woes.

But to thy struggle is no limit set?

Prom. No other but whenever pleases him.

Cho. How shall he wish it, or what hope is
there?

Dost thou not see thine error? That thou
erredst

For me to say is pain, and grief to thee.

—But leave we that. Seek some escape from
toils.

Prom. Lightly may he who is secure from
woes

Advise and chide that one who fareth ill.

And all that thou hast said full well I know.

Of my free will I erred, I do confess.

Through aiding mortals I have come to grief;

Yet did not think with such a penalty

To wither on these rocks aloft in air,

Chancing on this deserted friendless hill.

Yet do not ye my present woes bewail,

But earthward come, and what shall yet befall

Hear, that ye all unto the end may learn.

Obey, and share the toil of him who now

Is troubled. Wandering calamity

Comes likewise at some time to many a one.

That is, disdain not him who now is
suffering and disgraced. Time may
yet bring round his revenges.

Cho. Not upon the reluctant hast thou en-
joined,

O Prometheus, this.

And deserting now my rushing ear,
And the sacred ether, the bird's highway,
To the rugged earth do I approach ;

And I fain in full

Would hear the account of thy sorrows.

But as the nymphs are alighting, their father, Okeanos, comes riding in upon a griffin or hippocamp. Æschylus is fond of such daring devices and grotesque appearances as this, and makes much greater demands upon the stage machinery than does Euripides. Okeanos is a type of timid, time-serving good-will. He will aid Prometheus, especially with prudent advice, so long as his sympathy does not endanger his own comfort. Prometheus receives him with marked impatience, and eagerly dismisses him with scantiest courtesy.

Okeanos. To the goal of my far-away journey

I come,

Which I, O Prometheus, to thee have made,
This fleet-winged bird without a bit
Guiding by force of my will alone.
And know that I sorrow with thee in distress.
For indeed methinks our kindred blood

Compels me to this ;

And besides that tie, there is no one whom
I in greater regard would hold than thee.

And thou shalt perceive how sincere are my words,

Nor known to my tongue are courtesies vain.

Come, how I can aid thee I pray thee make known,

For thou never shalt say that any friend

Thou hast than Okeanos stancher.

Prometheus. Well, what is this ? Art thou too come to view

My tortures ? How, pray, hast thou dared to leave

The stream that bears thy name, and thy rock-roofed

Natural grottoes, to approach the earth,

Mother of iron ? Art thou come, indeed,

To see my fate, and sympathize in woes ?

Gaze, then, upon the sight. The friend of Zeus,

Who aided in establishing his rule,

See with what tortures I through him am bowed.

Okean. I see, Prometheus, and would offer thee

The best advice, ingenious though thou art.

— Know thine own self, and take on thee new ways,

For new, too, is the tyrant of the gods.

But if thou hurlest forth such biting words

And harsh, it may be Zeus, though high aloft
He sits, will hear ; and so this present wrath
Shall seem but mockery of suffering.

(Zeus does indeed hear. Every whisper beneath the dome of the cold, cheerless sky is reëchoed to his throne ; and the remembrance of this will add greatly to the impressiveness of the whole drama.)

Unhappy one, restrain thine ire within,
And seek for a relief from this distress.
Foolish my words, perchance, appear to thee ;
But yet such are indeed the penalties,
Prometheus, of a too presumptuous tongue.
Not yet thou 'rt humble, nor by troubles bowed,
But wishest to bring others yet on thee.
If thou wilt take me for thy counselor,
Thou wilt not kick against the goad, because

A monarch harsh and uncontrolled hath power.

But I am going now, and I will try

If I may from this torture set thee free.

Do thou be quiet, and not bold of speech.

Or dost thou not well know, though overwise,
That punishment befalls a froward tongue ?

Prom. I envy thee, that free from blame
thou art,

Who yet hast dared and shared in all with me.

But now refrain, and trouble not thyself.

Thou 'lt not persuade him ; he 's not tractable ;

Be cautious, lest thy errand harm thyself.

Okean. Fitter by far art thou to instruct
thy friends

Than thine own self : by facts, not words, I judge.

But do not check me in my eagerness ;

For I declare that Zeus will grant to me

This boon, and so release thee from thy toils.

Prom. I thank thee, but will nowise ever yield.

Thou lackest not for zeal, yet trouble not

Thyself ; for all in vain, not aiding me,

Thou 'lt take the trouble, — if indeed thou wilt.

There is evidently some irritation aroused on both sides ; and Prometheus does not seem quite sure even of Okeanos' sincerity in offering to intercede.

But prithee hold thy peace, and stand aloof ;
For though my fate be hard, I not for that
Would wish that sorrows might on many fall.

Ah, no ! my brother's lot distresses me, —
Atlas, who in the Hesperian region stands,
Holding the pillar of the sky and earth
Upon his shoulders ; not an easy weight.

The wearisome task of Atlas brings,

perhaps naturally, to Prometheus' mind the somewhat similar fate of the giant Typhon, or Typhæus, who is buried under Ætna; but the length of the digression is certainly surprising. The explanation usually given for it is that Æschylus, during a visit to Sicily, had seen a great eruption of Ætna. This had made such an impression upon his mind that he seized upon the opportunity to allude to it in his tragedy.

The earth-born dweller in Cilician caves
I pitied when I saw, a prodigy
Most wretched, hundred-headed, held by force:
Fierce Typhon, who resisted all the gods,
Hissing out death from his terrific jaws;
And from his eyes he sent grim lightnings
forth.

The power of Zeus he strove by force to crush.
But unto him Zeus' sleepless missile sped,
The downward-plunging bolt that breathes out
flame,

And all his haughty boasting overwhelmed;
For he was smitten to the very soul,
His strength by thunder and by fire destroyed.

And now, a helpless, sprawling shape, he lies
Near to the narrow channel of the sea,
Beneath the roots of Ætna weighted down.
But on the topmost peaks Hephaistos sits,
Forging the iron; whence shall some day break
forth

Rivers of fire, with fierce jaws to devour
The wide-extending meads of Sicily.
So Typhon will pour forth his boiling wrath,
With the hot missiles of fire-breathing rain
Insatiable, though by Zeus' lightning charred.

This digression, which by the way closely resembles a passage in Pindar's first Pythian ode, does not strengthen the drama. Prometheus seems to forget himself in glorifying the might of Zeus. Again addressing Okeanos directly, he continues:—

Thou art not inexperienced, nor hast need
Of me as teacher; save me as thou canst;
And I my present fortune will endure,
Until the spirit of Zeus shall cease from wrath.

Okean. Art thou, then, O Prometheus, not
aware

Words are physicians of a mind diseased?

That is, conciliatory words will calm the
wrath of Zeus.

Prom. If at a fitting time we soothe the
soul,
Not check its rage at height with violence.

Okean. But in my zeal for thee and ventu-
rourness

What harm dost thou perceive? Explain to
me.

Prom. Superfluous trouble and vain foolish-
ness!

Okean. Leave me to suffer with this ailment,
since

He who is sage had best not pass for wise.

This is no doubt a taunt: "It is perhaps
better to be simple, since thy far-famed
wisdom brings thee to this sorry pass."

Prom. The error will be counted as mine
own.

Okean. Thy words dispatch me plainly home
again.

Prom. Lest grief for me should draw his
hate on thee.

Okean. His, who but lately holds the al-
mighty seat?

Prom. Beware of him, lest he be vexed at
heart.

Okean. Calamity, Prometheus, teaches thee.

Prom. Set forth. Depart. Hold fast thy
present mind.

Okean. Thy words, already on my way, I
hear,

For my four-footed bird skims with his wings
The ether's far expanse, and joyfully
In his home stables he would bend the knee.

And borne on his eager griffin, the
sea-god straightway vanishes.

The chorus now sing the first lyrical
interlude, commiserating Prometheus:

FIRST STASIMON.

I bewail thy fatal doom, Prometheus.

From my tender eyes

Pouring forth a stream of trickling tears,

I my cheek have stained with moistening rills.

Melancholy is thy lot!

Zeus, commanding with his new decrees,

Unto gods that were of old

His imperious sceptre now displays.

All the earth resounds with lamentation

Even now, and mourns

For the honors, ancient, glorious,

By thy kinsmen held of old, and thine.

All who dwell within

Holy Asia's neighboring domain,

Mortal men, in sympathy

Sorrow for thy much-lamented woes.

Dwellers in the Colchian land,

Maidens fearless in the fray,

*With the Scythian throng, who hold
Far-off regions by the lake Maeotis;*

*With Arabia's martial flower,
They who on the lofty crag
Near to Caucasus abide,
Furious host that rage with keen-edged lances.*

The fearless maidens are the Amazons. We hardly understand an allusion to Arabia in the far North, and German scholars calmly propose to change the text to "Chalybia's," "Chalkis's," "Aria's," or "The Sarmatians',"—a proceeding which a disciple of Professor Goodwin is not likely to approve. Of the city on the lofty crag we know nothing whatever; perhaps it is Ekbatana.

*Only one of Titans heretofore
Have I seen subdued,
Bound in shameful adamantine chains,—
Atlas the divine;
Who forever, on his mighty back,
Groaning, holds the sky.
Waves that crash together mourn for him,
Ocean-deeps lament;
Hades' darksome subterranean cave resounds,
And the holy river-sources mourn his wretched pain.*

The central thought of this ode seems to be: All mankind mourns for Prometheus; only the forces of nature express sympathy for his brother Atlas.

The calm dialogue which must be considered as the second episode of the drama opens with a long and important speech addressed by Prometheus to the chorus.

SECOND EPISODE.

Prometheus. Think not in arrogance or stubbornness
I hold my peace. I gnaw my heart with thought,
Seeing myself maltreated as I am.
And yet, who else to these new gods, save me,
Rendered their honors altogether sure?
But this I leave untold; for I should speak
To you who know.

But hear the former woes
Of mortal men, whom, senseless until then,
I rendered thoughtful, masters of their wits.
I'll speak, not in resentment toward mankind,
But showing my good-will in what I gave.

At first they, gazing, gazed but fruitlessly;

Harkening, they did not hear, but, like the shapes

Of visions through an age that lasted long,
All things confused. Nor knew they sunny homes

Shaped out of bricks, nor handiwork of wood.
Beneath the earth they dwelt, like helpless ants,
In the unsunned recesses of the caves.

This sketch of primeval man is said to agree wonderfully with the results of research in our own day.

And no sure sign had they of winter time,
Or flowery spring, or summer rich in fruits;
All things in utter ignorance they did,
Until the risings of the stars I showed
To them, and settings hard to be discerned.
Number, most shrewd device, I found for them,
And letters well combined; and memory,
Worker of all things, mother of the muse.

I was the first who yoked the beasts to bear
The collar and the rider, and relieve
The race of mortals from their heaviest loads.
I harnessed to the car the steeds that love
The rein, the pride of wealthiest luxury.
And no one else before me did invent
The sea-test, sail-winged craft of mariners.

So many things have I contrived — ah me! —
For mortals; but myself have no device
Whereby to free me from my present woe!

The pause is gracefully contrived in order to relieve the exhausted actor. It may be remarked here that our poet has clearly no belief in a previous happier state of man. Human life is steadily improving, and the higher powers are all beneficent and helpful to us: Prometheus, with excessive haste and presumption, which make him seem very human, and bring him at last to bitter humiliation; Zeus, through farther-reaching and more mysterious ways.

Chorus. A grievous woe is thine! Bereft of sense,
Thou errest; like a wretched leech fall'n ill,
Thou art disheartened, and canst not discover
The drugs by which thou mayst thyself be healed.

Prometheus. Hearing the rest from me,
thou'lt marvel more,
Learning what arts and means I have devised.
Chiefest of all, if any one fell ill,
There was no remedy, — nor edible,
Nor drink, nor ointment, — but for lack of drugs
They pined away, until I showed to them

The ways of mingling gentle curatives,
Wherewith from each disease they guard themselves.

The following lines touch upon all the various forms of divination employed by the Greeks: partly from accidental meetings, words overheard by chance, etc.; partly from inspection of the vitals of animals which had been sacrificed:—

And many means of divination I
Arranged, and first from dreams what must occur

In waking hours discerned; made clear to them

Mysterious sounds, chance meetings on the way.

The flight of crooked-taloned birds I explained
Exactly: which are ominous of good,
Which baleful, and the mode of life of each;
And what dislikes they have for one another,
Or what affections and companionships.

(A line is apparently lost, containing the verb "I first interpreted.")

The smoothness of the vitals, and what tint
They needs must have to please the higher powers,

The varied shapeliness of bile and liver.

Burning the limbs enveloped in the fat,
And the long chine, I led men to the art
Hard to discern. And omens from the flame
I showed to them, which were before obscure.

The "art hard to discern" is the method of deciding, from the appearance of the flame during the sacrifice, whether the gods favor an undertaking. This bold allusion is a distinct reminder by our poet that he knows nothing of, and wishes us to ignore, the unworthy tale of the deceitful sacrifice. Men do, indeed, says Æschylus, burn the bones, fat, and chine in the gods' honor, and Prometheus did teach us so to do; but the poet was mistaken who connected the names of Prometheus and Zeus with a tale of petty deception and ignoble resentment wreaked upon the guilty and the innocent.

So much for that. And then the benefits
That were for mortals in the earth concealed,
Copper, iron, gold, and silver,—who would say
That he before me had discovered these?
None, I know well, who would not vainly prate.

And in brief words learn thou at once the truth:

All arts to mortals through Prometheus came.

Toward the end of this long speech the allegory seems more transparent than usual. We are inclined to say that a mere personification of human foresight, and not a living divinity, fills the poet's mind. But we must not, for this reason, hastily conclude that the classical dramatist or auditor doubted the *reality* of Prometheus. For us, personification is a device of rhetoric. To a savage, to a child, and to the ancient Greek, it is an irresistible instinct.

And even to us, familiarized from childhood with the terminology of abstract thought, with centuries of Puritanism behind us, forbidden for ages by our religious teachers to imagine a multitude of divine beings, or even to depict the Deity under any form as an individual, how real, in spite of all, is fickle Fortune, as she turns her wheel above the staring crowd, or the little blind love-god, with fluttering wings and quiver full of arrows!

It was hard for a Greek to describe or to comprehend the development of an abstract quality. It was easy for him to imagine and to accept a kindly divinity, whose especial task it was to inspire foresight in the human heart.

Æschylus' own tendency is toward monotheism, simply because he sees in the universe evidence of all-wise and omnipotent rule. But it is only a tendency, operating within a reverent and conservative nature. He selects and interprets myths; he does not, like Euripides, quarrel with them. The minor characters of the Pantheon are quite as real to him as Zeus. They are noble and generous, also. Their inferiority is quite as much in wisdom as in power. They learn eventually to fall in with Zeus' plans, and to realize that in combating and thwarting him they only work evil, despite their good intent. The conception of Zeus, in Æschylus'

soul at any rate, is not so very different from the Jehovah of the Hebrews. Like him, Zeus is resisted for a time by superhuman rebels and sinners as well as earthly ones. But the digression leads us too far from the dialogue.

Chorus. Out of due season aid not mortals now,
Neglectful of thyself in wretchedness.
For I am hopeful that thou shalt be freed
Yet from thy bonds, nor be less strong than Zeus.

Prometheus. Not so is't fated that these things shall be
By destiny fulfilled. Erst overwhelmed
With countless woes shall I escape my bonds;
Craft is far weaker than necessity.

Cho. Who, then, is pilot of necessity?

Prom. The three-formed Fates, and Furies unforgetting.

Cho. And Zeus is not so mighty, then, as they?

But even the arch-rebel hesitates to answer directly so critical a question as this. His response is intentionally equivocal.

Prom. From the allotment he could not escape.

Cho. What is allotted Zeus, save still to rule?

Prom. Be not importunate. This thou mayst not learn.

Cho. 'Tis something fearful, surely, thou dost hide!

Prom. Think ye of other words. To utter this

The time is nowise fit. It must be hid
As far as may be; for, concealing it,
From fetters and from pain I shall escape.

It will be remembered that Prometheus, through Themis, his mother, knows that in some far future time Zeus, among his numberless celestial and earthly loves, will be attracted to the beautiful Nereid, Thetis, who is destined to bear a son far mightier than his father. It must be constantly kept in mind that this and other similar allusions are overheard by Zeus upon his invisible throne on high.

Here the second episode closes, if such it may be called when no one has entered or left the stage. The following choric song expresses the desire for moderate prosperity which is so charac-

teristic of Greek feeling, followed by a vivid allusion to the wretched mortal race, for which Prometheus is suffering such torture:—

SECOND STASIMON.

*Never against my desire may Zeus, the controller
of all things,
Set his opposing decree!
May I not fail, by the father Okeanos' water un-
resting,
Offering unto the gods
Banquets sacred of oxen slain. Nor in word be
my error!
May this by me be attained; let it not vanish
away.*

This stanza suggests a charming picture of the graceful sea-nymphs issuing from the waves of their father's realm, and making due sacrifice on the beach to the dreaded higher gods, with all the reverent humility of mortal maidens. Throughout the play these daughters of Tethys are so delightfully girlish in their gentle and almost timid modesty that we are hardly prepared for their unflinching courage in the final crisis.

*Pleasant it some way is, through hopes, that en-
couragement bring us,
Longer our life to extend;
Yet do I shudder with dread, as I gaze upon
thee, in thy sorrows
Numberless wasting away.
Thou, O Prometheus, fearest not Zeus, but in
willful endeavor
Honorest more than is fit men who are destined
to die.*

*Lo, how thankless was thy gift, O friend!
How may it avail?
From ephemeral men what aid may come?
Hast thou not beheld
How in helpless, dream-like feebleness
Fettered is the sightless human race?
Plans of mortals nevermore
May the harmony of Zeus evade.*

*Such my thoughts as I thy fatal doom,
O Prometheus, saw:
While another song recurred to me:
How the nuptial hymn
Round about the bath and bed I sang,
For thy marriage, when our father's child,
Won with gifts, Hesione,
Thou didst lead to be thy wedded spouse.*

William Cranston Lawton.

LITERATURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE motive which urged our fathers to the establishment of schools was professedly drawn from religion; the motive which impels us to-day is professedly drawn from politics. If we could have asked John Cotton why it was well that the children of Massachusetts Bay should be sent to school, his reply would have been, that they might learn to fear God. If we ask ourselves why the Commonwealth provides common schools, the answer is, that the children may become good citizens. In the former case, the conception of religion was bound up with the conception of a particular ecclesiastical order; in the latter, the conception of politics is limited by the special form of society in which it has play. The former anticipated the political conception, for the germ of a free state lay imbedded in the combined theocratic and commercial company; the latter has not lost the religious conception, for it guards jealously the vested rights of religious bodies. In both cases, the human mind is seen struggling toward a larger liberty.

The common schools thus epitomize the nation. They reflect the prevailing thought of the people; they embody its ideal. If we would measure the spiritual force of the national mind at any one time, we must examine the contents of the common schools; for as there comes a moment in the life of every father when he is less eager for himself and more concerned for his child's fortune, so the hope, the forecast, the precipitation of ideals in the whole people, is to be looked for in the form which popular education takes. The stock-market is not a more delicate register of the financial pulse than is the common school of the national conscience. Consider along what lines educational thought is running, and we shall discern

on what great circles the nation is sailing. Observe the criticism of a prevalent system, and we touch the national life at its most sensitive nerve. The counter-currents as well as the currents of popular will may be estimated by this gauge.

The two leading activities of the national conscience at this hour regard the just relations of labor to wealth and the superiority of the spiritual to the material, and this double activity is mirrored in the double pressure upon our schools: on one side, the axe, the hammer, the saw, the file, the pencil, and the needle are thrust into the child's hand; on the other, literature in its purest, noblest form seeks an entrance to the soul through the eye and the ear of the child. Great as is the apparent distance between our present school condition and that which existed in the early days of the nation, the essential nearness is quite as marked. In primitive times, when our national life was less complex, there was no necessity for the organization of education of the hand. An enormous pressure of circumstance made the boys farmers, artisans, hunters, seamen, the girls housewives, in alternation with their experience of books. No nice adjustment of intellectual and manual pursuits was called for; school waited on the farm and the shop, and each made way for the other. This relation is not unknown to-day, and on the sands of Cape Cod, within sound of the water that has covered the footprints of the Pilgrims, the hand drops the slate-pencil and the chalk when the ripe cranberry summons.

In like manner, the spiritual training of the young was determined by the conditions of society, and limited by the horizon which encircled the community. In the conception of that day, religion

and theology were synonymous terms, and Christianity itself was an ecclesiastical structure. The tremendous conflict which the Puritan waged with the powers of darkness was such a hand-to-hand fight that he recognized no friends who did not wear his colors, and saw in art, in literature, and in nature itself only foes in disguise. The one weapon which he used, his sword, his buckler, his shield, his javelin, his whole armory for defense and for attack, was the Bible. I count it not the least of the miracles wrought by this book that it should have so transformed the nature of the people worshipping it as to have spiritualized and rationalized the conception in which it is held. We speak of the steady degradation of idolaters who begin by using an image as the shelter of a god, and end by reverencing only the stock or stone from which all notion of the god has fled. But I do not hesitate to say that the spectacle of modern Anglo-Saxon Protestant Christianity deliberately destroying its idol of literal inspiration, in order to apprehend more perfectly the divinity enshrined within the sacred edifice, is one of the most striking manifestations of the power of spiritual Christianity. While assailants have aimed to overthrow the authority of this ark of the covenant, the reverent hands of the most fearless, yet most devout, scholars in Christendom have been at work tearing down the defenses which men have set up about it, confident that no power on earth can destroy the real sacredness. That is as indestructible as light. The revision of the Bible, by opening the Bible wider, has put an end to bibliolatry.

Now the ecclesiastical progenitors of the men in this country who have engaged in this work of revision set an extraordinary value on the Bible, making it, in fact, the political as well as the religious text-book of the people. They did more. They gave it a supreme and exclusive place in the home and school. They used

it as a reading-book, because the conception of education was a religious conception, and the Bible was first and always in the minds of these men a religious book. Its authority was unimpeachable, and its influence was enormous. Within its lids were shut all those literary forces which made for the spiritual enrichment of the boy or girl. Rightly was it named the book of books, for outside of this book there was scarcely any literature of light accessible, while within it the sky overarched the human soul. History, biography, political philosophy, ethics, — all these lay on the pages of the Bible, and the reasoning faculties were strengthened and stimulated by means of this book; but the forcible discussions in church and state served the same end, and the world gave forth a literature of knowledge and dialectics which was availed of. What our fathers did not receive from the world to any considerable extent was that literature of the spirit which finds a response in the imagination and fancy. There was, indeed, in the educated class a recourse still to the spring of Helicon and the mount of Parnassus, but I am keeping in mind those who had not a classical education. The literature of light that had its expression in English letters was frowned upon in the Puritan judgment, but by a great and fortunate provision it was not excluded from the Puritan common education. The Bible contained what was necessary to salvation, and so, in a scheme which resolved society into individual persons, the Bible became the possession of each person. Most truly was it necessary to salvation. It saved men from the starvation of their higher natures. It fed the sources of spiritual power. This book brought poetry and the vision into minds which otherwise would have been darkened by knowledge. It spanned the whole arc of human life with its bow of promise, and the radiant light which streamed from psalm, from prophecy,

from narrative and parable, penetrated the minds of the young. The sanctity which was thrown around it enhanced the power of its appeal to the spirit, and while its teachers were using it for its doctrinal efficiency and also as a reading-book in the schools, they were opening vistas into the realm of poetic beauty, all other entrances to which they had carefully closed.

In process of time, as the religious power which so largely influenced our early educational system in this country relaxed its stringent hold, and gave place to a philosophy which partook of the prevailing intellectual temper of the eighteenth century, the Bible became less exclusively the book of the people, and less distinctly the one book of the schools. But the schools themselves suffered for a while a neglect in the public estimation. It should be remembered that England gave little help to the colonies or to the young republic in this matter, for popular education in England was to receive its impulse, after many days, from America itself. In the low ebb of our educational life, when the first great religious force was spent, and the second great political force had not yet awaked, literature was represented in our schools by such a book as Bingham's *Columbian Orator*, which contained, as its title-page promised, "a variety of original and selected pieces, together with rules calculated to improve youth and others in the ornamental and useful art of eloquence." It is noticeable that literature and speech-making were nearly identical in the minds of people at that period. The poetry of the book was from Hannah More, Addison, and Rowe. There was a farce by Garrick, and a passage from Miss Burney's *Camilla* arranged as a dialogue.

When this indifference to schools began to give way before the growing sense of the importance to the country of a general education, the result was seen in the production of a higher class

of school-readers. Those who remember the American First Class Book, and others of its kind, will recollect how high was the order of literature presented in these books. They held their place for a while, but by degrees a change occurred, and the new order is an interesting one to consider, both because it was part of a more extended mental process, and because, as I think, we are now passing out from under its influence.

Roughly speaking, our present system of common schools is about fifty years old, and in that time there has been an extraordinary activity in the production of text-books in the great departments of human knowledge. This activity is a natural result of the widespread attention to popular education. It is not the competition of publishers alone, but the set of public interest, which has made our geographies, histories, arithmetics, and spellers so elaborate, so ingenious, and so attractive in mechanical aspects. Every specialist in education sees defects in the text-books which teach his science. If he makes a text-book himself, it is because he cannot find in any of those in use just the quality which rises before his mind as the ideal excellence; and after he has made his own, he longs to bring out a new and revised edition. This authorial energy has kept pace with the growth of the school system. It would be hard to compute the literary force which has found a field for exercise in the construction of school text-books in America. It may be said to be the one department of literature where, without international copyright, American authors have had full play, and have been affected scarcely at all by English book-makers. The text-book literature of America is almost as independent of English literature of the same kind as if the writers were debarred by law from the use of English material. They were not debarred by law, but they were subject to that higher, unwritten law which makes a great in-

stitution like the common schools of an independent nation compel those who serve the institution to consider its peculiar needs, and to be strongly affected by the spirit which resides in it. The schools of our country have had such innate force that they have shaped themselves and the apparatus they require after the law of their own being, and not after some foreign model. We go to England and France and Germany and Sweden and Russia, and bring back criticisms on our methods and suggestions; but after all, the Americanism of our schools for good or for evil is too potent to be greatly modified by other nationalities.

Now while this activity in fitting text-books to the needs of schools has been exercised freely in the direction of the literature of knowledge, what do we see in the field of text-book literature of the spirit? Externally, a like advance in all that attracts the eye. The reading-books are often exceedingly beautiful. The best of paper is used, the type is clear, and there is a profusion of delicate wood-cuts. Again, there is evident the same refinement in method which characterizes other text-books; a like regard for intellectual gradation; a minute attention to all the apparatus of reading, the details of pronunciation, of definition, of accent. In a word, the reading-books partake of precisely the characteristics which are observable in other text-books. They stand on the same footing with geographies, histories, arithmetics, and spellers. They are grouped in the same system. It is not uncommon to see a series embracing all these elementary studies, and the craze for uniformity is satisfied by finding readers, arithmetics, geographies, and spellers all made by one man, published in external harmony by one house, and applied with nice precision of grading to all the children in a town.

But the agreement between the text-book literature of knowledge and the

text-book literature of spirit is even closer than through external conformity. There has been a constant attempt at making the latter do the work of the former. Elaborate systems have been contrived by which the pupil, when employed in the exercise of reading, shall reinforce the departments of knowledge. His reading-book tends to become an encyclopædia, and it is hoped that when he has escaped the toils of the biologist, the geographer, the historian, he will find in his reading-book more natural history, more geography, more civil and political history. The idle muses are set at work. Pegasus is harnessed to a tip-cart.

This indifference to the higher functions of literature, this disposition to regard the reading-book as mainly a means for promoting an acquaintance with the forms of written speech,—whence is its origin? Why is it that with the whole realm of English literature open to the text-book maker, there should have been, until recently, almost an entire disregard of it, especially in the construction of those grades of reading-books which are coextensive with the school life of the vast majority of American children? I think the answer will be found in the power of this great institution of common schools to compel those who serve it to partake of its spirit, to be strongly affected by the very character of the life which they are seeking to shape. To see the bearings of this, we must take into view the whole mass of literature for the young.

The period of fifty years last past has witnessed an increasing volume of this literature, and also the growth of a sentiment in favor of it. The disposition to separate the reading of the young from the reading of the mature is of very modern development, and it has resulted in the creation of a distinct order of books, magazines, and papers. Not only has there been great industry in authorship, but great industry also in

editorial work. The classics of literature have been drawn upon not so much through selection as through adaptation. Great works, whose greatness lay much in their perfection of form, have been diminished and brought low for the use of the young. The accumulation of this great body of reading-matter — we can scarcely call it literature — has been largely in consequence of the immense addition to the reading population caused by the extension of the common-school system. When the children of a nation are taken at the age of five or six, and kept eight or ten years at school, and this schooling becomes the great feature of their life, dominating their activity and determining the character of their thought, it is natural that books and reading should be largely accessory, and that the quality of the audience should largely affect the kind of speech which is addressed to it. In a general way, this great horde of young readers in America has created a large number of special writers for the young, and both readers and writers have been governed by the American life which they lead.

Now the text-books in reading which have prevailed in our schools have come under this influence, — an influence pervasive and unstudied rather than acute and determined. The quantitative, and not the qualitative, test has been regarded. By no preconcerted signal, but in obedience to the law of their social and literary life, the makers of reading-books began to disregard English standards, and to fill these books with the commonplace of their own writing and that of those about them. They lost their sense of literature as a fine art, and looked upon it only as an exercise in elocution and the vehicle for knowledge, or, at the highest, for ethics and patriotic sentiment. They lost also their apprehension of the power of great literature in its wholes, and made their books collections of fragments. There are two facts which signally characterize the condition

of the popular mind under this *régime*: first, that literature is relegated to the higher grades as something to be studied; and, secondly, that the newspaper is advocated as a reading-book in schools. So remote has literature come to be in the popular conception. This state of things may have been inevitable; it is none the less deplorable.

If it ever was inevitable, it is so no longer. The Americanism which controls our common schools has had, during this period of fifty years, a development in a direction of the utmost value to education. The organization of the common-school system has come to be a great factor in our civilization. It yields statistics with extraordinary facility. The value of school property, the number of children in schools, the number of teachers, the sums expended in salaries, the cost of the plant, the running expenses, — all these things can be faintly guessed at by any one who sits down before the reports of the Bureau of Education in Washington. The results seem to be measurable; such a mighty engine, such an expenditure of fuel, so much power. We can marshal the figures, and set them against the figures of the standing armies of Europe. The eye, the ear, are assaulted by this great array of mobilized facts. And yet the largest fact remains that the system knows no central bureau organizing and directing it, no head, no compact array of officers ordering and controlling it. It is a living organism, sentient in all its parts, moving under discipline, yet the discipline of law beyond the mastery of any man. It is at once an exponent of national life and one of the great forces of America.

Look now upon this other page of our national history, which lies open by its side. Fifty years ago there were living in America six men of mark, of whom the youngest was then nineteen years of age, the oldest forty-four. Three of the six are in their graves, and three

still breathe the kindly air. One only of the six has held high place in the national councils, and it is not by that distinction that he is known and loved. They have not been in battle; they have had no armies at their command; they have not amassed great fortunes, nor have great industries waited on their movements. Those pageants of circumstance which kindle the imagination have been remote from their names. They were born on American soil; they have breathed American air; they were nurtured on American ideas. They are Americans of Americans. They are as truly the issue of our national life as are the common schools in which we glory. During the fifty years in which our common-school system has been growing to maturity, these six have lived and sung; and I dare to say that the lives and songs of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell have an imperishable value regarded as exponents of national life, not for a moment to be outweighed in the balance by the most elaborate system of common schools which the wit of man may devise. The nation may command armies and schools to rise from its soil, but it cannot call into life a poet. Yet when the poet comes, and we hear his voice in the upper air, then we know that the nation he owns is worthy of the name. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, pure poetry springs from no rank soil of national life.

From the Americanism, then, that is the mere appropriation of the nearest good, we turn to that Americanism which partakes of the ideal and the spiritual. It is not a remote concern of our common schools that these six poets whom I have named because they are distinctively poets, and those other great ones, like Hawthorne, Irving, and Cooper, who associate with them in spiritual power, have been the consummate flower of American life; for it is through their works that spiritual light most surely

and immediately may penetrate our common schools. We cannot turn back the wheels of time and replace the Bible as the sole reading-book. The day may come when the reasonable and reverent study of this book shall be an essential part of the education of every child in America, and Christianity shall not be robbed of its most precious document and most efficient teacher by irrational methods, false notions of reverence, and professional assumptions; but that day has not yet come, and we may meanwhile take courage and have hope when we consider in how many schools of the land its words still fall daily on the listening ear as the blessing before the morning task. We cannot, I say, nor would we, replace the Bible as the sole reading-book. The conditions of our life and thought forbid this. The avenues by which spiritual power finds entrance to the soul are more varied than our fathers supposed, or than we have yet fully recognized in our systems of education, although we are feeling our way upward. Nature is such an avenue, and we have not yet learned to place our school-houses in gardens, as we one day shall, though there are glimpses of the perception of this truth in many bright school-rooms in the land. Music is such an avenue, so also is art; but neither music nor art, though there are signs of greater native earnestness in application to them in America, has anything like the possibility of power to affect the spiritual nature of children which our literature possesses. God has set great lamps in the heaven of our national life, and it is for us to let the radiance stream into the minds of the children in our schools.

I am not arguing for the critical study of our great authors in the higher grades of our schools. They are not the best subjects for critical scholarship; criticism demands greater remoteness, greater foreignness of nature. Moreover, critical study is not the surest method of secur-

ing the full measure of spiritual light, though it yields abundant gain in the refinement of the intellectual nature and in the quickening of the perceptive faculties. I am arguing for the free, generous use of these authors in the principal years of school life. It is then that their power is most profoundly needed and will be most strongly felt. We need to put our children, in their impressionable years, into instant and close connection with the highest manifestation of our national life.

It may be objected that this is too restricted a view to take of literature in our common schools. Why not, some may say, give them the best we have, irrespective of time? Are there not writers to-day whose Americanism is just as fervid, and who stand a little closer to the ear by reason of their youth and promise? I answer that we cannot afford to dismiss from the account the immense value which our classical writers have by reason of their being classical. The perspective in which we see them adds to their symmetry in our eyes, and there has grown up about them already a circumstance which invests them with dignity and authority. They are in the philosophic sense idols of the imagination, and by virtue of the divinity which thus hedges them their lightest words have a weight which is incommunicable by those spoken from the lips of men and women not yet elevated above the young by the affection and admiration of generations of readers. To the group which I have named others will be added from time to time, but for educational purposes the writers whom America has accepted as her great first group must long continue to have a power unattainable by others.

I have not cared to divide my argument; to show the power of humane literature in enlarging and enriching the common-school system, and then to demonstrate that American literature is the most fit instrument to this end. I have

preferred to postulate what is inescapable, that American literature of some sort our schools will have; and my plea calls us away from the cheap, commonplace, fragmentary American literature of our school text-books, which has so long done disservice, to the inspiring, noble, luminous, and large-hearted American literature which waits admission at the doors of our school-houses. The volume of this literature is not very great, and it is lessened for practical purposes by parts which are inappropriate for school use; but it would not be difficult to replace the volume of reading-matter offered in the reading-books above the grade of the elementary by an equal volume of American classic literature, and the gain would be enormous. If, according to the common practice in our schools, the child were reading over and over and over again the great literature which he would never forget in place of the little literature which he will never remember, how immeasurable would be the difference in the furnishing of his mind!

Nor do I fear that such a course would breed a narrow and parochial Americanism. On the contrary, it would destroy a vulgar pride in country, help the young to see humanity from the heights on which the masters of song have dwelt, and open the mind to the more hospitable entertainment of the best literature of every clime and age. I am convinced that there is no surer way to introduce the best English literature into our schools than to give the place of honor to American literature. In the order of nature, the youth must be a citizen of his own country before he can become naturalized in the world. We recognize this in our geography and history; we may wisely recognize it also in our reading.

Yet in the same order there is an incipient, prophetic humanism before there is a conscious nationalism, and this earlier stage of the mind requires food of

its own kind. I said just now that we had sufficient classic American literature to answer the demands of the exercises in reading above the elementary period. To meet the needs of the earliest years, after the primer has been finished, we have in our reading-books chiefly tried to produce moral effects. We have been too anxious to teach elementary ethics by means of elementary readers, and if we have given ourselves up to what may be called unmoral literature, we have been content to reproduce for the child just the limited experience of life which its senses may have taught it. We have left out of account that very large element of wonder which inheres in the young child's nature, and we have been too neglectful of that pure sentiment to which the child is quick to respond. We are to find the literature for this period in the corresponding period of the world's childhood. The literature of fable, myth, and legend may be drawn upon. The ancient world, the mediæval world, and the infrequent children-authors of the modern world, of whom Andersen is the leader, may all be laid under contribution to satisfy the demands for literature which shall not leave the child just where it was after it

has conned it, but shall have given wings to its fancy and imagination, and suffered it to take flight beyond the little confines of its sight and hearing. Literature of this sort makes the transition from the primer to national literature.

The place of literature in our public-school education is in spiritualizing life, letting light into the mind, inspiring and feeding the higher forces of human nature. In this view, the reading-book becomes vastly more than a mere drill-book in elocution, and it becomes of the greatest consequence that it should be rigorously shut up to the best, and not made the idle vehicle of the second-best. It must never be forgotten that the days of a child's life are precious; it has no choice within the walls of the school-room. In its hours for reading it must take what we give it. The standard which we set in our school reading-books will inevitably affect its choice of reading out of school; the conceptions which it forms of literature and the ideal life will be noble or ignoble, according as we use our opportunities. It is for us to say whether the American child shall be brought up to have its rightful share in the great inheritance of America.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

XV.

AN interval of silence succeeded. The heavy, black shadows of the great trees hard by did not stir. The mute moonlight lay all down the vacant road, and rested unbroken upon the rude floor of the loft. The man at the square window stood motionless, his hand still uplifted, his illumined face questioning, intent. The only sound was the vague, lingering stir communicated through all

the fibres of the hay when Bassett, half rising upon one knee in its midst, had shifted his weight. Suddenly an acorn from a chestnut-oak fell upon the roof, with a loud, imperative accent in the tense, expectant moment. It cracked upon the clapboards, that reverberated with the ready resonance of the void spaces of the interior, rebounded with a rattle, rolled deliberately down the eaves, and dropped thence to the ground. It was a slight thing, but if aught more signifi-

cant had sounded in the interval, this trivial clamor had nullified it. The opportunity to continue to listen and identify the mysterious voice was lost, for one of the cows, below, had begun to low fitfully, and the rocks close at hand prolonged and reduplicated the lingering, melancholy note.

A half-articulate curse, and here and there a long-drawn respiration, intimated that the breathless tension of expectation had given way.

"'T warn't nuthin' but a owl," said one of the mountaineers, who had paused, as if petrified, in the middle of the floor, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head. He had a sedulously unimaginative aspect, as if determined to belittle the occurrence and denude it of consequence; and yet there was something in his tone that intimated a hope of contradiction.

"Owel! Waal, mebbe 't war," ejaculated the man at the window perversely, divining his desire.

"Waal, then, what did it sound like ter you-uns?" demanded the first speaker, frustrated in argument, and realizing that he would first have to foster a sensation in order to assume his favorite iconoclastic rôle. It is an old saying that two are required to make a quarrel, and it is not worn out yet.

"Sounded ter me," put in the simple Clem, "like a woman a-callin'."

"Else a wild-cat, or suthin'," suggested the first speaker. He was Peter Bryce, Mrs. Bowles's former lover; and although he had survived her cruelty, his disposition had succumbed to the souring influences of disappointment, and his estimate of women had suffered.

"Naw, sir!" said Clem, with a definite accession of acerbity, and becoming communicative under its stress. "I 'lowed 't war *my mother* a-callin' me. Mought hev been mistaken, though," he qualified.

Bassett, still half kneeling in the bilowy hay, in the shadow save for a

slender moonbeam falling upon him from a crevice in the roof above, skein-like and fibrous in its long, unbroken effect, turned a suspicious eye upon the stalwart young blacksmith, indistinct in the semi-obscurity.

"Clem Sanders," he said sternly, "hev ye been fool enough ter tell her 'bout we-uns, an' sech ez we air lookin' ter do?"

There was no striding to and fro now; all the burly armed figures were still and silent for a moment, their eyes, whether distinct and shining in the moonlight, or barely discerned in the shadow, fixed with one accord upon Clem Sanders, who needed all his courage to face the suspicion of treachery that they expressed.

"Of course I never. What would I be a-tellin' mam sech ez that fur, in the name o' common sense? She be a-callin' me, I reckon, ter feed some apple-parin's ter the peegs, fur all I know."

There was a momentary silence; then discerning the distinctly sullen note in his reply, Bassett found the tact to say:—

"Ye know, Clem, we hain't got no objection ter Mis' Sanders, 'ceptin' her bein' a woman; bes' one in the worl', though. But ye know, Clem, 'tain't safe ter trest 'em with sech. They tell everythin' they know, an' they hain't got no sense ter reason on jestic an' sech; 't would jes' let them men plumb off, ef enny woman war ter git a-holt o' it. 'T won't do ter trest 'em with sech."

"Nor with nuthin' else," said the cynical Peter Bryce, speaking from the fullness of his own experience, but with an abstract application to the whole sex that gave Clem Sanders no offense for his mother's sake, and left him at liberty to experience sundry guilty pangs that beset him at the recollection of his disclosure to Marcella. He threw himself down on the hay, close to the wall, his hat pulled far over his brooding eyes, his elbow upon the elastic masses,

and resting his head in his hand. The cat, in a crevice between the unlinked logs, looked around at him with lustrous, recognizing eyes, and, kitten-like, she put out a white, velvety paw with a feint of touching his brown hand, falling short by an inch. Then she once more gazed calmly out, drawing her tail about her, and seeming always to rise slightly, as she purringly closed and unclosed the nails of her fore-paws. Her shadow on the floor, above that of the prostrate man, was like a crouching tiger, ready to spring.

"Can't trest wimmen with nuthin'," asseverated Peter Bryce loudly, for the cynic is rarely ready to enjoy alone his discoveries in human nature. He calls in all his world to help him make merry over the distortions of the poor, warped thing before it can get itself away.

"Waal, now, the Lord made 'em," expostulated an elderly, grizzled fellow. It was not altogether piety which animated him. He had the threatening, lowering mien which bespeaks a personal interest. He had seven daughters, when he would have infinitely preferred seven sons. He had, in each instance, absolved himself of any obligation to feel any special affection for these young people, who persisted in being so great a shock to his prejudices; he sought to steel himself in indifference, and in his judgment that each was an affliction and a dead weight. But poor human nature is weak at best. His seven afflictions, all unabashed, proceeded to entwine themselves about his rude heart-strings as valiantly as could any seven sons. When he became conscious of this, and of his helplessness in the premises, he applied such simple philosophy as his untutored brain could evolve to devising excuses for them, as it were; and thence he advanced to insistence upon their equality—nay, superiority—to any seven sons that could be mustered in Broomsedge Cove. "The Lord made wimmen," he solemnly declared.

"By accident, I'm a-thinkin'," said Bassett.

"'T warn't no job ter be proud of," echoed Dake.

"War they made a-purpose so durned changeable?" demanded Bryce.

"An' so onreasonable?" said Bassett.

"An' sech a tongue onto all of 'em?" Dake suggested.

"An' no answer but 'Bekase 't is,' ter every why?" said Peter Bryce.

The father of the seven afflictions looked from one to the other, his eyes vigilant, like a creature at bay. He seemed to have a large contract on his hands, but he was inured, in his paternal charge, to large contracts, and thus he was not altogether dismayed. Perhaps in the exclusively feminine association at home he had learned something of the potency of feminine logic, and of the futility of imposing upon one's capacities the devising of answers to categorical posers. He took refuge in a broad, unimpeachable proposition, which he delivered with all the impressiveness of refutation. "The Lord made wimmen," he solemnly asseverated anew, as if piety forbade any criticism of the supreme handiwork, and on this ground defying contradiction.

"An' what diff'ence is that?" demanded Bassett, with a sneer that the moonlight accented, glittering on his teeth.

"Who hev said contrariwise?" echoed Dake.

"The Lord made 'em," the paterfamilias again averred, with an arrogation of originality in his attitude and face, as he advanced into the square of moonlight, which showed his bronzed features, with his short beard broadening the effect of his countenance; his mild eye assuming belligerent intimations, as of a peaceful soul, who will, nevertheless, fight for his own; his long, thin lips firmly compressed beneath his bristly mustache. "The Lord made 'em, an' I ain't goin' ter hear nuthin' said agin 'em."

There was a pause. The frolicsome filly down in the stall below, kept awake, perchance, by the noise above, frisked about on two or three boards, upon which her small hoofs clattered noisily, doubtless to the admiration of her slower, wide-eyed friend the calf, and sent forth a shrill, gleeful little whinny, all head tones, indescribably callow. The mother responded with a note of maternal remonstrance; there was a sound of a scampering gallopade to her side, and the stall was still. The setting hen, close in to the wall, amidst the hay, stretched her long neck with its panting open bill, and emitted a sort of hysterical clucking of apprehension when the whole great mass trembled, as Bassett flung himself at length into its midst. His head was pillowed high amongst the fragrant billows, but his booted and spurred feet hung down unsupported, dangling to and fro with a disparaging gesture, as he demanded, "Hev ye tole yer wife an' that thar congregation o' small gals o' yourn 'bout sech ez air goin' for'ard ter-night 'mongst we-uns?"

The grizzled head, held askew as its owner listened, gave an angry jerk. "Course I hain't," the elderly champion rejoined, in surly but succinct denial.

There was a sort of suppressed snort of indignation amongst the vigilantes, prophetic of the fury that would await the supposititious betrayal; it seemed, indeed, that the very hypothesis was not a safe subject. Clem Sanders stirred uneasily.

"Waal, now," said the crafty Bassett, "why *don't* ye tell 'em?"

The elderly champion of the fair stood helpless and at a hopeless disadvantage; he lay hold of his square-cut beard, and held it meditatively as he gazed silently at his interlocutor.

"Why *don't* ye tell 'em?" repeated Bassett, half chuckling at his own cleverness, the trend of his argument seeming hardly less than inspiration. "Ye know wimmen-folks never talk none;

't warn't one o' them; surely, ez tuk ter gossipin' in the very Gyardin o' Eden with the Evil One hisse'f. They *never* talk none an' spread the news, an' when thar ain't no news air plumb ekal ter makin' it. Then they *never* sets thar-se'fs ter frustratin' the men on principle, jes' fur the enjyement o' the thing, though *some* folks, ez don't know 'em ez well ez ye an' me, hev' lowed wunst or twict sence the worl' began ez they air always ekal ter *that*. A leetle spindlin' snip o' a gal kin fool a man six feet high an' a two hundred pounder 'bout ennythin' she gins her mind ter."

"That she kin!" sourly exclaimed Peter Bryce, whose infelicitous love affairs had been so widely bruited abroad, at the time when he and Maria Price, subsequently Mrs. Bowles, quarreled, that reserve on the subject would have been but an empty formality.

"Oh, Pete, he's jes' funnin'; he ain't hed no 'sperience o' thar onreliability," resumed Bassett, enraptured by the extent of his own satiric capacities when fairly tested, and having no mind to relinquish the floor of which he was so conspicuous an ornament. "Then they air so reasonable, — that's what makes 'em so easy ter git along with. Ef enny one o' them war ter know 'bout what we air aimin' ter do, an' ez we air ready ter hang them men ef we find Jake Baintree air arter enny mo' devil-mint — sence he killed Sam'l Keale, an' got off from the court through the jedge an' jury bein' so all-fired weak-kneed. what would that woman say? She'd say, 'Don't hang 'em; it mought hurt 'em.'"

There was a smothered guffaw from the younger men, and the father of the seven reasonless beings stood mute and without a word of contradiction.

"Don't hang 'em; it mought hurt 'em, — that air what every sistren of 'em in this broad land would say," the speaker continued, in high feather, gratified by his unexpected fluency and the

flattering coincidence of the majority. "Now, Clem, ye kin bear me out," he said, turning unexpectedly toward the young blacksmith, who gave a guilty start, so abrupt that the cat in the moon-lit crevice rose up suddenly, with a back bowed high and an angry hiss; then, with her tail aloft and stiff she ran off with an unprecedented nimbleness, up the mound of hay, and composed herself to watch studiously a certain beam high out of reach, on which she had seen a lithe whisking shadow of rodent-like action. Clem heavily turned himself in the hay; he was swift to indorse mentally any plausible proposition, and he remembered with anxious self-reproach and many twinges of conscience his disclosures to Marcella. She had disapproved, as Bassett urged that any woman would. Would she act upon this disapproval? But after all, would she dare, and what could she do? He sought to solace his fears, and to shake off his overpowering sense of treachery and guilt, by arguing within himself the futility of any scheme she might devise; even circumstance seemed to favor him. He felt ashamed to experience a certain gratulation that her father, so vehement a stickler for the maintenance of the law, was not available in this emergency. "Eli be too sick fur her ter resk excitin' him 'bout sech. *She* ain't goin' ter 'sturb Eli ef Jake Baintree war ter git hung, like he oughter hev been a year ago an' better, an' would hev been ef Teck Jepson hed hed his way."

He was summarily roused from these absorptions by Bassett's raucous drawl:

"Why n't ye answer, Clem? Air ye a-snoozin' thar, ye sleepy-headed sorrel-top?"

"I hearn ye," replied Clem gruffly. "I dunno how *I* kin bear ye out. I dunno all the wimmen in the mountings, an' I don't want. Some will do one way an' some another; ennythin' ez air unexpected an' suddint."

"That's jes' it!" exclaimed Bassett.

"The Bible 'lows ez the woman war made from one o' Adam's ribs, an' I'll be bound, though the Bible don't say so, ez her brains war jes' the odds an' e-ends lef' over from Adam's brains, an' that's why her thoughts air jes' hig-glety-picklety; a leetle o' this, an' a tech o' that, an' none ter las' more 'n a minit. An' she did n't shine on that 'casion in the Gyardin as an adviser, an' that's how it happens men ever sence hev been glad ter git shet o' thar wife's advice."

"I ain't never seen one woman ez larnt enny lesson from Eve," remarked Peter Bryce. "They gin thar advice yit ez ef 't war one o' the precious things o' the yearth, an' air always powerful 'stonished an' confusticated every time ez the men folks ain't willin' ter break thar necks ter profit by it."

The sentinel had left the discussion, and reverted to the window; he beckoned to one of the other mountaineers presently, and pointed down the long avenue of the great oaks. Here and there were broad open spaces, where the moonlight fell in unbroken and splendid effulgence; the autumn winds had left the trees but scantily leaved; bough and bole were often distinct through the foliage, and even amidst the motionless shadows, which duplicated each leaf and twig; the white frost lent an accentuation of brilliancy. Upon the sere curled leaves that lay on the ground a hoofbeat was falling, and an equestrian figure rode with a mounted shadow beside him to lurk among the trees; to skulk, strangely foreshortened, on the ground; to rise suddenly upon the vertical surface of a crag into the full stature of a man and the complete equipment of the horse, with a definiteness that had an uncanny effect, somehow, in the solitude. So brilliant was the moon that it seemed to seek out and reveal vague, spectral, half-realized things, affinities of the night and the unknown.

"Edzac'ly, — jes' ez I said. Teck

ridin' 'long like some great captain," exclaimed Basset, whom the faint jingle of spurs in the frosty air had brought to the window.

The mounted figure passed close to the building, never lifting his head nor making a sign, although he must have been conscious of the half dozen men looking down at him. The horse whickered gleefully upon nearing the barn, and the rocks echoed and reechoed the sound, until it simulated the distant neighing of a squadron of cavalry. Even when it had sunk to silence, some seeming charger far away again broke the quiet, neighing in the solitary defiles of the mountain. The men looked significantly at one another; here and there a spark of irritation, perceptible the moment that the horseman had first been glimpsed through the aisles of the woods, began to flare definitely into anger.

"Hev ye ever hearn a bigger racket?"

"He ain't keerin' how much n'ise he lets them men hear."

"He don't mind sech ez we-uns say; he air jes' sot an' sodden in his own way."

"He oughter be tuk down somehow. He air too robustious an' domineerin' ter live."

The next moment a step sounded upon the rungs of the ladder. As Teck Jepson emerged through the aperture in the floor, glancing up at the silent figures grouped about, watching his ascent, there seemed something in his eye which coerced apparent acquiescence, and in this fostered a sort of subservient dissimulation toward him. His grave "Howdy, neighbors," in his low, melancholy drawl, evoked a friendly "Howdy, Teck," which expressed all the good-fellowship of approving welcome. Only Dake stood silent and morose, retaining in his manner something of the sentiment which had animated the coterie before Jepson's entrance. He could not have expressed a categorical opinion of Jepson's character, but was aware of

his acute observation and his alert divination of motive. Jepson, he was sure, could not have failed to notice the chill protest and displeasure in the single exception to the cordiality of the greetings.

Dake felt that Jepson's lofty indifference and serenity were in the nature of a triumphant retort. He broke forth angrily:

"What air yer notion, Teck Jepson, ter kem ter a secret meetin', a-tromplin' an' a-jinglin' with spurs through the woods, an' ridin' of yer horse ez goes whinnin' fur corn inter the stable. Ef I war Clem, I would n't give him nare grain. Ef them men hev enny ears, they air bound ter hear ye an' take a warnin'. I b'lieve ye air in league with 'em."

Jepson turned slowly upon him. "I b'lieve I 'll throw ye out'n that winder," he said.

There was a hasty cry of protest from the group, and several interposed between the two. "Naw, Teck, naw; ye must n't git a-fightin', ye an' Gid!" exclaimed the father of the seven, with a patriarchal air which became him well at home, and in view of his seniority did not seem out of place here. "Ye know, boys, we-uns hev got ter gether ter hold up the right, whether the law will tote its e-end or no. It air fur the good an' the peace o' the kentry. We can't gin our cornsent ter wickedness goin' on an' dodgin' its due in the darkness, but we 'll meet up with it an' medjure it, sure. 'T won't do ter git ter quarlin', so jestice will be frustrated in the courts an' out'n 'em. Ef the arm o' the law be got so spindlin' an' puny ez it can't take holt an' deal jestice, but flops par'lytic in the empty air, the people air strong yit, an' ain't goin' ter suffer no wrong-doin'. Naw, sir!"

He uttered this with a sing-song delivery, reminiscent of the pulpit of the circuit-rider, his voice rising and falling

in alternate waves and with rhythmical cadences; then he suddenly assumed an indescribably coaxing tone, that had often proved exceedingly efficacious with recalcitrant small girls, and its persuasiveness was not altogether without effect upon these children of a larger growth.

"Don't ye git ter quar'lin' with Gid, Teck! An' Gid, ye oughter be 'shamed! Teck's our main man; he's a plumb ringleader, an' ye know we air all bound ter b'lieve in Teck, wharfore or what not. I notice we-uns all do his bid, whether we aim ter or no. Teck ain't goin' ter git up no commotion ez them men kin hear. An' ez ter Teck bein' in league with 'em, we-uns all know—everybody knows—ez he hev been plumb down on Jake Baintree ever sence the jury let him off; Teck 'lowed ez Judge Lynch ought ter take his case up. Teck's our main man!"

An unwonted frown had gathered on Jepson's face, distinctly seen in the moonlight which sifted through the dark shadows from the crannies of the high peaked roof. The peacemaker had touched some false note, and the jarring discord was instantly manifested. Jepson deliberately drew his arm from the grasp of the elder man.

"I ain't a-aimin' ter be a leader," he said. "I ain't sech ez covets the fust place. I hev no wish fur words of praise. I look within fur the testimony an' the voice o' the Lord ez sounds in the silences. Sech ez my steps air, they air tuk in His path."

He half turned from his well-meaning exhorter, who stood, a trifle crest-fallen but deeply impressed, gazing at him, the ligaments of his strong bare neck tense as he thrust his head forward.

Jepson paused, looking over his shoulder; his luminous handsome eyes rested upon Dake for a moment with a more familiar and worldly expression.

"Ez ter Gid Dake, he air welcome ter his thoughts; his wust enemy would n't

gredge him sech pore leetle things ez he kin think. But ye air in an' about right ter gin rebukes fur quar'lin',—we ain't met fur sech ez that. An' I won't throw Gid out'n the winder jes' yit; but," he sneered, "let him think his thoughts. A body ought ter be sorry fur a man condemned ter pass his life in sech comp'ny ez Gid an' his thoughts."

The elderly peacemaker received the intimation that his interference was praiseworthy and well timed with a distinct and grateful glow. Dake, with his hands in his pockets and a flouting shrug of his shoulders, ejaculated, "Shucks!" and walked away amongst the others, quick enough, however, and sensitive enough to note the glances askance and the half-veiled contempt which marked the degree to which they considered him defeated, and the consequent depths to which he had sunk in their opinion.

"I rid, but I tuk a short cut through the woods, an' never teched the road no-whar," continued Jepson, standing in the middle of the floor, taller than them all, very distinct in the moonlight, his chin held a trifle high, "I rid becase I war so all-fired late." It was unusual that he deigned to explain his motives, and this betokened an unwonted geniality and sense of nearness and oneness with them all. "It takes me mighty nigh the whole evenin' ter cook a leetle dab o' supper. My mother war the bes' cook ez ever seen a fire, but I don't 'pear ter take arter her. I actially can't turn a hoe-cake over." He smiled slightly at the laughter that this revelation of his domestic difficulties evoked. Then he went on: "Mos' folks rej'ice mightily when meal-times come, but it air a season o' hardship an' labor fur me. The skillets an' the pans 'pear ter hide, somehow, an' I can't find nuthin'; though I aim ter put everythin' in its place, t' ain't thar whenst I want it agin."

"Ye miss Mis' Bowles corno'sider'ble, don't ye?" suggested Bassett, with a leer,— "specially meal-times."

"I never hearn Mis' Bowles war ennythin' so tremenjious s'prisin' ez a cook," sneered Peter Bryce, nettled at the very mention of her name, and resolved not to indorse any presumable merits and culinary accomplishments.

But Teck Jepson had a sentiment of loyalty to the hospitable board, although it was self-interest that had spread it. "She never let me go hongry," he averred heartily, "an' that's more'n I kin say fur myself."

"Ye oughter git married, Teck," said the champion of the fair. "A man 'thout a wife air like a house 'thout a h'a'th-stone: thar ain't no chances for comfort, nor cheerfulness, nor light, nor nuthin', 'thout it; it's jes' the heart o' a home."

"Yes; an' ye kin make mighty sure thar ain't a skillet in Brumsaidge Cove spyry enough ter hide from Marcellly Strobe," broke in Dake irreverently, glad to touch upon a tender point; having heard and believed Andy Longwood's representations of Marcella's preference for Clem Sanders, and knowing that Teck Jepson had also been an aspirant for favor.

Jepson, with an angry start, was about to retort, when Clem Sanders, growling an oath, rose up from the hay, stamping heavily first one foot and then the other, to rouse them from the premature slumbers in which they had been surreptitiously indulging while the rest of his system was broad awake. "Air we-uns a-goin' ter stay hyar all night, a-colloguin' 'bout skilletts an' sech, an' not even peekin' out o' the winder ter keep watch on them men at the forge? They could hev been at thar evil works, an' a-doin' a dunno-what-all in secret an' agin the law, an' we-uns air sech all-fired drivilin' idjits we can't ketch 'em, though we sets up night arter night a-watchin', kase we gits ter jawin' 'bout Eve an' Adam, an' skilletts, an' Marcellly Strobe! Them men air mighty safe. I wisht I knew I war a-goin' ter be ez fur

off from harm an' hurt all my days. Them men air mighty safe, no matter what they air a-aimin' an' a-plottin'; mighty safe from sech vengeance ez we-uns kin git tergether in Brumsaidge Cove."

It was seldom that Teck Jepson was affected by the speech of others, but the coercive influence of this logical outburst was very apparent in his manner, as he turned abruptly away, evidently terminating and casting off the whole previous train of thought, and strode to the window. As he stood there, the moonlight upon his clearly chiseled features, his full, deep eyes fixed with a searching intentness upon the dark little shanty of the forge down the road, his hand resting upon the handle of his pistol that he wore thrust in his belt, his high boots drawn over the trousers to the knee, his spurs catching the light and scintillating, albeit they were as motionless as if they had been the accoutrements of some sculptured soldier, there was so much agile strength suggested in his pose, so much fire and force in his face, earnest of the vassalage of circumstance to this full-pulsed spirit, that Clem Sanders, dolorously gazing, felt his heart sink within him. Teck Jepson had forgotten his enterprise, for the moment, and he himself had reminded him of it, forgetful in his turn of the horror Marcella had expressed, and of his own protestations that no task she could impose would be too onerous for him to show his wish to please her. And now he had had but to hold his tongue, and the intruders might have come and gone while the vigilantes wrangled together in the loft; no bloodshed would darken this silver night, and Marcella's tender heart would be unwrung. "Me, ez 'lowed I'd shoot all these fellers an' run 'em off from hyar ter keep 'em from harmin' Jake Baintree an' that thar slouch of a blacksmith he hev got along with him!" he said, aghast at the rift between his performance and his

protestations. He began to be appalled by the significance and consequence that now seemed to attend his hap-hazard speech and actions. He was not reflective, he had no habits of forecast and serious intention, and he felt enmeshed in troublous toils in the knowledge that he secretly wished to hinder that which he apparently sought to help forward. He would have given much to recall his words. He had lost all desire to assist in adjudicating public affairs in the courts of Judge Lynch, to investigate the mystery of the intrusion into his own forge, even to punish the bungling smith that surreptitiously broke and mended; these things had become repugnant to him, under the knowledge of Marcella's disapproval. He stood for a few moments in the shadow, silently regarding Teck Jepson in the mellow splendor of the moonlight, adding its indefinite idealization to those advantages of symmetry and pose which Clem considered constituted a "powerful fine-built man." The blacksmith turned, slouching forward his heavy shoulders, a manner he affected when displeased and out of sorts, and which had an oddly aging effect, making him appear like some burly fellow of forty-five or fifty, bent with toil and trouble. He flung himself, with a short sigh, into his former nest in the hay, and upheld his head on one hand. The moonlight had shifted since he last lay there. The hay that in the semi-obscurity retained its dull amber tint, tending here and there to a dusky brown or the nullity of invisibility, was in the light a fine and fibrous silver; it gleamed with lustrous reflections as he moved, and threw his head and face into distinct relief, despite the shadow of his hat-brim.

"Clem looks like ez ef he hed been a-feedin' on ten-penny nails as his daily fare," suggested Jube, the parson's son, who had lately come in, and who sat upon an inverted half-bushel measure. He was amusing himself by shelling an

ear of corn, and dropping the grains through the cracks in the ill-laid flooring upon the little filly in the stall below, which he could see quite distinctly, and enjoying the surprise of the little animal; it was varied by periodic panic and flight, the filly always returning, however, to reexamine the phenomenon, until, finally, Jube forced the empty cob through the crevice, hitting her fairly upon the head, when, with a terrified snort and an elastic bound, she disappeared, to return no more.

Clem made no retort. He did not fail, however, so sharpened were his blunt perceptions, to notice that Teck Jepson, despite his preoccupation, glanced round at the sound of his name; he remembered, with an irritated sense of the grotesqueness of the mistake, that Jepson fancied him an accepted lover, and there was no relish in masquerading in this triumphant guise with so dreary and hopeless an identity within.

"What's the news from the forge, Teck?" demanded Jube, reaching out to the pile of corn for an ear to hold in readiness in case the filly should venture out again. Jepson once more turned to the window.

"All dark thar," he replied.

"Shucks!" said Jube easily, craning over the crevice in the floor in an effort to see the filly again, as if badgering the small denizen of the stall below were the praiseworthy errand which had brought him hither; he even broke off a bit of the ear of corn, and cast it down the cranny, in the hope that it might prove a lure. But the filly, though slow to learn, learned thoroughly, and his craft was in vain.

There was a sensation among the others that savored more of angry disappointment than their disinterested professions of seeking to promote the welfare and the peace of the community might justify. They became more sensible of the hardship of their long restraint, and manifestly chafed at being thus balked

of the expected excitement. More than one was restively striding back and forth upon the quaking flooring, and between Dake and Bassett arose a somewhat clamorous controversy concerning the number of times that they had thus fruitlessly watched and waited.

"I ain't half awake in the daytime, stumblin' along arter the plough-tail or huntin' like somebody walkin' in thar sleep!" Bassett angrily exclaimed. "An' ef we-uns war the men we-uns purtend ter be, we'd go in the daytime, an' git Baintree off ter the woods, an' hang him then."

"Oh, shet up, Joe!" called out Clem from where he lay half buried in the hay. He had scant imagination or sensitiveness, but his pulses had come to beat in sympathy with Marcella's sentiments, and he felt as it were by proxy the cold thrill of horror at the murderous words; his nerves were tense with a sense of resistance to the bloody-minded cruelty of the careless proposition. "Ye fairly make me hone ter git up an' beat that empty cymblin' o' a head off'n them narrer, spindlin' shoulders o' yourn."

He had not gauged the effect of his words. Before Bassett could reply Jepson whirled round, with a flash of the eye that was fiery even in the pallid moonlight.

"An' what ails *you-uns* ter take this suddint turn, Clem Sanders?" he demanded, his voice tense with scorn. "The las' time I hearn from you-uns ye war plumb crazed 'bout yer leetle tongs,—not kase they war bruk, but kase they hed been *mended*. 'Peared like 't would kill ye kase ye could n't approve o' that thar job. I war 'feard we could n't find a rope long enough nor a tree high enough ter hang the man ez war so gin ter pernicious ways ez ter fool with them leetle tongs. An' now ye 'pear not ter keer nuthin' 'tall 'bout them desolated leetle tongs. Ye can't hold ter nuthin', Clem Sanders, an' ennybody ez puts thar 'pendence in

ye air leanin' on a broken reed,—even ter shoein' a horse-critter, ef the truth war knowed."

Clem Sanders had palpably winced under this arraignment, despite his bluff courage, fancying that he had too definitely evinced his changed feeling, and fearing that in some way it might result in eliciting the fact that he had divulged their plans to Marcella Strobe. He detected the influence of her fancied preference in the evident acrimony of Teck Jepson's sentiment toward him, but he was not moved to reply until the slur was cast upon his capacities as a blacksmith. Even in this moment of supreme emotion his simple art was dear to him.

"Whar'll ye find a better blacksmith?" he cried, springing to his feet, and holding both arms outspread. "Whar'll ye find him? Tell me, an' I'll walk a hunderd mile ter see him!"

The dignity of the worker who loves his craft and does his utmost in its service was in his face and manner, as he stood, and served to neutralize his overweening vanity.

"Ef he war ter tell ye, ye would n't b'lieve him," said Dake discerningly, as Jepson turned slightly away, and Clem sank back once more into the deep, elastic meshes of the hay.

"Waal," Bassett resumed his objections, "air we-uns a-goin' ter keep this up till Christmas? An' what did we begin it fur? Ef it air perlite an' agreeable ter hang Baintree down hyar, why ain't it jes' ez perlite an' agreeable to go git him up in the mountings? 'T would save time an' sleep, an' be jes' edzac'ly the same ter him."

"Hang him fur what?" demanded Teck Jepson succinctly.

Clem Sanders, with a galvanic start, turned his head as he lay in the masses of the hay, and stared at the speaker.

"Fur — fur — a-doin' of whatever he air a-doin' of," said Bassett, to whom a reputation for a logical, level head was by no means a cherished ambition.

Jepson shook his own head with an imperatively negative gesture. "We hev got ter find out ez he air arter some harm fust, — some wickedness ez air agin the interus' o' the kentry. He mought hev done nothin' wuss 'n fool with them leetle tongs; an' ef Clem's half the blacksmith he makes hisself out ter be, he ought ter be able ter fix 'em agin."

"Hang him fur a-killin' of Sam'l Keale, o' course," said Bassett casually, his unthinking face repulsive in its lack of any expression that might attest some protest of humanity, some reluctant though urgent and distorted sense of justice, as he paused in his striding to and fro, and stood in the illumined square of the window. "Ye always 'lowed 't war jestice."

"Not now!" cried Jepson vehemently, — "not now." He lifted a convincing forefinger, and laid it in the palm of the other hand at every point he made, as if telling it off. The others, great, lumbering, massive figures in the silver-shot dusk, gathered about him, watching with pondering intentness his gesture as he spoke, and slowly deliberating upon the subject matter. "At fust, when the courts let him go, I 'pealed ter Jedge Lynch. But now he hev ez good ez got the promise o' the kentry on it. He hev been let ter go free an' 'thout fear, an' Brumsaidge hev 'peared ter cornsent ter the verdict o' the jury. An' arter six month an' better Brumsaidge can't turn around now an' say, 'I b'lieve I'll change my mind, bubbly, an' hang ye arter all.' Naw; 'thout he hev done somethin' fraish, he 'll hev ter go scot-free. An' 'tain't likely he hev done ennythin' agin ekal ter killin' Sam'l Keale."

Clem Sanders had slowly drawn himself into a sitting posture in the hay. He gazed at the speaker with startled, dilated eyes, his suddenly formed conviction taking fast hold upon his mind. In this reasoning, inconclusive though

it was, he thought he saw that trait of mercy, of humanity, which Marcella had urged half heartedly upon him, and then let fall, since he could do naught, she said. Could Teck Jepson do more? He wondered if this were her decision. Had she rated Jepson more efficacious? Had she appealed to him for the men she chose to befriend in the name of sheer humanity? How else could be explained this sudden elaborate construction of the acquiescence of Broomsedge Cove in the verdict of the jury? What careful argument was this for the delectation of lynchers, assembled for the purpose of defying quirks and palliations, and administering condign punishment for the deed done? He noted the varying astonishment in the half-seen moonlit faces grouped about; and there was on more than one a flouting indignation, and here and there a baited, disappointed, bloodthirsty lour that he remembered to have seen in the unguarded look of a sheep-killing dog glimpsing a distant flock on a hill. But one trait made them all alike, — an expression of suspicious surprise. Had not Gideon Dake spoken more truly than he knew when he said that Teck Jepson was in league with those men? And if this were so, it was for Marcella's sake; and these words were almost trembling into sound upon the blacksmith's quivering, angry lips, as he rose up slowly and confronted Teck Jepson, still standing in the centre of the circle. There was something so significant in Clem Sanders's look that he turned expectantly toward him.

Keen, keen on the frosty air, incisive, iterative, metallic, fell the sudden stroke of a hammer on the anvil, and every pulse thrilled to the sound.

XVI.

The moment had come. That fact took precedence of every other impression, and annulled all the previous care-

ful preparation. There was an instant rush toward the ladder, and the floor quaked beneath the swift but heavy feet. Swift as they all were, one was the foremost; a voice checked the advance, that was like a rout in its wild, unreasoning motive power —

"The fust man ez steps a foot on that thar rung, I'll let the light through him!"

There was a sharp, decisive click, and the lynchers knew that Teck Jepson had cocked the pistol, which he wore no longer in his belt, but held in his right hand, as he stood beside the aperture in the floor.

A momentary hovering about it, a sound of quick, excited panting, and the massive figures fell back a little.

"Why n't ye say who air ter go fust, then?" exclaimed Bassett, in angry reproach. "Ye air too durned sot in yer way ter live, Teck Jepson. Ef we war right smart, we'd hang ye a leetle before we set out ter settle them t'other men."

"Don't quar'l, boys, — don't quar'l," urged the paternal peacemaker. "Teck knows jes' what we'd bes' do."

There was a murmur of dissent to this, but the voice of the usurper is stronger than his who wields delegated authority, in that his supremacy is the trophy and the triumph of his bow and spear. These wild and lawless men might hardly have accorded so ready an obedience to Teck Jepson's mandate had his power been conferred by the State of Tennessee.

"Ye'll stay right hyar till ye air wanted," he said despotically. "I be goin' ter take one man an' go down ter see what they air a-doin' of. Ef I fire my pistol, ye kin come, the whole bilin' of ye, ez hard ez ye kin travel. Me an' one man will go fust."

"I be that man!" cried Clem Sanders turbulently.

Jepson could hardly say him nay, since he was the first to volunteer. But

his objection showed very plainly in his shining eyes, and the blacksmith sturdily responded to it.

"It's *my* forge!" He protested his special interest.

"Laws-a-massy, yes! an' its *yer* leetle tongs, too!" sneered Jepson, with the scorn of one who cares little for material possessions, as he took his way down the ladder.

Clem followed, and as the two emerged from the shadowy barn upon the frost-whitened sward below and into the full splendor of the moonlight, they were conscious of the eyes that pursued them from the window above. Once Jepson turned his head and glanced over his shoulder. It was not a reassuring sight, even to one whom it in no manner threatened, — that broad, low window of the simple log-barn, filled with the bearded, eager faces of silent armed men, some half crouching, others standing that they might look over the shoulders of those in front. Behind them all was visible, the hay piled to the roof, here silver skeins in the light, and again full of shadows and indefinite suggestions of depth.

As the two walked on together, Jepson took note of the moon in the sky. "Ain't it some earlier 'cordin ter the moon than 't war that night when ye say ye kem so nigh ter ketchin' 'em?"

"Dunno," panted Clem. "I hev hed suthin' else ter do, sence then, than ter stare-gaze the moon."

The tone of the retort arrested Jepson's attention. He had hitherto taken little account of his rival's mental attitude toward him. As he turned his head, and, though still walking forward, looked at Clem, he could scarcely interpret his expression. Antagonism he could read, to be sure, in the hard-set jaw, the gleam of his teeth between his half-parted lips, the glitter of his eye; but a sort of uncertainty was shadowed in his manner, with a tumultuous, fluttering excitement, a badgered, hopeless, yet still

struggling anxiety,—he could not account for these in the light of the present surroundings. A much wiser man could hardly have divined the turbulent perplexity that surged through Clem's mind, the coercive rigors of decision and yet the wild regret for whatever course he took. He seemed to himself to be living at a climax. Every breath he drew chronicled an emergency. He was in the clutch of contradictions, the victim of distorted and strangely reversed circumstances. He had set the machinery of vengeance in motion again when it had seemed to flag, and he had wished to hinder. He had forced himself upon Teck Jepson as his lieutenant in this abhorrent enterprise, hoping that in the guise of lending him aid he might be able to frustrate him utterly. Yet he was beginning to perceive that, should his scheme in aught go awry, it would seem to Marcella as if he had been foremost and active in the participation of the deed which she deemed an infamous cruelty, and which her father accounted a crime. His senses reeled as he sought to escape his dilemma. He wished himself back at the barn, leaving Jepson to conduct the affair at his own imperious will, and he wondered futilely and bitterly why he should have come forth at all in obedience to an impulse so strong, but so unreasoning. What had he, in his folly, hoped to do? What could it avail to keep by Jepson's side, and hold him under surveillance? He realized acutely that his simple brain was no instrument for clever scheming,—that every course of action which he sought to plan had only its preliminary impulse, thereafter dwindling to vague nullity in lieu of logical sequences. Nevertheless, he caught himself ever and anon casting sidelong glances at Teck Jepson, informed with a wild inclination to spring upon him unaware, and stifle his cries, and overbear him—for what? Even the futureless Clem could look forward far enough to prefigure the sallying

forth of the reserves at the barn after so long a time, in default of any sign from the leader of the expedition.

"I don't want'er stan' in Jake Baintree's shoes," he muttered, forecasting their fury if balked. His tone, low as it was, was audible, so silent was the night, to the man who walked by his side.

Jepson cast a glance of deep objection upon him.

"His shoes air mebbe powerful safe foot-gear," he returned in a bated tone. "It depends on what he be a-doin' of, an' what sort'n account he kin gin o' hisself. Ye air jes' like them men yander;" he nodded his head backward toward the barn. "They 'pear ter rate tharse'fs with a pack o' hounds arter a wild critter what they hev got a nateral right ter pull down. They fairly yelled ez ef they war on a hot scent, whenst they hearn that hammer fust tech the metal."

Clem Sanders suddenly lost his scanty self-control.

"I know whar ye got all that thar fine talk from," he flared out in jealous rage. "Powerful nice an' perlite ter be a-comparin' baptized Christians ter hounds an' sech. Ye been a-talkin' ter Marcella Strobe. Them's her very words."

The next moment, the tide of suspicion that had rolled in so tumultuously upon him was ebbing gradually. Once more he was to learn the irrevocability of a word given to the air. The idea that sound-waves, once astir, infinitely vibrate to perpetuate a record, albeit too subtle for mortal ear, was not even a vague theory with him, but he experienced in some sort its practical illustration. Teck Jepson had paused in the road, smitten motionless in amazement, and the inadvertent Clem saw gradually dawning in his eyes, widely opened and speculatively fixed upon him, the counterpart of the view which he himself had entertained. The inference was too

plain for him to hope that Jepson might pass it over. It was now not difficult to divine Clem's confidences, and where they had been bestowed. It was evident, too, that with these words Marcella had received them.

Jepson said nothing. He still stood where he had paused, the moonlight a burnished glitter upon the barrel of the pistol that he held in his hand. His face, white in the pallid sheen, was reflective. He gazed now, not at Clem Sanders, but beyond him, into the vague shimmer of the frost amongst the black shadow of the trees; the curled dead leaves on the ground at his feet held within their curves the fine sparkling incrustation. Every bramble of the undergrowth close by the roadside showed lines of silver gleams, and through the heavy interlacing boughs of the gigantic trees above their heads, rising high into the clear dark air, came the crystalline scintillation of the stars. Encircling all, the mountains stood sombre and lofty, clearly defined against the sky; adown the road the heavy shadows gloomed; suddenly, athwart them a red light flared, and the sigh of the bellows breathed forth. Teck Jepson, reminded of their destination, turned abruptly from the road, which they had hitherto followed, into the undergrowth of the woods.

"Bes' take ter the bresh," Jepson remarked in an undertone. "They mought hev set a lookout ter watch the road."

Despite its denudation by the autumnal blast, the "brush" still afforded a dense covert, by reason of the young growth of the pines, whose lower branches jutted out level with the ground, and the predominance in its midst of the ever-green laurel. The crestfallen Clem kept close at Jepson's heels, as he pushed cautiously through the shrubs, laden with the white rime and glittering with the moon. Now and again some dry fallen bough cracked loudly beneath Clem's careless, heavy tread, or thorns of a stripped bush

would catch and tear his garments, the rending of the fabric loud in the dumbness of the windless autumn night. And when this chanced Jepson cast over his shoulder a warning glance, imposing silence and heed, so freighted with the spirit of their expedition, so oblivious of all else, that Clem, preposterously hopeful, began to breathe more freely. Surely he had not so definitely committed himself as he had feared. In the excitement of the moment, he perchance did not distinguish between what he thought and what he said. Jepson doubtless had not understood; had he not stood like a stock in the road and stared, motionless and mute? When he saw Jepson pause beneath the gnarled, low-hanging boughs of a chestnut-oak, gray with lichen, and here and there glimmering icily as if in presentiment of the coming snows, this idea had so possessed him that he had no apprehension that his coadjutor had aught of significance to say.

Jepson lifted grave, intent eyes as Clem came stumbling up. He was leaning, as he waited, against the tree. His hat was thrust far back, and his face was all unshaded; it seemed melancholy, but the light was pensive, and his voice had always those falling inflections.

"She war agin it, then," he said, and the tone had no more the spirit of interrogation than the form.

Clem took an unguarded step backward, recoiling as if he had been struck. Then he clumsily recovered his equilibrium, standing unsteadily on the uneven ground. He made some feint of self-defense.

"Who air ye a-talkin' 'bout?" he demanded gruffly, slouching his heavy shoulders forward and fixing his long, narrow, gleaming eyes surlily on Jepson.

"Marcelly Strobe," Jepson answered promptly. "Ye said she 'lowed them men war like hounds on a trail. She war agin 'em, then."

Clem made still another desperate

effort to shield himself. "She said some men — ginerally. How 'd she know ennything 'bout our goin's on?"

"How 'd she know? Kase ye told her," retorted the discerning Jepson. "An' it air ez much ez yer life air wuth."

This knowledge, familiar enough to his own consciousness, became doubly impressive and coercively veracious in another man's words. Clem Sanders, stout-hearted as he was, felt the sudden thrill of panic. It sharpened his faculties.

"It air jes' ez likely ye told her ez me — *ef she knows*," he equivocated. "Hyar ye air, a-dilly-dallyin' in the woods, 'feared ter move hand or foot, doubtin' 'bout whether she air agin it or no. I ain't showed ez I set no sech store by sech ez she thinks or don't think. Ef ennybody tole her, it mought jes' ez well hev been *you-uns*."

Jepson's reproachful and surprised gaze dealt a poignant wound to Clem's careless conscience, but it failed to elicit confession. "Ef *she* won't tell, the Lord knows *I* won't," he said stoutly to himself, but knowing his uncontrollable tongue, he was glad that Jepson began to speak of himself.

"I ain't one ter falter fur sech ez others say," protested Jepson, "though I ain't got the pleasure in this hyar business ez folks in the old time 'peared ter take. Them in the Bible never turned fur the sight o' blood, an' they hung folks an' chopped 'em into minch meat, an' seemed ter find a savor in sech doin's ez all my religion can't gin! I can't help feelin' sorter sorry fur the evil-doer wunst in a while, specially whens the avenger air hard on his track; fur my heart is weak an' needs strengthenin' from above. The men o' this day air pore, degenerate critters, an' don't sense jestic much more 'n Marcelly Strobe. But my hand air nerved by a stronger power 'n I kin command, an' I dare all the mountings

ter show the road whar I tuk the back-track, or tell the day."

He turned resolutely, pushing on toward the forge, and Clem Sanders, greatly cast down and too much troubled to even glance toward the future, kept at his elbow.

The ringing clamor of the hammer came to them again as they pressed on, not regular, but with fitful pauses; and by the time that they were at the verge of the woods they heard voices, loudly conversing, casual voices. The tones came from the forge, and alternated with the clink of the hammer. Jepson paused, his hand closing with a vise-like grip on Clem Sanders's arm, for there were several voices, and one of them was a woman's.

The next moment the little low-browed log shanty was before them, seen through the arching vistas of the laurel and the oak; its slanting roof glistened with moisture; the crag loomed high above, with the sentinel pines on its summit. Beyond the valley the dark mountains, black but for dusky olive-green suggestions, towered against the horizon; and the moon, a sphere of lambent, gleaming pearl, swung high in the violet sky. So lavish of splendors was it, so munificent of magic, of gauds of fancy, of vacillating illusions! A great, gleaming, silver roadway seemed to span the dark, lustrous waters of the river, and bridge it from bank to bank. Before the open doorway of the forge, a feeble red flare alternated with a fleeting brown flicker as the sigh of the bellows again broke forth. When, suddenly, the two vigilantes stood in the broad doorway, a man was at the anvil once more, and its keen, fine vibrations rang out responsive to the shriller tone of the hand-hammer, for he had no striker.

He did not move, for all he must have seen their eager eyes fastened upon him.

"Hey!" he cried out, with a gay

intonation, not intermitting his labors. "Hello!"

That he was a stranger, a man of medium size and slenderly built, bending over the anvil in the shadow, since the fire languished for the lack of the breath of the bellows, was the merely momentary impression made upon Jepson's mind. He turned his searching eyes into the red, dusky, half-illuminated spaces of the room for the woman whose voice he had heard.

She sat motionless on a keg of nails, and he did not recognize her instantly, although she rose at once and advanced upon them.

Clem Sanders stepped back, a look of astounded doubt, as if he could not believe his eyes, contending with the certainty in his face. For the woman was his mother.

"Waal, I hev hunted fur ye, an' hunted," she exclaimed in a tone of acrid exasperation. "An' I hollered an' hollered. An' I sent leetle Silas hyar" — she pointed to a small nephew of Clem's, a frequent visitor at the blacksmith's house, whom Jepson had not seen until this moment, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, who sat in a clumped position on the hub of a broken wheel which lay on the floor — "arter ye, an' he could n't find ye. Hyar's a strange man in the Cove kem up ter the house a-sarchin' fur ye, an' wantin' a leetle job o' blacksmithin' done, an' ye can't be rooted out from nowhar!"

She was a tall, angular, thin-faced woman, with an expression of gravity and anxious care in her lined features, and she had a tone that might well promise the rigors of domestic inquisition as she demanded, "Whar hev ye been?"

Clem's wildly anxious glance at his tools in the stranger's hands availed nothing. The account of himself was evidently the essential preliminary.

Jepson touched his shoulder with his own as a secret warning, as they stood

side by side in the door of the forge, but had the disclosure been far more significant the hap-hazard Clem would have blurred it out as he did.

"In the barn," he replied.

"Ye air tellin' a story," his mother retorted, with a manner reprehensive certainly, but with a coolness as if contemplating an offense of infinitely multiplied precedents. "I sent leetle Silas ter the barn, an' he 'lowed ye warn't thar, though he hearn harnts talkin' in the loft, an' they made him 'feared. An'," lifting her bony arm, shaking her forefinger, and lowering her voice impressively, as if fairly cornering him, "I sent him *agin* ter climb up inter the loft, ez no harnts would hurt him with me so nigh, an' he kem back, an'," triumphantly, "he say ye warn't thar, nuther."

The small Silas, disingenuous beyond his years and size, turned his eyes, which were of a very light color, and with a superabundance of white, that made them marked even in the duskiness, with a pleading apprehensiveness upon his uncle, but the excited, confused Clem was quaking, even at this moment, with the danger overpast. How closely discovery had approached the vigilantes in the barn! He had not his wits sufficiently about him to reproach his mother for believing the deceptive Silas rather than himself.

"Whar hev ye been?" she demanded anew. Then with the impetus of her long pent-up rebukes constraining her, she went on without waiting for an answer.

"Hyar be this hyar man, obligated ter hev his tools mended, kase his work calls him betimes termorrer by daylight, an' him a stranger in the Cove, an' 'lowed mebbe he mought git a leetle blacksmithin' done, though 'twar arter dark, bein' ez his work called him far up in the mountings by daylight. An' me an' Silas kem down hyar ter see ef we-uns could find yer tools, bein' ez

ye war nowhar, so ez he could patch his pick hisself. He 'lowed he knowed suthin' 'bout blacksmithin' " —

"Mighty leetle, I'll be bound!" cried Clem, his professional consciousness restored by this arrogation on the part of the stranger. He dropped the hang-dog look that he had worn under his mother's lecture, and strode with his habitual easy, confident air across the floor and stood beside the anvil, watching the amateur smith's performance with an air of silent, repressed ridicule and half-smiling scorn.

"Go ahead," he observed, with affected encouragement, as the young stranger looked up and hesitated. "What air ye goin' ter do now, — het it some mo'?" as the other turned doubtfully toward the fire. "Ho! ho!" with a manner of bluff superiority. "Shucks! Git out o' the way, my frien'. Lemme show ye what blacksmithin' air."

He shouldered the stranger summarily from his own post at the anvil, then paused to take the bit of iron, on which the amateur had been working, in the small tongs that had sustained so serious an injury in the mending, and shook his head smilingly, as if with an unspeakable contempt, as he carefully surveyed this handiwork. He turned and thrust it amongst the coals, evidently rejecting it as a mere beginning, and starting the process anew.

"I'm willing," the stranger said, with a laugh, as if accepting good-naturedly this cavalier criticism; and Jepson divined that he did not consider proficiency at the anvil the chief object of existence. He offered to work the bellows, but Clem, with a contemptuous "Don't take two men ter do a leetle job like this," discouraged further proffers of assistance, and then bent himself wholly to the work with as complete an absorption as if there were no band of expectant, eager, bloodthirsty men waiting at the barn for a signal, and as if Teck Jepson's presence, as he stood in

the door, were not more significant than his daily loitering there.

His enforced idleness and the white light of the fire flaring up as Clem worked the bellows with one hand, while holding the metal in the coals with the other, left the stranger to the scrutiny of Jepson, who, recovering from his surprise, was taking due note of him. He sought to be just; to contend with mere suspicion; to separate his consideration of the subject from the personal interest that persistently linked itself with the circumstances. How much had Marcela known? Had she taken any action in the matter? And with what motive? He could not banish these thoughts as he gazed at the stranger, who stood leaning against the elevated hearth, affecting to watch the smith's work, but with a tense, alert attitude, and a wary eye that ever and anon furtively sought the silent figure standing in the broad, moonlit doorway, with the dark landscape, silver-flecked, vaguely visible in the background. His light hair made his head very definite against the black and sooty hood of the forge. Now and then he put up a slender hand, sun-embrowned, and pulled his long, yellow mustache with a gesture and manner alien to the mountains. The very shape of his boot, his attitude, and garb, marked and individualized him. He was not of the region.

None of this did Clem Sanders observe as he worked. Once he held up the precious little tongs. "This is yer doin'," he said reproachfully, indicating a small protuberance where the piece, broken off, had been welded on again.

The stranger burst into a laugh, showing his strong white teeth beneath his yellow mustache. A pleasant face he had, with this more jovial expression upon it. Clem Sanders's frown relaxed as he looked at him.

"So you've found me out, have you? This ain't the first time I've been here," he said easily.

And then, although it might not be

said how it was done, for there was not a perceptible lifting of an eyelid nor a hair's-breadth turn of the head, Teck Jepson was aware that the man had covertly looked to note the effect of the words upon him. Already he had made the distinction between the two men as to which was to be feared.

"Yes, that 's a fac'!" cried Mrs. Sanders, with an unwonted animation. The singular event in her dull experience had roused a not unpleasurable excitement, and she had looked on at the two at the anvil with a dull and reluctant sense of being shut out from continued participation, and having reached a finality. The allusion to the past revived her capacity for extracting more sensation from the circumstance. "What d'ye think, Clem? This hyar man 'lows ez one night, not so long ago, he started over the mountings, ter kem down hyar ter git his pickaxe mended,—it war bruk,—an' he los' his way, an' miscalc'lated his time somehow, an' 'twar middlin' late 'fore he got hyar. An' he kem ter the house, an' knocked an' knocked, an' never roused up nobody. So! ha, ha!" The detail seemed to commend itself to Mrs. Sanders's sense of humor, as she sat bolt upright on the keg of nails and recounted. "So ez he war goin' back he passed by hyar, an' a suddint thought streck him: he jes' kindled up the fire,—thar war a few coals lef' alive,—an' mended his tool hisse'f. He jes' wondered what we-uns would hev said ef we hed woke, an' seen the light an' hearn the hammer! I'd hev 'lowed 'twar Satan or a harnt, one."

She folded her arms, and with a deft motion of her head shook her sun-bonnet a little further back, that she might turn her smile upon the stranger; not so pleasing a demonstration as its good-nature might have desired to make it, for she had lost several of her front teeth, and those that were left were conspicuous in their isolation. It showed

Teck Jepson that the stranger had succeeded in winning her good opinion; and even Clem, more thoroughly posted though he was, lifted his eyebrows and looked significantly at his coadjutor, evidently accepting this candid and obvious explanation of the mystery. Jepson began to see that he need expect nothing but hindrance from both mother and son, and that the least plausible wiles might prove efficacious to hoodwink these simple souls. He still stood in the doorway, but leaning against its frame, his arms folded across his broad chest, his hat far back on his head; and although he often gazed up speculatively at the moon, whose light was full in his face, he saw that the stranger still held his every movement under notice, and gave him the attention of a conjectural glance after every phrase, as if seeking to judge how it impressed him.

The silence was broken only by a cricket, in some sheltered nook among the eaves, and a wheezing coughing that Silas presently set up, as he crouched on the hub of the broken wheel, as if some of the lies he had told were choking him. But when Mrs. Sanders remarked, parenthetically, that she would give him some hoarhound when she got him to the house, he contrived to swallow them all, and relapsed into wide-eyed silence.

"That was the time I broke the tongs. I was here once besides," said the stranger, who seemed to feel more and more at ease.

"Ye don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, who evidently thought the intrusions a great joke.

"Waal, stranger," said Teck Jepson, and the man's nerves became tense and his face rigid and watchful the moment the melancholy, drawling, mellow voice sounded on the air, "what mought yer work be on the mounting?"

Mrs. Sanders cast a glance of indignant reproof at her neighbor, for curiosity concerning another's affairs is a

breach of all the courtesies of mountain etiquette.

But the stranger answered quickly, as if he were prepared to meet the question and glad to have it asked. He had a sudden, sharply clipped method of enunciation, doubly marked in contrast with the mountaineer's liquid elongation of the vowels. His words were even more compact and staccato than their wont.

"I'm prospecting, — prospecting for silver."

There was a momentary silence. Even Clem held the hammer poised for an instant, while the iron glowed on the anvil, and looked contemptuous comment from out his long, narrow, twinkling eyes. Mrs. Sanders observed, "Law, stranger, ain't ye got no better sense 'n that? Thar *ain't* no silver in these mountings, — leastwise none the yearth's a-goin' ter spare. Jes' enough ter fool fellers inter wastin' thar time."

"An' breakin' the p'int's off 'n thar good pickaxes," added Clem, examining the implement with some interest; "fust-rate one, too, — oughter las' ye a long time."

Jepson watched the stranger color with vexation; then his lip curled slightly in covert ridicule. Presently he observed, "I reckon may be I'll come up with a little silver, after a while; indications are first-rate."

"Thar war a man," Jepson began abruptly, "he lived hyarabouts five year ago an' better — he b'lieved thar war silver hyar. He got put down in the mouth of a cave; his partner done it; he war n't seen no more."

The stranger's light brown eyes were all afire. He leaned forward, and held out one arm to Jepson. "Say!" he exclaimed, "do you know where that exact cave is?"

Jepson turned an impassive look upon him. "Dunno the edzac' spot, an' don't want ter know."

A patent disappointment was on the stranger's face. Then rallying himself,

"I ain't one of the kind that gets put down in caves; you need n't be uneasy about me."

This was something in the nature of a flippant retort. He was evidently sorry for it immediately afterward, and there was a deprecatory expression on his face as he looked at Jepson, who, however, showed no sign of feeling of any sort as he casually inquired, —

"Who did ye hev ter strike fur ye? Could ye do sech work by yerself?"

He turned his large contemplative eyes on the stranger's face. It was not an ingenuous face, but the circumstances were coercive, and it showed the heed, the fear, the vacillating hope, that animated him as he replied, "Yes, I had Jake Baintree to strike for me."

His lips were dry. He bit the nether one hard as he looked at Jepson, seeing in his eyes that he understood much, — much that was not said.

For Jepson knew well that this man had been warned and that he had flung himself upon the truth perchance with some slight admixture for safety, and despite his fear could realize that the boldness of innocence alone could rescue him. Had he devised this course, Jepson wondered, or was Marcella so clever a counselor? As to Baintree, it was eminently in character that he should cringe, and cower, and lurk in hiding, knowing that the investigation by vigilantes impended.

Nevertheless, despite Clem's confidences to Marcella and the warning which she had conveyed, it was evident that the facts could be elicited here and now as well as if the men had been taken by surprise. The stranger made no resistance to the inquiry, and this indicated that he recognized its inevitable character, and had not sought to shirk it. Jepson went on steadily, unmoved by any consideration save the effort to perform his duty to the organization that had entrusted him with his mission. But notwithstanding its paramount in-

terest, it seemed secondary in importance, in Clem's estimation, to the necessity of forging the bit of metal on the anvil, and the subsequent conversation took place annotated by his ringing blows, from which the stranger, his nerves on the rack, palpably recoiled, but which had scant effect on the more impassive mountaineer, save to induce him to slightly lift his voice.

"How long hev ye been bidin' in the mountings?"

"Since August."

"Dell-law!" commented Mrs. Sanders. "Ye hev kep' yerse'f mightily ter yerse'f; I'll say that fur ye."

The logical inference might be that she commended his magnanimity in sparing them his society. But the good woman meant nothing of this kind, her exclamation being simply a rural formula.

"Who hev ye bided with?" demanded Jepson.

The stranger colored slightly. Then making an effort to put the matter in its most favorable aspect, he replied with some show of communicativeness:—

"With Baintree. You see I was his doctor—I am a physician by profession—when he was in jail, and he told me about the silver mine he thought he had discovered. So I came to see if it were true. I happen to know something about mining. But Jake,—he's a queer fish,—he was n't willing for anybody to know what we were after. I believe he never tells me truly where his best find was; he thinks somebody will chouse him out of it yet."

"Ez ef ennybody would hev it," exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, with sweeping contempt, "an' ez ef thar war enny ter hev!"

"Whar hev ye bided with him?" asked Jepson, seemingly all unaffected by any phase of the detail.

"Waal, Teck Jepson!" cried Mrs. Sanders, scandalized by his curiosity, as she construed his persistence, "ye mus' hev hed yer tongue iled. I hev never

hearn sech a lot o' whys an' wharfores ez it hev got on ter the e-end o' it ter-night."

But the catechumen responded at once, scarcely waiting for her to finish her sentence. "We stayed for a while in a deserted house,—the old Jepson house, he said it was."

"His'n!" broke in Mrs. Sanders, identifying the locality joyously, and pointing Jepson out still more unmistakably with a long, bony index-finger.

"Is it yours?" said the young stranger. "Well, the owner came and fired out our traps, one day, while we were gone, so we went to another cabin, over on the other side of the mountain."

"Mighty cur'ous way ter be a-livin'," commented Mrs. Sanders, with a very definite infusion of scorn. "An' fur a silver mine, ez mought be in the mountings, an' then agin mought n't. Look-a-hyar, stranger, ain't ye 'quainted with nobody in Brumsaidge Cove mo' spectable'n Jake Baintree?"

There was a sudden triumph in the young man's face. He shook himself free from his unpalatable confessions, as if they had been a cloak falling from his shoulders. "I'm acquainted with some very respectable people,—very good people. I'm well acquainted with the Strobe family."

He had lived somewhat in the world, and was aware that in some places people have been known to prop their social standing by bragging of their acquaintances. He had never thought that this necessity would supervene for him in Broomsedge Cove.

"Dell-law!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, seemingly as delighted to meet the Strobes in the desolation of the stranger's social circle—which had consisted, apparently, of Jake Baintree—as if she had encountered them in the solitude of a desert island. "Old Mis' Strobe!"

"Yes, old Mrs. Strobe," he said, "and the young girls, Miss Marcella and little Isabel."

The impartial, judicial interest with which Teek Jepson had listened gave way suddenly. His eyes were deeply glowing, and fastened intently on the stranger's face. His cheek had flushed darkly. Somehow the idea of the warning that Marcella had conveyed had suggested to his mind no personal association. She had told Baintree, perhaps, or she had sent a message. But her name upon the stranger's lips — the very sound of it odd and incongruous, with his unfamiliar accent and the unwonted and punctilious title — intimated abruptly the possibility of a personal interest, of a longer acquaintance, of a future of which Jepson had never dreamed.

She had risked much, — with the transparent blacksmith to know that she was in possession of the secret, — she had risked much. And what a dapper, slender, handsome young fool was this silver hungry stranger!

"An' Eli!" cried Mrs. Sanders in a shrill crescendo of pleasurable reminiscence.

"I never knew him before he was injured. But I had a long talk with him this evening, and" — he drew out his watch composedly — "I promised him that I would come back if it is not too late, after I got through at the forge here. A very respectable family, and very hospitable."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

CAN SCHOOL PROGRAMMES BE SHORTENED AND ENRICHED?¹

In the process of improving the secondary schools, colleges, and professional schools of the United States, — a process which has been carried on with remarkable energy since the civil war, — certain new difficulties have been created for the higher education in general, and particularly for colleges. These difficulties have to do with the age at which young men can get prepared for college, and therefore with the ages at which boys pass the successive stages of their earlier education. The average age of admission to Harvard College has been rising for sixty years past, and has now reached the extravagant limit of eighteen years and ten months. Harvard College is not at all peculiar in this respect; indeed, many of the smaller colleges find their young men older still at entrance. The average college student is undoubtedly nearly twenty-three years old at graduation; and when he has obtained

his A. B., he must nowadays allow at least three years for his professional education.

In respect to the length of time required for a satisfactory professional training, there has been a great change since the war. Twenty years ago, the period of residence at Harvard University for the degree of Bachelor of Laws was eighteen months; now it is three years. Many of the States of the American Union have passed laws which practically make three years the normal period of study before admission to the bar. Ambitious medical students are giving four years to their medical training. Twenty years ago, the leading colleges were satisfied to take men just graduated in arts as tutors in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Now they expect a candidate for a tutorship or instructorship to have devoted two or three years to study after taking his Bachelor's degree. School boards and trustees have become correspondingly exacting. In short, professional education in the

¹ A paper read before the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, at Washington, February 16, 1888.

United States is growing constantly more thorough and elaborate, and is therefore demanding of aspirants to the professions more and more time. The average college graduate who fits himself well for any one of the learned professions, including teaching, can hardly begin to support himself before he is twenty-seven years old. This condition of things is so unreasonable in a new country like the United States, being hardly matched in the oldest and most densely settled countries of Europe, that some remedy is urgently demanded; and the first partial remedy that suggests itself is to reduce the average age of admission to college to eighteen. This reduction would save about a year. In effecting this saving of time, it is greatly to be wished that no reduction should be made in the attainments which the average candidate for admission now brings to the American colleges; for it is probable that the saving thus effected will not be sufficient in itself, and that the public interests will require in addition some shortening of the ordinary college course of four years. College men, therefore, are anxiously looking to see if the American school courses can be both shortened and enriched: shortened so that our boys may come to college at eighteen instead of nineteen, and enriched in order that they may bring to college at eighteen more than they now bring at nineteen, and that the standard of the A. B. may not be lowered.

The anxiety with which men charged with the conduct of college education look at this question is increased by the relative decline of American colleges and universities as a whole. This relative decline, which was pointed out nearly twenty years ago by President Barnard, of Columbia College, has been very visible of late years. The population of the United States is supposed by the best authorities to increase about one third in every period of ten years. In

the ten-year period from 1875 to 1884 inclusive, the universities and colleges named in the tables published by the Commissioner of Education show an increase in their number of students of only eleven per cent. instead of thirty-three and one third per cent. If we select from the same tables the ten-year period from 1876 to 1885, the increase is sixteen per cent.; but the explanation of this higher percentage of increase is that the total number of students in the year 1876 was abnormally low, being 2400 less than the number for 1875. If we add to the institutions enumerated as universities and colleges all the schools of science and all the higher institutions for the education of women, we still find that this enlarged list of institutions has not gained students at the same rate at which the population has increased, although the schools of science have made very large gains in the decade referred to. Thus the increase in the number of students in universities and colleges, schools of science and women's colleges, taken together, was only twenty-three per cent. in the ten years from 1875 to 1884 inclusive. Obviously, there are serious hindrances affecting all the institutions which receive young men and women at the age of eighteen or nineteen, to keep them under liberal training for three or four years. One of these hindrances undoubtedly is that the colleges as a whole held too long to a mediæval curriculum; but a greater hindrance, in all probability, is the burden imposed upon parents when their elaborately educated sons cannot support themselves in their professions until they are twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Hence the importance of the inquiry, Can school programmes be shortened and enriched?

In studying this problem, it is natural to turn first to the schools sometimes called preparatory, — that is, to the best high schools and academies; but if we examine the courses of study in these

schools, we find that the four years during which they keep their pupils are generally crowded with work. Thus the Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., one of the best academies in the United States, has a four years' course which is so full that hardly any suggestion can be made for condensing or abbreviating it. But what are the requirements for admission to Exeter? "Some knowledge of common school arithmetic, writing, spelling, and of the elements of English grammar." These requirements might reasonably be made of a boy leaving the primary school at eight years of age; yet the average age of admission to Exeter is sixteen and one half. Now, Exeter is an academy which would not content itself with such low terms of admission unless under compulsion. It would require more if it could get more from the average candidate; but it draws its pupils from a wide area, and its experience is against making greater demands. The Exeter course is itself encumbered with some studies suitable for a boy of ten. Thus it devotes much time to arithmetic, and teaches the very elements of English and English literature. A secondary school which is obliged to take its pupils in the average condition of the boys who enter Exeter can hardly do more for them, in the four years between sixteen and twenty, than is now accomplished at that academy. What is true of Exeter is true of the whole body of upper schools. They have to make up for deficiencies of the lower schools. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the American school programmes from the beginning, — to start with the primary school, and go on through the grammar school and the high school, searching for the places where time and labor can be saved.

The subject seems to be one chiefly interesting to colleges, but it really touches the whole school system. In the first place, whatever improves the school programmes for those children whose edu-

cation is to be prolonged, perhaps, until they are twenty-five years old, will improve the programmes also for the less fortunate children whose education is to be briefer. The public schools will never send to higher institutions any very large proportion of the children who are trained in them; but their programmes may best be made substantial and systematic by fitting them to the needs of their most intelligent and fortunate pupils. Moreover, we may reasonably strive to make every grade of the public school programme, primary, grammar, and high, and indeed every year in any programme, a thing good in itself, as well as a good introduction to the course of study which lies beyond it. The better the programme is in itself, the better it will be as a preparation for further study. To the primary and grammar schools this principle applies in all its fullness. In the high school and academy, the principle needs qualification for the foreign languages only; and for that portion of the programme options should be allowed. The question, *Can American school programmes be at once condensed and enriched?* has, then, a wide scope, and touches the interests of the whole population.

When we are brought face to face with a question of feasibility, — *Can schools do more than they are now doing for the American boy?* — it is interesting to inquire how much is done for boys by the public schools of other nations. It is easy to institute such comparisons by means of the printed programmes of German gymnasia, French lycées, and American high or Latin schools. For instance, let any teacher, superintendent, or school committee, desiring to study this question of feasibility, procure the programmes of the Boston grammar schools and Latin School, as a good American type in the absence of any programme of national authority, and compare the courses of study year by year for boys of the same age with

those of the official programmes of the French classical schools (*Plan d'Etudes des Lycées*. Programmes de l'Enseignement Secondaire Classique. Paris: Delalain Frères). This comparison is a limited but fair one. It is in each case the classical course, covering the ages from eight to seventeen, which is to be studied; but the corresponding programmes in which Latin and Greek are replaced by other subjects might also be compared. In the French schools, mathematical and scientific studies can be substituted for Latin and Greek in large part, and in Boston the English High School offers a programme like that of the Latin School, but with similar substitution of mathematical and scientific studies for all the Greek, and some or all of the Latin. A comparison limited to the classical programmes is, however, quite as instructive as any other. The French national programme may well be selected for study rather than that of a German gymnasium, because the work done in German secondary schools is more comprehensive, elaborate, and difficult.

The new French programme above cited is a recent reduction of that which was in force from 1880 to 1885, the reduction amounting to about twenty per cent.; and the number of recitations per week is nearly the same as in the two Boston schools. Of foreign programmes the French is the best to compare with those of American schools, because France is socially a democratic country, politically a republic, and industrially a country whose chief reliance, in the strenuous competition to which its population is exposed within and without, is the intelligence and skill of its producing classes. In all these respects France and the United States closely resemble each other. Moreover, the French boy has no possible advantage over the American boy in strength of constitution, intelligence, or endurance; on the contrary, he is not so large a boy

as the American, on an average, and he is not so well fed.

A brief examination of these two programmes side by side reveals several important facts. The French course of study is decidedly the more substantial; that is to say, it calls for greater exertion on the part of the pupil than the Boston; it introduces the children earlier to serious subjects, and it is generally more interesting and more stimulating to the intelligence. For example, at eight years of age the French boy begins to study a foreign language, either English or German; the American boy begins to study a modern language five years later, at thirteen, when the best period for learning a foreign tongue is already passed. The French boy of eight begins the study of history in a very attractive way through the study of biography; the American boy gets no history until he is thirteen, when he begins Greek history. The French boy of eight devotes just one third the time to arithmetic that the American devotes, and in the whole course does not give to that subject more than one third the time the American gives; yet for practical purposes the French are quite as skillful with numbers as the Americans. The French boy gets at natural history earlier than the American boy, and in better subjects. Again, the French programme represents an actual fact, the large majority of French boys passing regularly at the ages indicated through the prescribed course of study; whereas the programme of the Boston Latin School, prepared for the years from eleven to sixteen inclusive, actually covers the years from thirteen to eighteen inclusive. In comparing the attainments of the Boston boy with those of the French boy, we must therefore add two full years to the ages set down in the American programme. The inferiority of that programme then becomes conspicuous. There is no single subject mentioned in it in which the French

boy does not accomplish more than the American. This appears clearly in the amounts of Latin and Greek set down, but equally plainly in geometry and physics. Moreover, the French course extends a year beyond the Boston course, and in the final year, called philosophy, gives a comprehensive survey of philosophy and ethics,—a thing never attempted in the United States with boys of seventeen, but found practicable and in the highest degree useful in the French republic. The preponderance of the French language, the mother tongue, in the French programme is also most noticeable. Until Latin and Greek are introduced, French occupies half of the whole course; when the study of Latin and Greek is at its height, French still claims a substantial portion of the time; and in the final year French resumes almost exclusive possession of the programme. Great improvements have been made during the last ten years in the study of English and English literature in the best American schools; but the mother tongue does not yet hold anything like the place in American schools which French holds in the French schools. In the French lycées, geometry comes before algebra, and with the help of drawing is treated thoroughly before algebra is seriously attacked; plane geometry being finished by the time the boy is fourteen years of age. At the Boston Latin School, on the other hand, plane geometry is not completed until the boy is seventeen according to the programme, but nineteen in reality. Even a cursory examination of the two systems will convince any one that the French boy has a chance to make a much greater total attainment by the time he is eighteen than the American boy can make at the best schools of this country by the time he is nineteen. Thorough study of them will only strengthen this conviction.

The comparison thus instituted gives no warrant for impatient, revolutionary

action. The transformation it suggests is not to be wrought in a year, but should be the aim of patient labor during many years. Everybody knows that foreign institutions of education cannot be imported; that a nation's educational institutions are strongly influenced by its political, ethical, and industrial conditions; and that the improvement of schools and colleges must necessarily be slow. It may, however, be justly inferred, even from this limited examination, that the condition of secondary schools in the United States is at present one of inferiority; that the country ought not to be satisfied with that condition, and indeed should strenuously exert itself for the improvement of American programmes, both by condensation and enrichment. If it be said that the American boy turns out pretty well, after all, and that the American community, as a whole, is as intelligent as the French or the German community, the ready answer is that free institutions are in themselves a considerable education for the population, but that the advantage which the nation has over Europe in possessing free institutions ought not to reconcile it to a position of inferiority as regards schools. It ought to aim to have the best schools, too. If it be practicable to make American primary and secondary schools better, the work of improving them should be set on foot. The fair inference from the experience of European schools being that it is practicable, we are encouraged to consider some of the means of improving the American public school, from the primary grade through the highest.

(1.) In the first place, better programmes need better teachers. The great difference between the French and German secondary schools and the American is in the quality of the teachers. Two modes of improving the general body of those employed in the public schools demand special attention.

First, school committees, superintendents, teachers themselves, and all friends of public education should constantly strive to have a better tenure of office established. The American schools will never equal the schools of Germany and France until well-proved teachers can secure a tenure during good behavior and efficiency here as well as there. Consideration, dignity, and quietness of mind go with a permanent tenure; and the public school service will never compete successfully with the service of private educational corporations until the public employ is as good as the private employ in this regard. Secondly, the average skill of the force in the public schools may be increased by raising the present low proportion of male teachers. Herein lies one of the great causes of the inferiority of the teaching in American schools to that in the French and German. The proportion of women teachers in American schools is vastly greater than it is in Europe. The larger the proportion of women in any system of public schools, the larger will be the percentage of new appointments every year, and the larger the amount of work done by temporary substitutes. Newly appointed teachers and substitutes are generally inexperienced; or, at the best, they are teachers suddenly put to work in unaccustomed places. This superiority of men as teachers has, of course, nothing whatever to do with the relative intelligence or faithfulness of men and women. It is a well-known fact that many women enter the service of the public schools without any intention of long following the business; and, also, that women are absent from duty from two to three times as much as men. Young men who take up this service as a temporary expedient are also unsatisfactory material. The schools need the life-work of highly trained and experienced teachers. After these two most important means of raising the average quality of public school instruc-

tion come lesser means, which ought not to be neglected: thus, superintendents and committees can do something by invariably advocating the expenditure of money for teaching, rather than for mechanical appliances or buildings. Cheap teachers and expensive apparatus and buildings are precisely the reverse of wise practice, particularly if the fine buildings are not fire-proof, after all. Again, the work in the public schools can be improved by the establishment of teachers' examinations, which secure a better preparation in the average teacher, and by methods of supervision, which make known the relative merits of teachers who are on probation. Good progress has been made in this direction during the past ten years.

(2.) The second direction of untiring effort should be towards the improvement of programmes; for the programmes are all-important to the steady development of the whole system of schools, from top to bottom. A good course of study will not execute itself,—it must be vivified by the good teacher; but an injudicious course is an almost insuperable obstacle to the improvement of a city's schools. As a rule, the American programmes do not seem to be substantial enough, from the first year in the primary school onward. There is not enough meat in the diet. They do not bring the child forward fast enough to maintain his interest and induce him to put forth his strength. Frequent complaint is made of over-pressure in the public schools; but Friedrich Paulsen is probably right in saying that it is not work which causes over-fatigue, so much as lack of interest and lack of conscious progress. The sense that, work as he may, he is not accomplishing anything will wear upon the stoutest adult,—much more upon a child. One problem in arithmetic which he cannot solve will try a child more than ten which he can solve. One hour of work in which he can take no intelligent in-

terest will wear him out more than two hours of work in which he cannot help being interested. Now, the trouble with much of the work in the public schools is that it is profoundly and inevitably uninteresting to the childish mind. To enrich the school programme, therefore, and to make serious subjects follow each other in it more rapidly than now, will not necessarily increase the strain upon the child; it will, however, necessarily increase the skill demanded of the teacher: and hence the improvement of teachers must go hand in hand with the improvement of programmes. The best way to diminish strain is to increase interest, attractiveness, and the sense of achievement and growth. American teaching, in school and college, has been chiefly driving and judging; it ought to be leading and inspiring. Here are these beautiful fields. I will show you the way through them. Here are these rewarding exercises. I will show you how to practice them. Here are these heights. I will lead you up them.

(3.) Much time can be saved in primary and secondary schools by diminishing the number of reviews, and by never aiming at that kind of accuracy of attainment which reviews, followed by examinations, are intended to enforce. Why should an accuracy of knowledge and of statement be habitually demanded of children which adults seldom possess? How many well-educated adults can add long columns of figures correctly, or find the least common multiple or the greatest common divisor of six or eight numbers? Nothing but practice can keep one skillful in these exercises; and we may reasonably be grateful that few people are compelled to keep in the necessary practice. Few adult minds retain accurately considerable masses of isolated facts, and it is commonly observed that minds which are good at that are seldom the best minds. Why do we try to make children do what we do not try to do ourselves? Instead of

mastering one subject before going to another, it is almost invariably wise to go on to a superior subject before the inferior has been mastered, — mastery being a very rare thing. On the mastery theory, how much new reading or thinking should we adults do? Instead of reviewing arithmetic, study algebra; for algebra will illustrate arithmetic, and supply many examples of arithmetical processes. Instead of re-reading a familiar story, read a new one; it will be vastly more interesting, and the common words will all recur, — the common words being by far the most valuable ones. Instead of reviewing the physical geography of North America, study South America. There, too, the pupil will find mountain-chains, water-sheds, high plateaux, broad plains, great streams, and isothermal lines. The really profitable time to review a subject is not when we have just finished it, but when we have used it in studying other subjects, and have seen its relations to other subjects, and what it is good for. For example, the French programme puts a review of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry into the last year. With all his mathematical powers strengthened by the study of algebra and geometry, and with all the practice of arithmetic which his study of mensuration and algebra has involved, the boy returns at seventeen to arithmetic, and finds it infinitely easier than he did at fourteen. Further, the French boy has escaped those most vexatious of arithmetical puzzles which a little easy algebra enables one to solve with facility. Many an educated New Englander remembers to this day the exasperation he felt when he discovered that problems in Colburn's Sequel, over which he had struggled for hours, could be solved in as many minutes after he had got half-way through Sherwin's Algebra. Is it not an abominable waste of the time and strength of children to put them to doing in a difficult way, never used in real life, some-

thing they will be able to do in an easy way a year or two later? To introduce artificial hardness into the course of training that any human being has to follow is an unpardonable educational sin. There is hardness enough in this world without manufacturing any, particularly for children. On careful search through all the years of the public school programmes now in use, many places will be found where time might be saved and strain lessened by abandoning the effort to obtain an exaggerated and wholly unnatural accuracy of work. It is one of the worst defects of examinations that they set an artificial value upon accuracy of attainment. Good examination results do not always prove that the training of the children examined has been of the best kind.

(4.) In almost all the numerous collections of school statistics which are now published in this country, it appears that the various grades contain children much too old for them, who have, apparently, been held back. This phenomenon seems to be due partly to the ambition of teachers, and partly to the caution of parents. To illustrate with a specific case: In the Boston primary schools, which are intended for children of five to seven years of age inclusive, forty-four per cent. of all the children, for three years past, were over seven; and in the grammar schools of the same city, which are intended for children of from eight to thirteen years inclusive, from twenty to twenty-four per cent. were over thirteen. It has already been mentioned that the average age of admission to the Latin School is not eleven years, as indicated in the programme, but thirteen years. It is really thirteen years and three months. For three years past, from one third to one half of the graduating classes of the Boston grammar schools have been more than six years in the schools, the programme calling for but six years. In the Boston primary and grammar schools, the ten-

dency is in the wrong direction; that is, in 1887 there was a larger proportion of pupils over age than in 1877. The ambition of teachers tends to keep children too long in the several grades, because they desire to have their pupils appear well at the periodical examinations, and also because they like to keep in their classes the bright children as aids to the dull ones. The caution of parents tends to produce the same difficulty, because they fear over-pressure; not comprehending that with children, as with adults, it is not work so much as worry that injures, or finding that the existing system adds worry to work. The exaggerated notion, already referred to, that it is necessary for a child to master one thing before he goes to another, is also responsible for the retardation of children on their way through the regular course. The result of this retardation is that the boy comes too late to the High School or to the Latin School, and so fails to complete that higher course if he is going into business, or comes too late to college if his education is to be more prolonged. The great body of children ought to pass regularly from one grade to another, without delay, at the ages set down on the programme; and any method of examination which interferes with this regular progress does more harm than good. Of late years, many experiments have been made on semi-annual promotions and other means of hurrying forward the brighter children. The aim of these experiments is laudable; but the statistics suggest a doubt whether semi-annual promotions really promote, and whether they do not disturb, to an inexpedient degree, the orderly progress of the school work. In general, the work of any school must be laid out by years, and on this account irregular promotions will hardly provide a remedy against the common evil of retardation.

(5.) If we look back a generation or two in the history of American schools,



we shall find that the time spent in school by children, during a year, has been decidedly reduced, although great improvements have been made during the same period in the ventilation of the school buildings, and various bodily exercises, such as singing, gymnastics, and military drill, have been introduced. This reduction of school hours has gone quite far enough, and some steps need to be taken in the other direction. The ideal school should be so conducted that the child's physique is not impaired by attending it, or his enjoyment of his daily life lessened. Then longer school hours would not be unsafe or unwelcome. It should be the teachers that need rest and vacation, and not the children. In cities, vacation schools seem to be a desirable addition to our present organization. A long vacation may be a very good thing for children who have at home some intellectual resources, or who can go to the country or to the sea, and

there learn some things not found in books; but for children of ignorant or heedless parents, who have nothing of intellectual life to offer them at home, a long vacation is likely to be a serious injury, particularly in cities and large towns. Vacation schools tend to bring forward, or keep up, the least favored children, thus accelerating the general rate of progress during the year.

The chief objects of this paper are, first, to point out a serious difficulty which is embarrassing the whole course of American education; and, secondly, to indicate, briefly, a few of the directions in which labor may be wisely spent in improving our school system, to the general end that the pupils may receive a better training in a shorter time. The professional experience and zeal of superintendents and teachers will know how to devise and execute the appropriate measures of relief and improvement.

Charles W. Eliot.

BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

II.

ALLSTON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

ALLSTON, like Stuart, was an adopted child of the New England capital. He was a South Carolinian, and settled in Boston in 1818, at the age of thirty-nine, passing the remaining twenty-five years of his life there and in Cambridge, as we are reminded by Lowell's affectionate lines:—

"There gentle Allston lived, and wrought, and died,

Transfiguring street and shop with his illumined gaze."

He was of a sensitive and æsthetic temperament, with a rich imagination, but he was not so great a painter as appears

to have been commonly believed during his lifetime. His mind was rather of the literary order, and he belonged to that large class of artists whose ideals and aspirations constantly outrun their executive ability, whose whole careers consist of more or less futile struggles to express on canvas thoughts which they might probably make clearer by means of the pen than of the brush. Allston was a lovable man, and his name has always been held in honor wherever he has been known. But it is a pity to be obliged to say that an artist's description of his picture is better than the picture itself; and this is what might have been said at times of him. He was the artistic lion of Boston in 1839, when a loan exhibition of his works made a

great stir. The forty-five pictures in this collection were lent by the most solid citizens of that day, and nothing could be better calculated to show the esteem in which Allston was held than the long list of their honored names in the catalogue. It was only four years later that he died, leaving unfinished the large painting of Belshazzar's Feast, which hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, and which he had hoped to make his masterpiece. His friends unwittingly have done him a great injustice in placing this work on exhibition.

The story of his prolonged labors upon it, the anxiety it cost him through many years, and the preposterous expectations of a curious public concerning it is one of the most pathetic episodes in the whole history of art, which is full of the sad records of honorable failures. In relation to this "noble pictorial fragment" he said in a letter: "I think the composition the best I ever made. It contains a multitude of figures, and (if I may be allowed to say so) they are without confusion. Don't you think it a fine subject? I know not any that so happily unites the magnificent and the awful. A mighty sovereign, surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revelry, palsied in a moment, under the spell of a supernatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, while his heart, compressed to a point, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of his mysterious sentence; his less guilty but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet-table, the half-arrogant, half-astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the temple (shining as it were in triumph through the gloom), and the calm, solemn contrast of the prophet, standing, like an animated pillar, in the midst, breathing

forth the oracular destruction of the empire!"

Such is the work as Allston wished to make it, not as he did make it; and a thorough examination of the great canvas must lead any impartial judge to the inevitable conclusion that, even if it had been finished, the work was destined to be a failure. The large figure of the prophet Daniel in the centre, instead of being in any respect like an "animated pillar," — which we are not sure that we should admire, — is theatrical and repulsive. The group at the right of the foreground is burlesque. Belshazzar himself is a shapeless, disjointed effigy of simulated horror; and the queen is the only important personage in the composition who has any life or naturalness of bearing. Parts of the background and some of the secondary figures at the right appear to have been of merit, but time and neglect, in the short interval since Allston's death, have already done much to ruin the work which was so loudly heralded and of which so much was expected. The canvas is sixteen feet by twelve feet in dimensions. It is in a very bad light, and it is not easy to see it advantageously. Yet it is apparent that parts of the composition are marked by special beauties of color, the use of yellow being lavish and rich in effect. There is a kneeling figure of a woman near the centre, which is full of grace. Of course due allowance should be made for the unfinished condition of the picture, but since it has been permanently exposed to the public view, there is no reason why it should not be discussed as it is. The mistake was in exhibiting it at all. So great did Allston seem to his contemporaries, however, that it would have been regarded as nothing short of sacrilegious to hint that he was not the equal of the most renowned painters that ever lived. He was commonly called the American Titian. William Ware, whose lectures on *The Works and Genius of Washington*

Allston (Boston, 1852) contain numerous comparisons between Allston and Titian, maintained in a serious and eloquent argument that the former's Valentine was quite as well painted as the latter's Venus. Coleridge said that Allston was the first genius produced by the Western world. William Page, speaking of *The Vision of the Bloody Hand*, expressed the opinion that "few pictures of Titian's, of that size, are so good in color." Tuckerman thought that Allston's pictures "represented every department of pictorial art and every excellence for which her most gifted votaries have been celebrated." Leslie compared the harmony of tint in *Uriel* to that of the best pictures of Paul Veronese. All these extravagances, and more, were soberly accepted; it was the fashion to dilate upon Rosalie, Beatrice, the Roman Lady, and the Spanish Girl, in a style overloaded with adjectives, italics, and poetical quotations, in which sentimentality was often made to pass for sentiment.

There are several of Allston's well-known pictures, besides Belshazzar's Feast, in the Museum of Fine Arts. Rosalie is the name given to a very romantic young woman, who is represented as languishing in love, — a condition which is betrayed by her affected pose and vacant expression, in amusing contrast with her robust figure. The poem fastened to the lower part of the frame, and beginning with these lines, —

"Oh, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain.

That seems from other worlds to plain," — is in the *Friendship's-Offering-and-Floral-Album* taste, and corresponds in some sort to the soft modeling and the saccharine savor of the figure. *The Flight of Florinel*, a bad imitation of the old masters, illustrating Spenser's Faery Queen, is chiefly noticeable on account of its impossible white horse, whose position is exactly like that of a hobby-horse, and its ill-painted landscape.

Elijah Fed by the Ravens is in fact a landscape of sombre tone, in which the prophet and the birds are but secondary items. Elijah is seen among the twisted roots of a great naked banyan-tree in the midst of a vast brown desert, which is closed in the distance by a range of dark mountains. Heavy clouds overshadow the desolate scene. The sky is hard, and the cloud-forms do not look like nature. The misleading title was the source of some disappointment at the time the *Elijah* was first exhibited, but Ware pronounced the landscape sublime, and proclaimed it superior to the tempests of Salvator Rosa, Poussin, Vernet, and Wilson. In *The Rising of a Thunder Storm at Sea* there is a fine luminous sky and some rare blue and gray tones. A ship is seen in the distance, and a small pilot-boat, which is putting off for her, staggers about among the big waves to a lively measure. From behind a great bank of dark clouds at the left the light of the sun smites the calm and tender blue of the heavens far beyond at the right, forming a dramatic contrast with the dark and troubled waters of the sea. *The Portrait of Himself when Young* is that of a comely youth, with mild and dreamy eyes, a mass of dark curling hair, a delicate complexion, an almost girlish cast of beauty. As far as execution goes, it is the best example of his painting in the Museum. *The Isaac of York*, the *Moonlight*, the *Landscape* painted when at college, the portrait of Benjamin West painted in London in 1814, and the study for the head of Jeremiah (a work which aptly illustrates the propinquity of the sublime and the ridiculous), besides a considerable number of drawings, tracings, and unfinished oil-paintings from Allston's Cambridge studio, may also be seen in the Museum of Fine Arts, where a special exhibition of about fifty of his works was held in 1881.

He made the profession of the painter more respected than it had been in Bos-

ton before his day; for he was distinctly a gentleman, and among those who might have been vulgarly disposed to look down upon his calling, he insisted upon its dignity, and made people take off their hats when they were in the presence of a work of art. This was a real service to art and artists at the time, for the epoch of Bohemian artists, inhabiting obscure garrets, living from hand to mouth, and affecting peculiarities of dress, had not then entirely passed away; and much was gained when art was, so to speak, clothed like a gentleman, and introduced to good society on an equal footing. Countless anecdotes are told by Dunlap, Tuckerman, Drake, and other writers regarding the American Titian, which show how much he was admired and beloved. His lectures on art, which were edited by R. H. Dana, Junior, his famous brother-in-law's son, were published in 1850.

Allston's influence was wholesome. Without him there would have been no George Fuller, and consequently no Winifred Dysart, forty years later. The element of ideality in his works and his love of the beautiful were thus destined to inspire some remarkable manifestations of art long after he had passed from the stage.

During his life he had seen growing up around him a group of artists who were glad to look up to him as a leader, and the Boston Artists' Association, of which he was the first president, in 1842, comprised in its membership such men as Henry Sargent, Chester Harding, D. C. Johnston, Joseph Ames, Francis Alexander, T. Buchanan Read, R. M. Staigg, and other painters, who were to achieve more or less distinction in various fields. Among Allston's other contemporaries were Thomas Doughty, Stuart Newton, James Frothingham, Alvan Fisher, S. F. B. Morse, G. P. A. Healy, William Dunlap, R. A. Salmon, Edward G. Malbone, and Henry C. Pratt. The dean of this galaxy was Colonel Sargent,

who was born in 1770. Like Trumbull, he divided his allegiance between the sword and the pencil, but this did not prevent him from doing some excellent work with the latter tool, as is proved by the great full-length portrait of Peter Faneuil in Faneuil Hall, which reminds one of a Copley, and of which the Massachusetts Historical Society possesses a replica on a smaller scale. Faneuil was a large man, who wore a huge gray wig and a rich red costume, which is set off by a variety of yellows, grays, and browns in the accessories. The portrait has fine decorative qualities, and the heavy, powerful figure of Faneuil is very actual and imposing. In his hands he holds a drawing of the Cradle of Liberty which has perpetuated his name. Sargent was a pupil of Copley and West in London. He painted anecdotal pieces as well as portraits, and occasionally essayed historical and religious compositions. His large picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims was, unfortunately, destroyed by being rolled on an unseasoned pine pole.

James Frothingham (born 1786) was a portraitist of talent, and Stuart is quoted as having said of one of his heads, "No man in Boston but myself can paint so good a head." Frothingham was greatly aided by Stuart's criticisms and encouragement, although at first his Nestor had advised him to adopt some other and less precarious means of earning a livelihood. There is a fine portrait of Samuel Dexter, by Frothingham, in the Harvard Memorial Hall. Dexter, who wears a white wig and a red cloak over a black coat, holds a book in his hand, and seems lost in meditation. The flesh in this painting is rather dry and parchment-like, but in general the color is very harmonious and agreeable. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that Dunlap was right in saying that his heads were painted "with great truth, freedom, and excellence."

Samuel F. B. Morse, the famous inventor of telegraphy, born in 1791, in Charlestown, was a pupil of Allston, and went with him, in 1811, to London, where he roomed with Leslie, and was encouraged by West and Copley. He returned to Boston in 1815, but although he was hospitably welcomed in society, and his pictures were politely praised, no one bought any of his works; so he left after a year's sojourn, to become in after time the president of the National Academy of Design, and finally the greatest inventor of the age. There are none of his paintings in any public collection, and possibly the only work of art by which he will be known to posterity is the portrait of Noah Webster engraved as a frontispiece to the dictionary. He was not a born painter, but he was one of those men of great general powers of mind and character, who are sure to rise to preëminent position, whether it be in art, statesmanship, war, or commerce.

Chester Harding (born in 1792) enjoyed a great vogue as a portrait-painter for many years. In 1823, he was the fashion in Boston. Even Stuart was neglected, and used to ask ironically, "How goes the Harding fever?" His full-length portraits of Daniel Webster and Chief-Justice Marshall are in the Athenæum. That of Webster is in character the most genial and winning of his portraits. It shows him as a younger man than the majority of his likenesses describe, and though his look is keen and serious, he is not yet so heavy-browed and stern as we shall see him when painted by Ames and Healy. He stands with the tips of the fingers of his right hand resting lightly on a table. His clothes are the blackest of black, and in the background is the inevitable red curtain. The quality of the work is in no regard remarkable, either as good or bad; it is mediocre; yet in this case, as in all others, Harding unquestionably got a perfect

likeness. The portrait of Marshall is decidedly one of his happiest productions, in arrangement and characterization. It has the same black and red draperies as the Webster, but the great jurist's robe and knec-breeches are more pictorial than Webster's modern coat and trousers. There is no trace here of Marshall's reputed awkwardness of bearing. Mr. Dexter, in the *Memorial History of Boston*, endeavors to account for Harding's success by recalling the fact that he was "a backwoodsman newly caught," and "trumpeted forth as a self-taught man." There is some excuse for saying that such an introduction goes a long way towards winning the favor of Boston amateurs; but it would be an injustice to Harding to attribute all of his popularity to his rustic origin and his unacademic training. His sincere and amiable character doubtless would have made him a favorite anywhere, and though he was sufficiently modest about his own abilities, they were of no contemptible order. He began life as a sign-painter, as many an artist has done. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, hearty, genial man, whom everybody in town knew and liked. He went to England, and met with much success there, painting the portraits of the poet Rogers, the historian Alison, and several members of the royal family.

Alvan Fisher (born 1792) was another portraitist who flourished at the same period, and whose pictures of children, dogs, horses, and landscapes were particularly admired. He had a good deal of invention, and his scenes from rural life were deservedly popular. Judging from the examples of his portrait work in the Harvard Memorial Hall, his endeavors in this direction resulted in indifferent success. His portrait of Samuel Gilman is decidedly feeble and thin; and the profile likeness of John G. Spurzheim, the phrenologist, holding a plaster head in his hands, is not much better.

Gilbert Stuart Newton (born 1793), the nephew and pupil of Stuart, painted small *genre* subjects with great ability. His *Forsaken*, in the Museum of Fine Arts, is a richly colored painting, about eighteen by twenty-four inches in dimensions, which represents a weeping woman crouching on a red sofa in a dark room. Her face is hid in her hands, and she rests her head on the arm of the sofa, buried in a handkerchief. She is dressed in white. The conception is seriously carried out, and the feeling of pathos is so genuine that some one (it was Leslie, I suppose) has said it is a painting of a sob. There is a very handsome gamut of warm reddish-browns employed in the work, which almost justifies Allston's remark that "Newton's color was magical." This exquisite picture belonged to the lamented Thomas Gold Appleton. Newton's portrait of himself is a half-length painted on a small panel. He stands with folded arms, his right side turned towards the observer. It is neatly and simply executed. The portraits of John Adams and of Fisher Ames (after Stuart), with a couple of sketches made while studying in London, are also included in the collections of the Museum. The portrait of Samuel Appleton in the Harvard Memorial Hall is warm and distinguished in color. It is evident, however, that his ideal pictures, which enlisted his imagination, and in their deep, sensuous color foreshadowed the works of Diaz, were executed *con amore*, and were therefore his best works.

The year that witnessed the birth of Newton — the year of the French Revolution — likewise marked the advent upon the scene of Thomas Doughty, a native of Philadelphia, who became one of the most accomplished and artistic of early American landscapists. He moved to Boston, and, after the opening of the Athenæum, was a regular exhibitor in its yearly exhibitions. His pictures were gray, his skies remote

and luminous. The foliage in his landscapes often showed by its fluttering the action of a breeze. He especially enjoyed and appreciated those silvery effects of light and those indescribably delicate atmospheric tones with which, in later years, Corot's name and fame were to be associated. Doughty's small canvases are rare to-day, and it is no wonder that they are highly prized by all who are fortunate enough to possess them. The British minister to the United States paid him twenty-five hundred dollars for one of his pictures, a price that was considered extraordinary in those days.

Francis Alexander (born 1800) was a successful portrait-painter, who was encouraged to settle in Boston by Stuart, and who, with Harding, Fisher, and Doughty, opened an exhibition in 1833, which was regarded as an important event, and proved profitable as well. Alexander went to Europe, and when in Rome made Sir Walter Scott's acquaintance. He had just painted a small Magdalen, and the great romancer, after looking at it in silence for some minutes, turned away, with the flattering comment, "She's been forgiven!" Alexander's portrait of Nathaniel P. Willis, which Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis bequeathed to the Museum of Fine Arts, is one quarter of the size of life, low and somewhat bituminous in tone, describing sympathetically a boyish and ingenuous head, full of amiability. His portrait of Joseph Tuckerman, in the Harvard Memorial Hall, though rather dry, is strong in expression; but one of his best portraits in all respects is that of Francis C. Gray, the donor of the valuable Gray collection of engravings to Harvard College, which is in the First Print Room of the Museum of Fine Arts. I know of no more refined and sympathetic work. The head is excellently drawn and painted. Kindness and intelligence are perceptible upon every feature of this good face.

G. P. A. Healy (born 1808) is best known by his numerous portraits of celebrated men. That of Longfellow in the Museum of Fine Arts is chiefly remarkable as presenting him in the character of a young man, with a dapper and brisk air, side-whiskers, and the bearing of a practical, prosaic person, so wholly different from the meditative graybeard of the print-shops that the contrast is amusing. Healy has painted a larger and later portrait of the poet, which is the best existing representation of him, made when he was in middle age and at the height of his powers. Healy's portrait of himself as a young man is in the Museum. But his capital work — which, if size were of itself a prime merit in a painting, would have no equal in Boston — is his vast historical picture of Webster replying to Hayne, which hangs in Faneuil Hall. This contains no less than one hundred and thirty figures, and measures sixteen by thirty feet. The published key shows that all but about a dozen of the heads are portraits, including those of Webster, Hayne, Edward Everett, Judge Story, George Ticknor, M. de Toqueville, John Quincy Adams, General Scott, John C. Calhoun, James K. Polk, General Cass, and many other celebrated people who are known to have been in the Senate-Chamber on January 26 and 27, 1830, the dates of Webster's famous speech. The orator is represented standing by his desk in the central aisle, directly in front of and facing the president of the Senate. His shoulders are thrown back; his left hand rests on his desk; his right arm falls by his side. He wears black trousers, and a dark blue dress-coat with brass buttons, closely buttoned over a buff waistcoat; and a high "choker" and white cravat, with a black silk watch-guard, complete his costume. This leading actor would appear insignificant if the minor personages in the drama were not so much more so. With a few exceptions, there

is very little life in the heads. The young page at the right of the president's desk is intrinsically the most interesting character in the composition. There is no unity of effect, and little atmosphere. Time has already blackened the shadows and made them opaque. The reds in the carpet and hangings are of an unpleasant dull tone. It may be that the work had at first a "success of esteem," which was materially fostered by the fact that so many Massachusetts people were flattered to have their likenesses included in a historical painting of such imposing proportions; but it is surprising to find even the genial Mr. Appleton speaking of it, in 1851, as if it were a masterpiece, — "a far better picture than any of Trumbull's, or indeed any kindred picture in America."

Joseph Ames (born 1816) was another member of the group of portraitists who made Boston their home in Allston's time, and had the good fortune to paint the heads, of many distinguished men, including Lincoln, Webster, Choate, Prescott, Emerson, Pope Pius IX., and others. He was self-educated, like Harding, and his early works are said to have been especially fine in color. His likenesses of Webster have become, like Gilbert Stuart's Washington, widely recognized as the best counterfeit presentations of that statesman. His two-thirds-length portrait of Lincoln, in Faneuil Hall, the study for which is owned by the Paint and Clay Club, is austere, homely, and truthful; it has the half-grotesque and half-pathetic look of the great and well-beloved war President. Ames never flattered; he would be called brutal by latter-day critics, and perhaps that is none too severe a term to apply to him. His Rufus Choate, also in Faneuil Hall, represents that eminent advocate making a sweeping backward gesture with both arms, as if brushing away with one imperious stroke the other side's tissue of sophistical arguments. It has precisely the same characteristics

as the Lincoln: an aggressive plainness, a manly and rugged presence. Surely Lincoln and Choate both had some traits which Ames has missed in these portraits, but then the world is constantly asking too much of artists. Who shall undertake to rival nature? In the Museum of Fine Arts is Ames's portrait of Webster, which does not differ in its style from the Lincoln and the Choate; and in the Harvard Memorial Hall hangs his vigorous portrait of the eminent Grecian, President Felton. None of these portraits are extraordinary in respect to workmanship or color. They are strongly modeled and coarse in handling; the backgrounds are uniformly of cold gray. The innumerable reproductions of his Death of Webster have made that melancholy composition familiar from Maine to Texas. Moody and uneven, Ames at his best was capable of extremely fine work. He was the wonder of Boston at one time, but soon afterwards a period of neglect came, which, whether merited or not, caused him great suffering, and had a bad effect upon his work.

Richard M. Staigg (born 1817), the son of a Scotch stone-mason, who came to Boston in 1841, and was instructed by Allston, was a miniaturist, whose portraits of Webster, Everett, Allston, and others have been reproduced in engravings. Later in life he painted genre pieces, landscapes, and portraits in oil, but his best works were his early miniatures. The exhibition of his pictures, soon after his death, in the gallery of the Boston Art Club, contained twenty-five miniatures, one hundred and three oil-paintings, and thirteen water-colors.

T. Buchanan Read (born 1822) was a poet and a painter, who lived in Boston from 1842 to 1846, and was the secretary of the Boston Artists' Association. His ideal paintings were called *The Water Sprite*, *The Lost Pleiad*, and *The Star of Bethlehem*; and he made a picture of Sheridan and his

Horse, besides writing the well-known poem called *Sheridan's Ride*. His picture of Longfellow's children in a group, with their arms twined about each other's waists, was reproduced by photography, and attained great popularity.

D. C. Johnston, who had been an actor, was a caricaturist, — the first of any note in Boston, — whose two sons were destined to become remarkably gifted painters. He had a keen sense of humor and a good degree of invention.

William Dunlap was a portrait-painter, who, in 1822, exhibited his large picture of *Christ Rejected*, in Boston, and passed several months here painting portraits. He was the author of a *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, in which he devoted a large share of the space to his own acts. He states that he made a profit from the exhibition of his picture "in Doggett's great room, a noble place," and apparently accepted with the utmost good-nature Stuart's blunt criticisms upon his work.

R. A. Salmon was a marine-painter of considerable talent, who came to Boston from England early in the century, and established an enviable reputation. His paintings were highly finished, and what we should call old-fashioned nowadays. They were impregnated with a certain English sentiment, but the manner revealed familiarity with the works of Van der Velde. The execution was skillful and learned, and it was evident that Salmon had traveled and seen fine pictures. He lived in a rude dwelling on a wharf in South Boston, and was reputed to be eccentric, but nothing that suggests roughness or irregularity appears in his works.

Henry C. Pratt, who was a pupil of S. F. B. Morse, was a mediocre painter of portraits and landscapes. His full-length and life-size portrait of Edward Everett, painted about 1838, was shown lately in the Old South Meeting-House. The evening costume, the gesture of the

right hand, and the conscious formality of his position indicate that Everett is delivering an oration. Through an open door at the left, Bunker Hill Monument is visible. Pratt went to Mexico with the Bartlett expedition, which was sent there, about 1851, to settle the question of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and he brought back from this journey some mountain and prairie scenes, which were a little hard, but had a decided appearance of truth. At that time he painted portraits passably well, but as he grew older he became a very bad painter, and resorted to lotteries to get rid of his pictures, which no one wanted.

Edward G. Malbone, miniaturist (born in Newport, 1777), established himself in Boston when about nineteen years old, and formed a close friendship with

Allston. His stay here was short, however, and after equally brief sojourns in several other cities, he chose Charleston, S. C., for his permanent home. He died at the age of thirty, leaving an enviable reputation as a miniature-painter. His most celebrated work is a group of three beautiful young girls, called *The Hours*. A good specimen of his delicate workmanship and his refined expression of character is the miniature portrait of Mrs. James Carter, in the Museum of Fine Arts. Mrs. Carter was a brown-eyed beauty in 1798, whose pale and transparent complexion was emphasized by a mass of dark curling hair. In her white dress she looks almost as unsubstantial as a ghost. In her day people were not above liking pretty pictures, with a good, smooth finish, and Malbone's success is not hard to account for.

William Howe Downes.

JOHN EVELYN'S DAUGHTER.

FEBRUARY the 6th, 1685. I am Susanna Evelyn, by your favour, third daughter of John Evelyn, esquire, of Sayes Court, Deptford, and of Mary, his wife. My Father is a gentleman well knowne, very grave and sad of mien, and of greate learning; and my Mother is still right faire and gentle, as in her youth. So is also Mary, mine eldest sister, who is as much prais'd for her beauty as for her rare voice and understanding of music. Yet so am not I, though I am not ill-looking, neither, were my sister but out of view; whereas for a quick and a ready wit—but of that I say nought. My Father is much elder than my Mother, for, being in France in the yeare 1647, travelling with Mr. Waller, the Poet, he tarried for a long season in Paris, and contracted a greate friendship with the family of Sir Richard Browne, then

Resident at the Court of France of our sore lamented King Charles the Martyr, at that very time in the hands of such as did him foully to death. He did then set his affections upon Sir Richard's young daughter, and they were married by Dr. Earle, then Chaplain to the Prince (now his Majesty King Charles the II.), but since Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Salisbury, in the family Chapell. My Father was then seven and twenty yeares of age, and my Mother but a child of twelve yeares. But she being faire of face, and of good conditions, and pleasing him well, he was full content to wait for her; and so left her with her parents, till she should have well learn'd, and should be of proper age.

After five yeares well spent in study, she came unto England, and he, going to meet her, fell into a rare coil, being

rob'd on the highway by two cut-throates, who bound him unto a tree, and his hands behind him, and scap'd with divers rings and jewells.

Methinks it were rare to be thus wed out of hand, ere one were well out of the nursery, and thus would be spar'd much vexation of speaking of this one or that one, and who were his grandsire, and chiefly whether he were of equall fortune, and ready to bring a goodly jointure. These be weary matters; I would it were all well away. Moreover, then might one know which should best please her husband, ere she go to dwell with him; whether to learn the Latine or the Italian, to study the lute or the harpsichord, or to look onely to housewifery, to be learn'd in pasties and manchets, in guarding of mantles with lace and fur, and in physicking of children. But alack! Mary is mine elder, and must be look'd to first. Yet might she be wed ere now, were she so minded, for she hath no lack of suitors, as Mr. Hussey, of Sutton, and divers beside. But so have not I, if it be not Ned Saunders, brother to mine onely neere friend, Nell. But, indeede, my Father would none of him, he being but the eldest sonn of Sir Williams second wife, and poore enough, belike.

My second sister, Bess, is not of such beauty and learning, yet of a most sweete countenance, well-shap'd, and exceeding amiable. She is seventeen yeares old, two yeares mine elder, and like to be soone wed, and to a right worthy youth. We have also a brother, Jack, much elder than we maids, and married five yeares since to a sweete, agreeable, and most vertuous lady, whom we do all love right well. They have too beautifull and hopefull sonns, and had also a sweete little daughter, who liv'd onely two moneths, to our great sorrow.

Now I bethink me, I know not if I desire an husband so much mine elder as my Mother hath, lest he should wish

to guide me in all matters, the which pleaseth me little. Rather would I wish one like unto Mr. S. Pepys, of the Navy, which hath to wife an exceeding handsome woman, and takes pride in seeing her in costly attire, and having all the pleasure in life. But what a foolish maid am I to write of these vanities, that am not like to be wed, save and except it were Sir W. Saunders himself, for his third wife; and a rare lot were that, forsooth, to be mother-in-law unto Nell! . . .

Thus far find I, writ by mine owne hand, and laid amongst mine antient Latine books in Sayes Court, whither we have late return'd. Wherefore I did take the paine to set downe the same I marvell, seeing that of a suretie I had no will to keepe a book like unto that in the which my Father hath writ whatsoever hath ben of greate note in his life time. But wherefore I did come to a pause, and added no whit thereto, that I have good cause to remember. Even the same hour of my writing the idle thoughts of a young maid, dy'd K. Charles II., after a reigne of greate prophanesne and luxury, having sorely disappointed the hopes of his loyale subjects, even to causing many to repent that they had brought him hither.

Also, on March the 14th, our deare Mary went to dwell with God. She was staying with my Lady Falkland in London, where she did sing at Lord Arundel's to Signior Jo. Baptists playing upon the harpsichord, a greate company being there present, and so won much praise. She came home but to die. There is none so much to be prais'd for beauty, for piety, for sweetnesse, and for greate and strange learning, though she were of 19 yeares onely. My Father was sore broken by this grief, and so also my Mother. Not long thereafter was Bess married, and I thus left alone at home. Then, to do my Father a pleasure, I did set myself to excell in Greeke and Latine; learning to pro-

nounce this latter as my Father doth, and not, as in the English Universities, in such manner that none out of England can understand it. But in sooth I ever lov'd better to paint, both in oil and miniature, or to worke fine broideries, as did also my Mother; who, indeede, did present to the late K. Charles a copy in miniature of a Madona, which it pleas'd him to cause to be plac'd in his cabinet, amongst his best paintings.

Now because it had become too-too quiet at Sayes Court, my Mother did entreate Frances Evelyn, daughter to my Fathers cousin at Nutfield, to visite us. She, though as yet very young, was already extraordinary beautifull: her hair pale yellow, in soft, curling lockes; her eyes gray and large; her brow and throat exceeding white and smoothe, with a countenance of greate sweetnesse and dignity; and in stature tall, exquisite-shap'd and wondrous gracefull. This beauty pleas'd me the more, that I am browne, with hair and eyes of a shining blacke, like unto my grandmother, in her picture, and of stature somewhat low and smalle.

Moreover, Will Draper, a likely youth, though overfond of sport, was here. He was neere mine owne age, and sonn to our friend Mrs. Draper of Adscomb, a lady of a very loving and excellent disposition. This was in June, the summer after K. Charles death, and a time of wondrous drowth.

It chanc'd, on a warm afternoone, that Frances and I sate in the gallery, with our needleworke. Over against us hung that picture of my Mother with a dog, painted when she was a young maid in France. It shows her exceeding beautifull, and rarely like our dear Mary; yet is it something the worse of being wash'd with soapsuds by some ignorant lout. Frances asking of me how this came to pass, I told her the tale.

Thus it was: Whilst my Father was for a time in England, one moneth after the blessed Kings martyrdome, my

Mothers unkle came out of France, bringing this picture for my Father. But he being rob'd at sea by Dunkyrke Pyrates, this and divers matters beside came not into port. A year or two thereafter, as my Father was dining with Lord Wentworth at Calais, he learn'd from divers English gentlemen there present that the Governor of Dunkyrke, the Count de la Strade, was in the towne, who had bought the sayd picture of my Mother. So it prov'd; and the Count generously and with greate politenesse sent it to Dover without charge or recompense; and thus strangely came it to Sayes Court at last.

Whilst we talk'd of this adventure, came in Will Draper, full of news, and with him Mr. Richard Lyttelton, who had ben with us severall dayes. He was a neere neighbour and friend of my cousin, a very handsome but silent young man. These told us that the Duke of Monmouth had landed in Dorsetshire, and set up his standard as King of England.

"Heaven protect us!" cry'd Frances, waxing pale.

"Amen!" quoth Master Lyttelton, solemnly. "What with a Popish King, and these Parliamentary elections, and Argyle coming downe from the North, and now the 'Protestant Duke' come over, 't were to be wish'd that Heaven would speake, on the one side or the other."

"What now?" calls Will (but half in jest, I trow); "whom have we here? What with Oates and Dangerfield, Plots and perjurie, Pillorie and carts taile, I would it were all well away, and we had our Merrie England once againe!"

"And when had we Merrie England, since you and I were borne, Master Will?" sayd Frances, sighing.

"I' good sooth, I know not, Mrs. Frances; I have ben merry enow," saith he, and with that he fell a-laughing. But the others laugh'd not.

At that moment certaine sounds arising from the court, Will did look forth from a window, and sayd it was somewhat concerning the hounds; and so, craving our leave, departed. Scarce was he forth of the doore ere Mr. Lyttelton, regarding me with a grave countenance, sayd, "Mistress, I pray you of your courtesie that I may speake a few words privily with Mrs. Frances, your cousin."

Being so desired, I went the length of the gallery, and look'd forth on the dry turf, and the fruite-trees devour'd by caterpillars; for never was such dearth of raine in memory of man, — "for our sins," as divers will have it, because the King was a Papist. I could hear their voices, but no word; and ere-long Frances fell a-weeping. Yonder were troublous times, when one had neede to consider the warning, "Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother." I made no doubt that Mr. Lyttelton lov'd my cousin, and here was cause to fear that he had thought of joyning the Duke. This caus'd me some heavinesse and perplexity, yet methought I could availle nothing, if such were the case. Without doubt Frances entreated him to yield his purpose, and if any might prevaile it were surely she. Howbeit, in brief time the speeche between them ceas'd, and the doore was suddainely shut. Frances was white as one that lies in a shroude, as she took up her broiderie frame, and went to the bed-chamber. Verily, to love one that is dead is an hard matter, but to love one that is a traytor, — how might that be, I marvell?

And yet in very sooth I judg'd his

¹ Mr. Evelyn's orange-trees must have been among the earliest in England, as he himself records the presentation to Charles II. of the first specimen seen in the country. He appears to have committed the nearly incredible imprudence of leaving them exposed during the famous January of 1684, when the Thames was frozen over, and he and his family spend-

action not so hardly as many might have don, nor perchance even as Frances herself. Verily, how may 'one judge, where good and wise men differ so widely? Here is my Father calling Oliver Arch-Rebell and Tyrant, whereas Mr. Pepys will have him the greatest general and ruler England ever saw. Yet is Mr. Pepys no whit a Precisian, but merry as man may be (yet marvellous discrete withall), and a lover of good company; moreover, a rare singer of catches and glees. And here again to-day, with our K. William and K. James, we are in a rare coil, soothly!

No word sayd Frances to me, save that, as I don'd my flower'd gowne, she pray'd me to go with her into the garden. A sorry garden was it; the rare plantes, the oranges¹ and mirtills, and likewise the rosemary and laurels, having ben destroyed utterly by the wondrous cold and frost two winters before, whilst we abode in London, and now all else kill'd by this strange drowth. I mark'd that she bare in her hand a Prayer-book, of convenient size to be carry'd in the pocket. Shortly appear'd Mr. Lyttelton, passing by the apple-trees on the south wall, who stood still on beholding us. "Mr. Lyttelton," sayd my cousin, advancing, "this is peradventure our last meeting. Take this book, reade it often, and remember that I pray for your safety and guidance."

With that she look'd upon him earnestly, and he upon her with deepe sadness. So he tooke the book, and kiss'd her hand, seeming in much distresse, and pass'd into the house with no word more. Within, he tooke leave of all with greate courtesie, and, coming forth, mounted his horse, and so was gon.

ing the winter in London. This garden is noted as the one which that great barbarian, the Czar Peter, during his two months' occupation of Sayes Court, a few years later, did his best to devastate, by such wanton tricks as cutting the shrubbery, and riding his horse through the hedge.

But I told none what I had heard and seene.

Three dayes thereafter was the Duke proclaim'd to be a traytor, and a reward of £5000 put upon his head. At his landing, he had 150 men onely; but many flock'd to his standard, although chiefly phanatics, brawlers, and men of low condition, as poore clothworkers, miners, and the like. We had fear'd it had ben otherwise, he being the idol of the people, handsome, gallant, affable, and of pleasing conversation, though given to evill courses. Though his numbers were greate, yet for a season he refus'd battail, seeking to traine his rude army. My Father receiv'd a warrant to send out an horse, with provision, and Brother Jack the same.

"Were it not for my Mother," saith Will, "I would go and drive 'King Monmouth,' as they call him, out of England." Whereat Jack was rare taken, seeing that Will was but a youth, though tall, strong, and well-favour'd.

At the end of June we had plentifull raine after the extraordinary drowth; and at the same time was Argyle defeated in Scotland, he executed, and his party dispers'd. Next came the news of the Duke's defeat, and of his capture the day following, sixteen miles from the place of battail, whither he had gon on foote, in a poore coate that he had taken to him. Still was no word of Mr. Lyttelton, as indeede none was to be hop'd. Living or dead, he was traytor to his King; and mine heart bled for my cousin. Yet, being but a young maiden, I deem'd that her quietnesse betoken'd some carelesnesse.

On that same day in the which the Duke came to the scaffold, we sate all together in the browne parlour, discoursing in part on this execution, and in part on the death of sister Mary's lover, Mr. Hussey, a few dayes earlier. He was a gracious and worthy young gentleman, and dwelt neere Wotton (mine unkle's abode), at a pretty

seate, exceeding well order'd. My Father had a will to consente, could my sister have answer'd his affection. After her death, he fell into an extream melancholy, and tooke no enjoyment. As we thus spake, came one of the wenches to say that a beggarman stood without, earnestly craving speeche of Mrs. Frances Evelyn.

She went forth, and I with her, and found one in beggarly raiment, with a rough beard that wellnigh cover'd his face, and a ragged hat low over his eyes. Without a word, he tooke from beneath his cloake a little booke, and gave the same to Frances. She utter'd a cry as of one in feare and paine, and trembling exceedingly, lean'd her hand against the wall. Thereupon Will Draper ran speedily forth, and bare her in his armes into the withdrawing-roome, where was straightway a mighty to-do. As for me, I hasten'd to the poore man without, and sayd full softly, "Is Mr. Lyttelton slaine? Are you peradventure one of his acquaintance?"

"Ay, truly, mistress," saith he. "Dick Lyttelton fell in a happy hour, ere he knew of our defeate. Happier he than any poore fugitive of us all. Two weekes agoe was I one of the Duke's gentlemen; and to-day an outlaw, with life at your mercy, faire lady."

"Joyce," I cry'd to the kitchen wench, "give the poore man somewhat to eate."

For of force I must deale with him as he were a beggar, though he might be an Earle's sonn, for ought I knew. Then ran I in haste to the bedchamber, and fetch'd thence the crowne-piece my Father bestow'd upon me to buy a scarlett riband withall, and made speede to slip it into the poore man's hand, saying, "Would 't were more!" But I had bethought me of the silver buckle of my girdle; so that went after the other, unseene in mine hand.

His eyes gave a glint aneath his rough lockes, but he sayd nought save "God

save ye, kind lady." right like unto a beggarman, and so gat him away.

I was deeply griev'd for Frances, who, though she had her sisters at home, had no longer a mother to console her; and her mother-in-law, though kind, having her owne little boys to think on. She was, however, of admirable courage and serenity, and bare her trial like a Christian. She being now gon (and likewise Will return'd to Oxford), I had abundant opportunity for meditation; and I confesse it gave me little ease to consider of a gay young gentleman traversing the country with a silver buckle as a token from me. Howbeit, I consol'd me with the hope that he was gon beyond seas, having no doubt feare of his life. Our poore Bess dying shortly thereafter, in our deepe affliction I had small thought for a matter so trifling.

Early in the yeare following, and soone after the famous duell betwixt the Duke of Grafton and the brother of the Earle of Derby, came Sir Gilbert Gerrard to propose his sonn as a suitor for me. So soone as I learn'd thereof, and especially hearing that Mr. Gerrard was sayd to have an affection for me (though to me unknowne), it came suddainly into my mind that here was the courtly gentleman of the raggs and the beggars cloake, who had my silver buckle. Sir Gilbert was in suspicion and disfavour of his Majesty, and 'twere nothing strange (if so it were) that his sonn should have joy'n'd the rebels. I knew not what to wish, nor what to say. I had no will to be wife to any, least of all to one I had scantily behelde. Neither could I, for very shamefastnesse, tell my Father of the buckle, and beseeche him to obtain it from Sir Gilbert. Therefore I held my peace, yet ever the more assur'd that this was the selfe-same *Knight-errant*. But, as it chanc'd, though the King was favourable thereto, my Father brake off, not deeming the marriage agreeable to his desires for me, and so came an end.

And in very sooth, as me seemeth,

yonder were no dayes for marrying and giving in marriage. None could foresee who should prosper, or whose matters should stand, or who fall suddainly to disgrace and ruine. Greate men were going over to Popery every day, the people in evident disaffection, Judges perverting the Law, and all going ill. At the last, in that wondrous yeare 1688, came the Prince of Orange, bringing, whatever any may say against it, our *Merrie England* back againe, as Will Draper would have it.

Now this same Will, I may say in passing, was meanwhile gon to travell, soone after the coming of the Prince. His Mother, who came to visite us, did tell us plainly that his going was at her desire, in part that he might not share in these troubles, by fighting either for K. James or for K. William, for so we did continue to call them both. She told us likewise that he was in love (or deem'd himselfe so to be) with a very worthy young lady.

"And," saith she, "besides the unsettled times, he shall not, with my goodwill, marry young, though it be the present fashion. Yet have I a greate affection for the lady, who is sweete, discrete, delicately bred, and withall an excellent housewife."

So much was she pleas'd to say, leaving me in wonder concerning this mighty paragon which mine old-time friend Will had discover'd. Him I had not seene for some yeares, but as children were we alway friendly, and methought some one were fallen into rare good fortune, Adscomb being a right beautifull seate, and the house richly furnish'd and very magnificent, and he like to be very rich, through his aunt Lady Temple, who was childless.

My Father was not well-affected toward the expedition of the Prince; but presently seeing how the condition of the Kingdom was improv'd by these changes, he became reconcil'd. It gave him some displeasure that my brother

was made a Commissioner of the Revenue and Treasury of Ireland; the more that it was necessary for him to reside in that country, with his wife and infant daughter, the boys being at school.

Not many moneths thereafter, whilst that my Mother and I sate in the red parlour, reading in the news-letter of the Lord Mohun's trial, and the extraordinary tales touching the Witches in New England, with other matters, came in Nell Saunders, our neighbor, for to tell of her betrothall to Mr. John Pryor, she having at the last her Fathers consent, and mightily pleas'd thereat.

"And long enough have I tarry'd, i' faith," saith she. "But as for thee, Sue, I marvell if thou hast taken the vows! Canst find ne'er an husband to thy liking?"

"Soothly so," spake I. "Here am I left the onely child at home, and there is neede of me." With that my Mother smiled as though rare diverted.

But, ere Nells marriage was come about, my Father had a letter touching the which he and my Mother spake privily in the library for a season. Coming forth both together, grave yet not ill-pleas'd, they told me that Will Draper was return'd to England, and had made proposals of marriage to the father of the lady we had heard of.

"And might one know her name?" asked I; "for without doubt she has no ill answer in readiness for so fair an offer."

"Sayest thou so?" spake my Mother. "Her name is Susanna Evelyn."

With that I blush'd greatly, and could onely say that I would follow the guidance of my Father and Mother. Then my Father sayd I must follow mine own heart; that Will would shortly visite us, and if he prove altogether (sayd he) such as his youth promis'd, this marriage must needes be a greate satisfaction to all our friends. Scantly knew I whether to be pleas'd or troubled.

One weeke later, learning that Mr. Draper was soone to arrive, I walk'd abroad (that winter being exceeding mild and warm) somewhat late in the afternoone, to consider what was before me. As I mus'd, came one riding up the lane, and, staying his horse, sprang to my side. It was Ned Saunders, and, catching mine hand, he fell to rating me full roundly, but all in terms like a new play, for that I had hearken'd to any talk of marriage with another, by reason that I was aware of his passion. As he knelt thus, a-kissing of mine hand like unto a strolling player, up cometh a rider in a sad-color'd cloake, but rare gallant to looke upon, and with one glance passeth by. So I answer'd Ned as I might, saying that I regarded him ever as Nell's brother, and in none other way; and so away home with all speede.

Here found I this very same gallant, deepe in talk with my Father, who, smiling, sayd to me, "Sue, here is Will Draper come againe."

He made me a low reverence, saying, "Your servant, Mrs. Susanna Evelyn," as he were a very stranger. And I, blushing greatly, and silent as any oyster, gat me up in haste to mine owne chamber. Yet I mark'd that he was growne right handsome and gracefull, though graver than of yore.

But a little season he tarry'd, scarce two weekes in all, then as suddainely departed. I fear'd it might be by reason of what he had behelde at his coming. My parents were well affected toward him, he proving well-natur'd and prudent, a man of businesse, and prosperous in affaires; like also to be heyr to the estate of my Lady Temple, to the value of £20,000 or over. It vex'd me that their expectations should thus be lost, yet was nought in my power.

Late in February came an amazing heavy snow, whereby we were all detain'd within. In all this storm came againe my young gentleman, walking in as though he had left us an houre be-

fore, and spake a season with my Mother, telling how the coach had thrice ben overset on the way hither. Then my Mother leaving us two, he approach'd me, and gaz'd intently upon my needleworke, for I wrought certaine curious devices in silk upon greene sattin. On a suddaine spake he : —

"Mr. Ned Saunders is growne a comely proper gentleman, methinks."

"Say you so?" cry'd I in a pet.

"Verily, Ned Saunders is a very popinjay."

With that he fell a-laughing, as was his wont aforetime ; and I scantly know what follow'd, save that when my Mother return'd there was no more to be sayd.

We were married in the chapell of Ely House, by the Bishop of Lincoln. My portion was £4000, and £500 per ann. to my jointure. A world of company was there present, all right magnificent. There was much ceremony of receiving and returning visites during

two weekes ; after which we proceeded, with our parents, to Adsecomb, where was also greate ceremony. No maid could desire a gayer wedding.

At our marriage none was comparable in beauty and sweetnesse with my faire cousin Frances Evelyn, very gallant in a gowne exquisitely lac'd, who spake to me right lovingly, and delighted us both with her discreete jestes. My Father hath but now writ to me from Wotton that she is about to be married to our young neighbour Mr. Hussey, brother to sister Marys lover. Of this I am right glad, he being a worthy gentleman. May she be as happy as I !

Ere I left Sayes Court as a bride came a messenger with a smalle packet, in the which, when I had opportunity to open it (looking to find a wedding-gift), I saw my silver buckle. Who was he who, having kept this token so many yeares, did thus honourably restore the same at my marriage I have never divin'd.

Agnes L. Carter.

SONNET.

"Hic me, Pater optime, fessum
Deseris heu !"

ERE yet in Vergil I could scan or spell,
Or through the enchanted portal of that lay
That ravished ancient Rome had found my way,
How oft with heaving breast I heard thee tell
Of horrors that the Trojan fleet befell !
How for a time they were the tempest's prey,
And how, at last, into a little bay
Their boats came gliding, on the peaceful swell.
There, though thick shade might threaten from above,
Were rest and peace, nor any need to roam.
Alas, I did not dream how soon for thee,
Best father, sweetest friend, the quiet cove
Would stretch its arms, while I, half blind with foam,
Should still be tossing on the open sea.

Lucy C. Bull.

MR. LOWELL'S POLITICS.

It is indicative of a healthy condition of American politics that Mr. Lowell, whose words receive the closest attention from the thinking public, practically is excluded from any share in the administration of public affairs. The discrimination of the governmental from the merely administrative function in modern democracy is a slow process, and we are very far yet from that political consciousness which compels us, as members of the body politic, to realize to the full our responsibility and opportunity, while denying absolutely any necessary identification of government with office-holding; but the distinction is so involved in the whole theory of democracy, and so disclosed in every crisis of our history, that we are justified in thinking time only required to make it common.

We inherited, as residuary legatees of earlier political orders, the notion that we were governed by the men who occupied official position, and for a time we thought it a final distinction that we chose these governors instead of suffering them to be imposed on us by some outside authority. Gradually we are discovering that the men in office are our trustees, and that we do not relinquish to them an iota of our real authority; that they are accountable to us, not we to them. Meanwhile, there is that in official life which retards a like growth of consciousness, and the public officer has not been so quick to divest himself of the notion that he is the one in authority, and that his principal concern is to perpetuate his power.

It is inevitable that discussions about the civil service should help to clear the air, for they spring from the disintegration of the old notion that administrators of government are the governors; and taking the civil service out of politics is simply another way of saying that

the conception of politics itself is changing; that there are more persons than formerly who do not identify politics with administration, nor even with party, but who look with closer scrutiny upon the relations of politics to law, to sociology, to ethics. The independent movement, so called, that unorganized, unled protest of the spirit against the strict construction of the term politics, is of comparatively little importance as a mere possible vessel for holding the balance of power between parties; its real importance lies in the assertion that one may be so greatly interested in politics as to throw away all his chances of place, so thorough-going a politician as absolutely to disregard and hold cheap as dirt the rewards of politics.

In brief, there is evidence of an increasing number of men who take the liveliest possible interest in politics, not as a game, not for the sake of increasing their own power, nor for securing places either for themselves or for their friends, but because, as they have clearer consciousness of their political nature, — and the whole movement of American history has been toward the development of this consciousness, — they take a keener interest in politics as an expression of human thought, as an element in large problems. Time was when there was a more marked trace of boyishness in the national conception of politics. Before Jackson, the old traditions made statesmen a privileged class, and politics was a dignified profession. In Jackson's time, there was almost as much of a real addition to the political mass in America as there was to the English political world when the bars were formally let down and the right of suffrage extended. From Jackson's time to Lincoln's, politics was the national game. Partly from the simplicity of

social conditions, which offered fewer distractions than now, but more from the inherent force of the American character which found herein its proper outlet, politics was the theatre, the opera, the base-ball game, the intellectual gymnasium, almost the church, of the people, and a man suffered two great interests to divide his life, — his business, that is, and his politics.

It is quite true that this vigorous attention to concrete politics has an immense charm for many minds, and that there is apparently an undiminished zeal for racket and rocket; but we contend that the war with the problems which it brought to the front and the rapid maturing of the country in many directions have conspired to induce an attitude towards politics which is not boyish, but very manly; that with wider interests in life and with greater self-confidence as a people, we are not trusting all our fortunes to the keeping of a few men, whose taste and training lead them into official life, any more than we give over our religious convictions to the custody of clerical guardians, but are using our well-earned political freedom with greater fearlessness and more intelligent apprehension of means and ends.

Independence, then, does not necessarily mean indifference to politics, nor even an over-nice refinement; it is simply one form of expression of the growth of politics in the American mind, of the emancipation from conventional ideas of what politics means. This power to separate the essential from the accidental is excellently shown in Mr. Lowell, and illustrated in the volume of political essays¹ which he has gathered. Many readers, with their interest strong in current aspects of politics, will turn first to the closing paper, which is fresh in the memory of men because so recently given. They will find in it a noble *apo-*

logia, not without a trace of discouragement at the apparently sluggish movement of recent years, but with that faith in the substance of his countrymen which has given Mr. Lowell the right to use words of honest scorn and warning. What impresses us most in the paper, as we remember the thoughtless gibes flung at the patriot, is the perfect self-respect with which he defines his position, the entire absence of petty retaliation upon his aspersers, the kindness of nature, the charity, in a word, which is the finest outcome of a strong political faith.

It must have been somewhat galling to Mr. Lowell to find himself taunted with being un-American. He could afford to meet such a charge with silence, but he has answered it with something better than silence, for he has reprinted in this volume, with his latest address, eleven of the articles contributed by him to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review* between 1858 and 1866. It is impossible to read these papers without admiration of the political sagacity of the writer, — a sagacity before the event, and not after. Every page bears witness to the sanity with which he regarded contemporaneous affairs, when madness seemed the most natural temper in the world, and his insight of human nature was that of a poet who did not regard his power of vision as excluding the necessity of paying taxes. History has been supplying foot-notes to these pages for the past twenty years, with the result not of correcting the text, but of confirming it. We already had in various forms an expression of Mr. Lowell's perception of Lincoln's greatness, and we knew that this was no tardy recognition, but it is interesting to trace in these papers the steady growth of his judgment.

To read again papers which one read when they first appeared is to have one's blood stirred by the remembrance of days when the cannon was accented

¹ *Political Essays*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

political principles that had been fought for on paper and at conventions and polling-places for more than one generation. We have been so accustomed, of late, to listening to stories of the war that it is a good thing to be reminded of that political contest which culminated in war. The American people never tire of politics, and in this volume they will find their favorite dish served with such a pinch of Attic salt as will relieve it of any possible suspicion of staleness.

It is more than wit, however, that

makes this book of Mr. Lowell's good reading to-day. It is because when he was writing it, as now, he neither allowed himself to be lost in the thin air of abstractions, nor to be tripped up by the network of so-called practical politics, that his words go straight to the minds of all Americans who see in politics a constant of human nature. There is comparatively little in this book which bears directly upon the political contest now raging, but it is impossible for one to read it without thinking politically with greater clearness.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THERE are few literary pleasures greater than to read the familiar correspondence of men of intellectual cultivation; and when, as in the case of Sir Henry Taylor, it extends over a long life, and has outlooks upon several eminent groups in both politics and literature, one may expect this pleasure in an unusual degree. Taylor was a hard-working man in the colonial office all his life; he wrote, beside other poetical works, a drama, Philip van Artevelde, which is thought to be one of the best plays of the century, and has had a continuous sale for fifty years; and his social position allowed him to see much of distinguished persons. The best of his life has been already made public in his Autobiography, to which the present volume¹ is a pendant, but by no means a superfluous one. It is concerned more with others than with himself. He entered life with the young men of whom Mill and Spedding were the most intellectual, and his friendship with the latter was lifelong. His own temperament

shared rather the seriousness and sound judgment of such companions than the traditional enthusiasm and spirituality of the poetic character. In youth he suffered from those irrational depressions which vex men of nervous organization, and of these we get some impressions by way of reminiscence when he visited the country where he passed those days. He speaks, late in life, of having lost the sense of nervous enjoyment which he felt in the beginning of his poetic career. Were it not for such touches as these, here and there in the pages, we should hardly see the poet in him at all. On the other hand, his mind was constitutionally practical, even skeptical, slow to accept and slower to be fired; he says, in one of his earlier letters, that he never had a devotional feeling, and he betrays no sign of one in his later utterances. It was a singular mind, sympathetic with the political economists and the business of administration in which he was engaged, and, at the other extreme, delighting in Wordsworth. The two elements, the intellectual and the literary, were admirably blended, and the result was an elevated if not a great

¹ *Correspondence of Henry Taylor.* Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

life, and one of remarkable harmony within itself. In one place, he comments on finding himself more an observer of nature, perhaps from being less occupied with thoughts, that he used "to love poetry for its own sake, but nature for the sake of poetry;" and this shows that his start was rather in a literary impulse than in an inspiration. Then, too, the daily work at the desk must have had its effect, and he notes that his strength was thus regularly too much diverted to allow of writing poetry, which he calls one of the most exciting and exhausting of pleasures. He could not always command that leisure, sense of solitude, hope, and high opinion of his powers which he enumerates as the necessities of poetic production. More than all, he came late to the practice of the art; he wrote slowly and with much labor of thought; and though his work has taken a very respectable rank, one gets the impression that the poetic spark in him smouldered rather than burned. But it was not necessary that he should be a great poet, and, though it may sound paradoxical, his nature was too capacious to let him be a poet of the second rank; he was rather a remarkable type of the intellectual man, with the soundest moral qualities in the exercise of his mind, and it is for this that he is interesting. Our present concern, however, is rather with those whom he knew than with himself.

The first group with which he was brought in contact was that of Wordsworth and Southey and some of their friends. He occasionally met both of these men, and through Miss Fenwick, with whom he was intimate, he had nearer views. He presents Wordsworth, on his visits to London, on his most amiable side, and really makes him attractive; but Miss Fenwick's letters are the more interesting. She bears testimony to Wordsworth's emotional nature, which may have some bearing on his excuse that he did not write love-poems because

they would have been too passionate. "What strange workings are there in his great mind, and how fearfully strong are all his feelings and affections! If his intellect had been less powerful, they must have destroyed him long ago; but even in the midst of his strongest emotions his attention may be attracted to some intellectual speculation, or his imagination excited by some of those external objects which have such influence over him; and his feelings subside like the feelings of a child, and he will go out and compose some beautiful sonnet." There are traits enough mentioned that are well known,—his self-confidence, heaviness, delight in household praise, an old man's vanity; but as Miss Fenwick never loses the attitude of admiration, there is nothing ill-natured in such confessions. Crabb Robinson was with the family, and she deprecates his criticism in advance. She has a bit of bright portraiture of him: "I really like him very well, and never cease wondering how he has managed to preserve so much kindness and courtesy in his bachelor state. He and old Wishaw are the only exceptions I have met with to the tendency it has to deaden all love but self-love; but these two men seem both to love themselves and to make others love them. I remember making out to my own satisfaction that Wishaw preserved his benevolence through the want of his leg,—a want that made him feel his dependence on his fellow-creatures, while it called forth their sympathy and kindness, and all those little attentions which cultivate affection both in the giver and receiver of them; and thus I imagined that the heart of old Wishaw was kept humble, grateful, and loving. But Crabb Robinson . . . I thought, the other day, when I was contemplating him while he was asleep (he always sleeps when he is not talking), that his *ugliness* had done that for him which the want of a leg had done for old Wishaw: it was great enough to excite compassion and kind-

ness, which awakened his affections as well, perhaps, as a wife and children would have done, and made him the kind, serviceable creature he is."

Taylor's sketches of Wordsworth naturally have not the freshness that belongs to reminiscences of men who have been less frequently described, but they have the merit of directness. He reports him in London as "mixing with all manner of men and delighting in various women, for he says his passion has always been for the society of women;" and Lockhart is quoted as saying that when Wordsworth met Jeffrey for the first time there, the poet "played the part of a man of the world to perfection, much better than the smaller man, and did not appear to be conscious of anything having taken place between them before." Taylor himself describes the old poet as "one of the most extraordinary human phenomena that one could have in the house. He has the simplicity and helplessness of a child in regard to the little transactions of life; and whilst he is being directed and dealt with in regard to these, he keeps tumbling out the highest and deepest thoughts that the mind of man can reach, in a stream of discourse, which is so oddly broken by the little hitches and interruptions of common life that we admire and laugh at him by turns. Everything that comes into his mind comes out, — weakness or strength, affection or vanities." But this is the Wordsworth that the biographies all know.

Of other men of the time there are here and there a few glimpses, sometimes given with satirical humor. This is how Sadler looked at a dinner with Southey: "He talked slowly, clumsily, and continually; and when he stumbled in his talk and broke down, he got slowly up again and tried to do better, without appearing to be sensible that anything awkward had happened to him, or that everybody had hoped and expected that the break-down would

finish him. After tea, however, he got warmer and more flexible in his discourse, and at the same time not so hopelessly continuous, and seemed as if at times he might be agreeable, and at other times silent." There is, too, a biting characterization of "my Lord Jeffrey," in whose case, of course, Taylor was not without some disturbing remembrance of what the critic had been to Wordsworth; but he thought him worth seeing, "in order to understand by what small springs mankind may be moved from time to time. There came from him, with a sort of dribbling fluency, the very mince-meat of small talk, with just such a seasoning of cleverness as might serve to give it an air of pretension." He compares Wilson — "a jolly, fair-haired ruffian, full of fire and talent, big and burly, and at the same time wild and animated" — to O'Connell, and remarks that he had "never seen two men, each striking in himself, whose appearance bore so much the same moral stamp." Of Southey nothing remarkable is recorded; but the relations between him and Taylor were full of respect upon both sides, and there are some letters of advice from the younger to the older man, in which there is admirable sense for all literary men who criticise public affairs. His distinction between the different degrees of responsibility generated by the duty of writing and that of acting upon subjects of public concern is most important, and his criticism on Southey's style, that "contempt, if it is to be believed to be genuine, must be, not expressed, but betrayed," is a convenient epigram for a polemical writer to keep always about him. But of all this earlier circle the most attractive figure is certainly that of Miss Fenwick, whose virtues were of that kind which too seldom sees the light. Her character, however, is felt rather than observed; there is no portrait of her in these letters, but very much is suggested, and one sees her chiefly by the reflection of her

personality from the esteem and affection of Taylor and Aubrey de Vere. The latter pays a tribute to her, at the time of her death, in a letter to Taylor, which is the most humane in the whole series. On an earlier page he had said that her moral nature was greater than Wordsworth's, and here he speaks of her with such affection and sensitiveness to the unhappiness of her life, and in so pure a religious spirit, as to bring home to the reader the memory of a high nature.

To come to Taylor's own contemporaries, none of them who contribute letters to this volume impresses one more pleasantly than De Vere. He was a lifelong friend and a poet besides, and he expressed himself frankly, and often with fullness, in his correspondence. He was the only one, Taylor confides to him, who thought as highly of the latter's verses as he did himself, and there was a good deal of poetic talk between them upon each other's work. De Vere's mind is subtle, and yet one that looks at things in the mass and as a whole; not that he generalizes, but he is continuous, a seeker after unity and comprehensiveness at once. Taylor says of him that his life was a soliloquy; certainly his thoughts have the characteristics of a mind working in solitude and largely within itself. This gives distinction to his letters, and the extraordinary refinement of his nature adds a grace which is never absent, and often comes upon one in some unexpected word, some minor thought, of the beauty of which the writer is unconscious. It is something more, however, that we obtain here a few personal glimpses of him. In one place we find him "an efficient mob-orator." It was during the Irish disturbances of 1847. "The troops came to attack a mob of several thousands, and, finding that they were in Aubrey's hands, who had stopped them and was making a speech from the top of a wall, the officer in command very wisely took away the

troops, and Aubrey brought them to reason, and persuaded them to give up their enterprise and disperse." At another time he had an adventure with some men who came to kill a steward whom he had refused to dismiss, and in this case, too, "his invariable self-possession" stood him in good stead; but his knowledge of the people and their knowledge of him seem to have been the cause of his success in dealing with them. In other passages we find him winning a good word from Carlyle, after the battle between them (Carlyle being "furiously and extravagantly irreverent") was over; and in general, lightness of heart goes with his serious mind and kind manner. But such a man is best seen in his own words, though one will readily understand the feeling that there is a kind of privacy in this portion of the correspondence, an intimacy with a living man, which sometimes rebukes observation.

The friendship between the two poets imparts a more personal element than is elsewhere to be found in the volume, except where Taylor writes of his own youthful days,

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

to his wife. We feel this closeness when De Vere speaks of his "vexation at Alice's getting ill as the carriage wound up the steep hill to Perugia, and the strange touch of grief I felt at observing for the first time what looked like a solid tress of gray in your hair, as you stood before me at church in Naples." For the spirit of this friendship we leave the reader to search in what will not prove the least valuable portion of this collection; but before leaving the subject let us quote a short passage from De Vere's own retrospect: "Although there is a melancholy about the past, still the best scenes it presents to our memory seem to me presented even more to one's hope. They are less records of what was than pledges of what may be, and

therefore must be in that far future that alone makes either present or past intelligible. One knows, looking back on them, that somehow they were not all that they seem to have been; or rather that, though they were all, and more than all, yet they were not either felt aright or understood aright at the moment." We must find space, too, for De Vere's account of Tennyson's conservatism: "'You are quite a conservative,' I said to him, one day. He replied, 'I believe in progress, and would *conserve the hopes of men.*'" This was in 1848, and Tennyson was also saying in very good British, "Let us not see a French soldier land on the English shores, or I will tear him limb from limb." The occasional violence of the Laureate's prose, however, is not a new thing in our anecdotes.

There is a good deal, in one way and another, about Carlyle, the best being Taylor's remark *à propos* of Frederick: "The defect of Carlyle's book is one that belongs to the author, and which I once ventured to mention to him, — that he does not know the difference between right and wrong." Some years before, in 1845, he made a happy quotation with regard to Carlyle's style: "His light comes in flashes, and

" 'Before a man hath time to say "Behold!"

The jaws of darkness do devour it up;'" and he comments on the general subject of Carlyle's teaching: "I suppose that it will generally be found that when a man quarrels with all the world for not giving an intelligible account of the ways of Providence, it is because he is much perplexed at them himself." Later on, in 1848, he says: "Less instructive talk I never listened to from any man who had read and attempted to think. His opinions are the most groundless and senseless opinions that it is possible to utter. . . . I think it is the great desire to have opinions and the incapacity to form them which keeps his mind in a constant struggle, and gives it over to

every kind of extravagance." Taylor never formed a more favorable opinion. In 1868 he compares him to "a Puritan of the seventeenth century, — that is, in his nature and character of mind (not, of course, in his creed, if he has one); a man who renounces argument and reasoning which every other intellectual man of the time thinks it necessary to stand upon, and trusts to visions and insights." Upon Carlyle, Aubrey de Vere, too, has a good sentence with regard to the democrats not being very angry with him: "The Revolutionary people readily forgive his phrases in praise of despotic rule, just as the Whigs forgave Moore for his Irish patriotism, when they found he was contented to hang his harp on the orange-trees in the conservatories at Holland Park. Carlyle's admirers feel that *his works* are at the Revolutionary side."

It is impossible to do more than touch upon many of the other interesting personal sketches and scraps of reminiscence that are to be found. Sir James Stephens, who took the interest of an elderly man in Taylor, is very welcome whenever he appears in the correspondence; and so is James Spedding, though he was not a good letter-writer. Taylor characterizes the latter's mind very sharply, in one place. He is speaking of Spedding's possible influence in causing Tennyson's revolt from Gladstone. "There is in it [his mind], however, a leaning to the controversial, which involves, perhaps, some tincture of the spirit of contradiction. If left to himself, he will contradict himself, till he works himself into just thinking and comes to a correct conclusion. But if a man like Gladstone is positive and absolute and vehement, and all on one side, the spirit will lift up its head and hiss like a serpent that is trodden on." In connection with this, and in general with the place Gladstone occupies in the politics at the end of the volume, it is amusing to turn back to the year 1839, and

find Taylor writing of him, "Two wants, however, may lie across his political career, — want of robust health and want of flexibility." Old Lord Ashburton is very keenly drawn, especially in regard to his power of seeing all sides of a question, so that he was said to be notorious for convincing everybody in the House of Commons but himself, for he "generally ended by voting in the teeth of his own speech." To this earlier period belongs, too, a parlor scene of the Duke of Wellington with Miss Jervis singing to him and entertaining him, — just the sort of scene that one would find only in a letter. Among the brightest social sketches, however, is that of the scene at Lady Ashburton's table when Tennyson was a new-comer at the seat of honor beside her, and Taylor gave him warning: "Twenty years ago I was the last new man, and where am I now?" Whereupon the lady rose in defense of her constancy, and reminded him of his marriage, and ended by saying that "of course one's affection for one's old friends *was* a different thing." Then, Tennyson asking "what time it took to make an old friend," I replied that with her five years reduced it to the decencies of dry affection; and on Lady Ashburton's again coming to the defense of the lasting character of her attachments, Taylor said that he did "not dispute that they *hardened* into permanence. But what I was speaking of was the case of Alfred Tennyson, and I could only say that this time last year I had seen Mr. Goldwin Smith sitting by her side at dinner, just as I had seen Alfred Tennyson yesterday; and that I expected to see Alfred Tennyson this time next year occupying the position which I was told Mr. Goldwin Smith had occupied when he was here last week. I had not seen it myself, but it had been described to me. He came to the Grange last year, innocent and happy in the bloom of youth, with violet eyes; and what he was now I had

not seen, but I had heard of it." Then Lady Ashburton explained that a stranger is often shy, and so on, and Tennyson broke in with, "Then it appears, by what you say yourself, that you do not show me any particular favors." She said, "Well, it is a different sort of feeling that one has for a new friend and an old one; but you, Mr. Venables, are now almost an old acquaintance, and you can say what you feel about it." "Then," the narrative goes on in Taylor's words, "as Venables was beginning to bear his testimony, to his infinite horror Alfred said, 'Why, you told me yourself that Lady Ashburton had been very kind to you at first, and that now' — Here Venables stopped him, speaking aside in a deprecating tone, and I ended the debate by saying, 'Well, Tennyson, all I can say is that my advice to you is to rise with your winnings and be off.' Venables said to Mrs. Brookfield, afterwards, that Alfred was truly an *enfant terrible*." This, as an example of conversation "at the Grange," is not without interest, for one does not often meet with verbatim reports of how the men and women talked at that famous meeting-place. It is pleasant to read in the next letter that "there was no pain given in these passages between Lady Harriet and me," but all was "light, gay, stingless talk."

Another portion of the correspondence deals with political affairs, and here one finds Lord Gray, whose love of justice is a most noticeable trait, and, besides Gladstone in person, talk about Disraeli, Governor Eyre, and the Jamaica incident, and such topics as reform of the penal code, Irish affairs, constitutional changes, Bulgaria, the colonial relations, and the like; but this portion of the contents is incidental and comparatively small. It is interesting to observe that to a lifelong opposition to field-sports and a horror of vivisection Taylor added a belief in the efficacy of the lash upon criminals, and in general of sharp physical punish-

ments, though he disapproved, apparently, of employing such correctives upon hardened offenders. The inconsistency, from the sentimental point of view, is solved by remembering that Taylor thought out these conclusions rationally, instead of arriving at them by sensitive feelings. His defense of the whipping-post goes to the point of advocacy. Of the persons who are to be met with, in this part of the letters, Lord Gray is by far the most impressive; and of the lesser men, the Elliots are most attractive. The figure of Sir John Grant is one not to be met with outside of the English hunting-grounds, and it is briefly drawn: "I found him in what the house-agents call a 'spacious mansion,' with glowing pictures on the walls, presenting divers interesting objects without clothes. And I found flesh in a variety of other exquisite forms upon the dinner-table, and he looked a tall, large, solid, substantial man, with a russet face expressing ease and comfort; and I asked him what could induce him to leave all this, and 'live laborious days' in Jamaica. His answer was: 'I cannot tell you, for I do not know. When I came from India, three years since, I found my leisure altogether delightful, and came to the conclusion that what I was made for was to swing upon a gate. I have seen no reason to think otherwise since, and why I am going to Jamaica I cannot understand!' I hear," concludes Taylor, "he was infinitely laborious as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and that he is one of the few men to whom idleness and labor are equally welcome." But the life-likeness of Taylor's portraiture and anecdote is well enough known from his Autobiography. In age his pen was more effective than in early manhood, and seems to have been more free in comment. His remark upon Macaulay's

personal appearance, in connection with the latter's expressing some vanity on hearing that the handsomest woman in London had pronounced his profile to be a study for an artist, is an admirable example of the vigor of his short sentences in latter days. "His looks," writes Taylor, "always seemed to me the most impudent contradiction of himself that Nature had ever dared to throw in a man's face."

The correspondence as a whole is a subsidiary volume; but apart from the more important Autobiography, it has a high value of its own as a collection of letters by men and women of cultivation, and one feels in them the presence of social tact and manners, as well as much strength of mind, occasional wit, and in one case, at least, remarkable grace in expression. They are a record of London life, notwithstanding the fact that the correspondents often lived in the country; for it was London that united them. It is quite in keeping with the tone of the book to find Taylor himself, in early manhood, so much a Londoner as to confess that "the Regent's Park is more beautiful in my eyes than Venice;" and he follows up the declaration by a description of his evening walk there before going to bed, which redeems his preference for "the most beautiful civic scenery in the world." The intellectual life of London is a bracing one, and here one gets somewhat nearer to it than books often bring the reader, and finds himself always in excellent company for the mind. Taylor's individuality naturally gives unity and a dominant tone to the volume, and that is perhaps the reason why we are so constantly impressed with the solidity of mind and soundness of judgment which seem to belong to all these correspondents.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A New
Earth in the
Old Earth's
Arms.

I HAVE made the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. Who has not felt the need of them? Who has not said to himself, "I have seen this whole thing over and over again. This world, which is 'round like an orange,' has, like an orange, now been effectually squeezed. Give me new worlds, not to conquer, but to live in." When the impulse to turn over a new leaf, to break with the past, to begin life all over again, is strong upon us, we look around in vain for "fresh woods and pastures new" in which to begin it. How put a new soul of existence into an old body of circumstances? But we are no longer driven to this dilemma. I do not mind making public, at least to all those choice spirits who read a Certain Magazine, the chart of my newly discovered world.

It is the world of the dawn. "Oh, *that!*" cries my young friend scornfully, and is about to turn away. But let me ask you, in confidence, When have you seen the dawn, the whole of it, from silvery beginning to golden end? It was not long ago that an ingenuous maid asked me, looking up from her favorite poet, "*Is the sunrise so much, any way?*" No, I might have said; not if you burst in on it rudely, jumping out of bed, or sleepily fumbling aside a curtain. You only get, in that case, the flash of an angry glare. But go quietly at very daybreak, steal to some rock, or hill, or only to some housetop, and lie in wait for its delicate first footsteps in the eastern sky. You must stalk your sunrise.

How often do we hear somebody say, "I had to get up early this morning, and I wondered why we don't always do it"! But the chances are it was a very inadequate experience. There was some invalid to be tended, or some owl-train

to be caught. Taken deliberately, and provided for beforehand by a full night's sleep, the wonder why we do not always do it would be vastly increased. Why we do not, however, is plain enough. It is because we cannot afford to burn our candle at both ends. "*Early to bed and early to rise,*" the whole prescription reads. It does not do to take half of it alone. If we are to see the morning-star properly, the evening-star must draw on *our* night-cap with its own.

The dawn, then, is protected from the throng of sacrilegious sight-seers by a great barrier. That barrier is the difficulty of going to bed. Our civilization has become a gaslight civilization. We try to turn night into day, and only succeed in turning night wrong side out; getting the harsh and wiry side that rasps the jaded nerves, in place of the gentle touches of "the welcome, the thrice prayed for" mantle of peaceful dreams.

It is diverting, to say the least, to take now and then a point of view outside of all our most cherished customs, even those that seem to us most "natural," because our patient natures have been so completely twisted into them, as the jar to the jar-bred Chinese dwarf. Casting such a glance from outside at our gaslight habits, we suddenly see something absurd in them. Standing in a crowded and brilliantly glaring room, half deafened by the horrid discord of a hundred jabbering tongues, we find it a relic of barbarism. We see the dancing rings of savages, yelling and beating tom-toms around a blazing fire. How much better off all these people would be, we think (supposing the din and confusion permit us to hear ourselves think), if they were all comfortably in bed, preparing their nervous machinery for a sane and energetic day to-morrow!

For my part, I should be glad if I could go back and cut away from my life all that ever occurred in it beyond early bedtime, as the cook goes round a pie-plate and shears off the outlying dough. Mere ragged and formless shreds of existence those gaslight hours have been, containing, on the whole, far more evil than good; far more yawns, and the dreadful pangs of yawns suppressed, than refreshing eye-beams and voices.

Then there is another thing: could not the act of going to bed be made, from childhood up, a less depressing operation? The one daily torture of my own otherwise kindly handled childhood was the going to bed in the dark. I hated the dark, and have always hated it. Why could not some softly shaded light have been left for me to go to sleep by, and then withdrawn, instead of crashing down on my wide-awake eyes that horrible club of blackness? Or how much better to have "cuddled doon" in the still faintly glimmering twilight, and let the slowly coming star-light draw the child to sleepiness, and softly "kiss his eyelids down"!

And why must one assume a garb for the night that even the child feels to be ridiculously unsuitable? To take off one's warm and comfortably fitting garments, and barely cover the shrinking pudency of the limbs with some brief apology of flapping inadequateness, — it is an insult to the Angel of Sleep. They do this better, I am told, in Japan. There the man has a night-suit of entire and comely garments. He does not undeclothe and then half clothe himself, and sneak in mortified helplessness underneath a weight of vein-compressing sheets and blankets and uncomfortable "comfortables," squeezing him out as if he had covered himself with the cellar-door. He lies down in his complete warm suit, and throws over him some light affair of gossamer silk. It only needs a sudden cry of "fire" in the house to make us realize the prepos-

terous condition we are every one of us in.

The time of Going to Bed ought in some way to be made the pleasantest, and most decorous, and most dignified, even — if you like — the most picturesque, and certainly the most comfortable hour of the whole twenty-four. Then it would need no polite euphemism of "retiring" to veil its horrors. Then the child would no longer hold back from it, as if he were being thrust into a hideous cave of darkness, to be seized by all the nightmares of Dreamdom.

And then, best of all, we should be ready to rise at the whistle of the first chirping bird, perfectly rested, thoroughly refreshed, with the brain vocal only with light echoes of the wholesome day before, instead of still jangling with the cultured rumpus of a "social evening," or an "evening of amusement," or the uncanny, fevered visions which are only such evenings gone to seed. We should see the heavens at their purest, on earth peace, the big white stars at their best, unconfused by the haze of smaller stars and star-dust, and shining alone in the faintly illumined sky. We should know how our earth and its robe of ambient air appear to other planets, — a morning-star to the morning-stars. For the whole east, as it pales the planets in its growing light, is itself of pure and starry brightness. But if I am going to write of the dawn, I may as well do it in verse, and have done with it: —

AT EARLY MORN.

Walk who will at deep of noon,
Or stroll fantastic in the moon;
I would take the morning earth,
New as at creation's birth,
Air unbreathed, and grass untrod;
Where I cross the dawn-lit sod,
Making green paths in the gray
Of the dew that 's brushed away.

Would some depth of holy night,
Sacred with its starry light,

Over all my breast might roll,
 Bringing dawn unto my soul,
 That its consecrated dew
 Might refresh and make me new!
 Then that thou and I might pace
 Some far planet, poised in space,
 Fresh as children innocent,
 In each other's love content!
 There our feet should recommence,
 Lightened of experience,
 Morning ways on dewy slope,
 Winged with wonder and with hope;
 All the things we'd thought, or done,
 Or felt before, forgot—save one!

Confessions
 of an Ideal-
 ist.

— In one of those hours of expansion that come when two old comrades sit together in leisurely quiet, my friend E—— indulged in certain confessions which, now that he is gone from this stage of human action, I have a mind to repeat, at least in part, for the sake of the human interest attaching to any sincere record of personal experience.

"I know that I have sometimes been pitied for a poor devil with his head forever in the clouds, and I admit I have hurt my toes badly, at times, in stumbling against the stones of hard fact in my path. Yet have I not had a clearer vision of my far-off goal than if I had kept my eyes bent on the few feet of road just before me? I was born with that thirst for happiness which doubtless is native to all human beings, but in greatly varying intensity; and I have been too rational to lose myself in the pursuit of trivial satisfactions, too passionate to content myself in mere ease. If the desires of my pleasure-loving nature had been more fully gratified, I should have been a different man from the one I am. Circumstances, as you know, my friend, — lack of wealth and of that greater boon, health, — have restricted my activities and denied me much that others enjoy. What has been left me is the life of ideas and emotions. Knowledge is half of life; feeling completes the round of it. George Sand said that it is a misfortune to possess too great a supply of active ideas; and I

say yes, if the *Summum Bonum* consist, for any man, in the avoidance of pain, I counsel him not to think, above all not to feel. But against George Sand's irony I set off the serious judgment of another French writer, who maintains that our finest adventures are our thoughts; and in my own experience I estimate among my keenest delights visions of great truths, enthusiasms for great principles, and admirations of men nobler than myself. Yes, yes, no doubt I have suffered sharply in these same fibres of the soul; discouragement with the blindness and apathy of mankind, cold disappointment of hopes, and hot indignation at triumphant wrong, — these are a reality of pain for the lover of his kind.

"I have made mistakes and committed follies, through fancying that others must see things with my eyes and feel them with my heart. Heaven be thanked that when I found I had trusted men too much and credited them with more good than was in them, I did not try to mend the matter by distrusting the rest of the world and disbelieving in all goodness. Experience is a dead, dumb thing, as our own poet says, and the victory's in believing. In days past I have spent some pity on myself for my mistakes; now I can smile at the blunders and their consequences. What if the fools and rogues outnumber the good and wise — as yet? A thousand or two years in the education of the race, — what are they in His sight?

'If we could wait! The only fault's with Time;
 All men become good creatures — but so slow!'

Yes, I am an idealist, in life and art; for me the actual does not express the whole, the real. The actual, the particular, is no more than the partial and temporary, ever being done away with to make room for the coming Better and Best. This is a true saying in art because true in life. Study the actual,

artists all; but be sure you read between the lines, for if you stick at the letter your work will avail little to teach or give joy to men.

"You do not mistake me, and think that I pose before the world or you as myself an ideal, the admirable image of what man may be: that truly would be the finest stroke of self-irony, self-confutation! Yet it is truth to say that if, through weakness of the flesh, I have often been laggard to answer the call upon my life of those ideals I myself had placed as lords over it, yet I have

never been unheeding or faithless. And but for sight of the heights above that I *must* reach, where should I now stand? It is the vision of the invisible, of the Summa Veritas, the Summa Pulchra, that alone has upheld my feeble, faltering steps. I have *lived*, not slumbered with folded hands; and, in my measure, as a human being should. In my youth I was hungry for joy, and yet fastidious, inclined to grumble at the fare set before me; but now I say grace over my life: For what I have received, Lord, make me truly thankful.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Nature and Travel. Three Cruises of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer Blake in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the Atlantic coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. By Alexander Agassiz; in two volumes. (Houghton.) In these two handsome volumes Dr. Agassiz has gathered the results of a series of observations of deep-sea and other soundings; he has traced the formation of the coast line, examined the fauna of the deep sea, studied the currents and temperature, and investigated the Florida reefs. His own work is supplemented and enlarged by the contributions of his associates, but the plan of the entire work is the author's own, and impresses the reader by the unity and directness which prevails in spite of the distractions which the process of the work rendered probable. That is to say, Dr. Agassiz has not wearied the reader by compelling him to cross and recross his tracks in following separate narratives of the several cruises, but has led him by a logical course from an account of the equipment of the Blake through an historical sketch of deep-sea work to the structure of the forms examined, an examination of all the elements involved, and, finally, to monographs on characteristic types. The book is primarily for scientific students, but there are many parts which will reward the general reader with remarkable glimpses of nature, and give him new conceptions of thalassography, as the author cleverly denotes the geography of the sea. — Historic Waterways; six hundred miles of canoeing down the Rock, Fox, and Wisconsin rivers, by Reuben Gold

Thwaites. (McClurg.) An agreeable narrative by a writer whose taste for history and knowledge of local events enables him to make of his book something more than a record of personal adventure. The volume is, besides, a plea for rational vacation jaunting. — The Pocket Guide for Europe; handbook for travelers on the Continent and the British Isles, and through Egypt, Palestine, and Northern Africa, by Thomas W. Knox. (Putnam.) The mechanical neatness and compactness of this handbook corresponds with the condensation and straightforwardness of the contents. Colonel Knox is an experienced tourist, and his book makes an excellent analysis of a long journey. — Indian Sketches taken during a United States expedition to make treaties with the Pawnee and other tribes of Indians in 1833. By John Treat Irving. (Putnam.) Interesting, both intrinsically and as the report of life among the Indians more than a half century ago. We do not see that either Indians or whites have changed greatly. We wonder that the author, in speaking of his companions, feels it necessary to veil their names, at this remote date, under initials. — Tenting at Stony Beach. By Maria Louise Pool. (Houghton.) A racy book of the summer experience of two unmarried women camping out. It just lacks a certain artistic touch to make it a piece of literature, but it has a vigor of handling which compensates in some degree. — Tropical Africa, by Henry Drummond. (Scribner & Welford.) A refreshingly small book of personal observation, by a man of very quick perception and agreeable literary manners. Mr. Drummond

is a naturalist; he is also a man who loves his fellow-men, and it was impossible for one of so high a spirit to come in contact with great problems of civilization and not speak; his speech is thoughtful and to the point. The reader need not be a naturalist to enjoy the book, but he will enjoy it all the more if he has had a training in science. — In *Nesting-Time*, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Houghton.) Fifteen delightful papers make up this volume; some of them are already known to our readers. They are the results of personal observation and also, what is quite as important, of personal affection. One needs not only to see birds, but to care for them with more than curious interest, to what is Mrs. Miller does.

History and Biography. Missouri, by Lucien Carr, is a new volume in the American Commonwealth series. Mr. Carr has a clear conception of the individuality of the State, and his book, while not professedly a defense, is in effect a strong statement of the position occupied by a great border State under the strain of the slavery contest. Mr. Carr writes a clear, forcible English, and when he is dealing with matters of description, as in the early territorial life, he is very happy in manner. The book is a real contribution not only to our knowledge of Missouri, but also to our understanding of what may be called the border-state mind. — Solomon Maimon; an autobiography, translated from the German by J. Clark Murray. (Cupples & Hurd.) The record of a Polish Jew, a Kantian philosopher, who is referred to in Daniel Deronda. He was born about 1754, and his book is an interesting view of lofty modern Judaism from the interior. — *Discovery of the Origin of the Name of America.* By Thomas de St. Bris. (Box No. 1852, New York.) Mr. de St. Bris finds a number of names upon the South American continent bearing a close resemblance to the name America, and without very close attention to dates, especially of cartographical dates, he reaches the conclusion that the Spaniards at once named all that part of the world *Amaraca* or *America*. He does not seem to have read Mr. Jules Marcou's ingenious and more scholarly plea for *Merie* in Central America. — *William the Conqueror*, by Edward A. Freeman. (Macmillan.) The first of the series of *Twelve English Statesmen*. Mr. Freeman has an opportunity here to enforce his cardinal doctrine of what constitutes Englishry, and he uses it vigorously. While the sketch is on broad lines, it also contains those minute discussions which seem unavoidable with Mr. Freeman. — *The Life of Dr. Anandabai Joshee*, by Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. (Roberts.) Many have heard of the high-caste Hindu woman who came to this country and studied medicine, but died

almost immediately after her return to India, where she was to be physician in charge of the female wards in an English hospital. Her character was one of singular sweetness, and though it is impossible to judge of a race by an individual member, it is possible to gather new impressions of Hinduism by the study of this noble woman.

Fiction. *John Ward, Preacher*, by Margaret Deland. (Houghton.) A vigorous presentation of a dilemma which seems far away to many minds, yet is by no means an impossibility. A young preacher, who holds, with earnestness, the severest tenets of Calvinism, marries a girl who is practically an agnostic. After the marriage the husband discovers the irreconcilable difference between his belief on the subject of future punishment and his wife's inertia. He endeavors to bring about her conversion, and finally wrecks his life in the vain attempt. Stated baldly, this does not promise a very entertaining story, but Mrs. Deland has certainly made her hero very real, very consistent, and has introduced some pretty idyllic passages as a foil. The moral seems to be that people with consciences like John Ward and the pretty Lois Howe, when they throw away their common sense, are sure to be miserable; but the reader finds himself swinging between logical, whimsical consistency and a limp sort of hedonism. However, we do not suppose Mrs. Deland set herself the task of proposing a philosophy of life or even an eirenicon in the matter of eschatology. Some of the passages, such as the scene where the rector visits Mr. Denner in his sick-room, are very clever. — *A Man's Will*, by Edgar Fawcett (Funk & Wagnalls), is a temperance story, full of most disagreeable truths, the one forcible moral, that the only deliverance lies through the exercise of the will, being scarcely more than a slight incident at the end of the story; the reader has no means of knowing how efficient it proved in the case of the hero. — *A False Start*, by Hawley Smart. (Appleton.) An English novel; some of the scenes laid in South Africa. The effect of life-likeness is obtained chiefly through slouch and slang. — *Mrs. Lord's Moonstone*, by Charles Stokes Wayne. (Wynne & Wayne, Philadelphia.) A collection of five stories, in which mystery is made to play a somewhat flaring part. — *The Veiled Beyond*, by Sigmund B. Alexander. (Cassell.) Esoteric Buddhism must be held accountable for some of the most foolish fiction with which we have been tried of late. The adepts are anything but adepts in novel-writing. — *A Woman's Face*; or *a Lakeland Mystery*, by Florence Warden. (Appleton.) A thoroughly disagreeable, unwholesome story, with not even power of writing to atone for its unpleasantness. —

Len Gansett, by Opie P. Read. (Ticknor.) A rude story of life in the Southwest. The writer keeps pretty near the ground. — The King of Folly Island and other People, by Sarah Orne Jewett (Houghton), contains eight stories, of which three are already known to our readers; but the charm of Miss Jewett's stories is not exhausted by a single reading. — Two Men, by Elizabeth Stoddard. (Cassell.) A reissue of a novel which appeared inopportunely, but has always remained strongly in the minds of those who read it, thirty years ago, was it? It has a suffocating power. — Mr. Tangier's Vacations, by Edward E. Hale. (Roberts.) Mr. Tangier is a city lawyer, who stops his brain in the city just in time to prevent it from running away with his life, and flees to parts unknown for total rest. The rest is quickly resolved into a lively interest in the country community about him, and thus the story goes on with a hop, skip, and a jump, taking in all sorts of bright situations, and giving an opportunity for a great variety of entertaining social schemes. Mr. Hale's ingenuity never deserts him, and his rattle is a most diverting compound of sense and nonsense. Before one knows it one has pulled the string and gasped under a shower-bath of refreshing, stimulating ideas. — The Steel Hammer, by Louis Ulbach, translated by E. W. Latimer. (Appleton.) Of the Gaborian school, apparently. — The Brown Stone Boy, by W. H. Bishop. (Cassell.) A collection of eight of Mr. Bishop's magazine stories. His invention is always fresh, and the reader is sure to get a story, which ought to go without saying in books of this class, but does not. — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are the Led Horse Claim, by Mary Hallock Foote; Next Door, by Clara Louise Burnham; and Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy. — A Nymph of the West, by Howard Seely. (Appleton.) By deepening the shadows and intensifying the high lights, this author has tried to draw a striking figure of a beautiful, ignorant frontier girl; but though the reader has not been in Colorado, he may be allowed to doubt the truth to nature in the picture. — The Residuary Legatee, or The Posthumous Jest of the Late John Austin. By F. J. Stimson. (Scribners.) — The Spell of Ashtaroth. By Duffield Osborne. (Scribners.) A fervid historical romance; material drawn from the Book of Judges and the author's imagination; language of direct address taken from melodrama. — At Home and in War, 1853-1881. Reminiscences and anecdotes, by Alexander Verestchagin, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) It is not strictly correct to place this book under the head of Fiction, but its form is so free, and there is such a wealth of

petty detail, that it is hard to believe that the lively autobiographer has not been aiming at the effect of a novel. It may be taken as a further commentary upon the particulars of Russian life in military service. — The Lassies of Leverhouse, by Jessie Fothergill. (Holt.) It is odd how slight the disguise of sex is in this novel. It is supposed to be told in autobiographic form by a man, but the voice and manner are strictly feminine. — The Case of Mohammed Benani. (Appleton.) "The serious object of the book is, without attacking individuals, to attract public attention to the evil adjustment of a mechanism which grinds, not grain, but human creatures between the upper and nether stone of Jewish and Moorish oppression — awful mills to which the placid breeze of consular support imparts continuous motion." The romantic object appears to be to employ mesmeric phenomena. Perhaps it is in the nature of things impossible, but we wish these writers of psychical romances were a little more skeptical. This book has an amateurish air. — Lotus, a psychological romance, by the author of A New Marguerite. (George Redway, London.) Such stuff as nightmares are made of. — A Debutante in New York Society; her illusions and what became of them, by Rachel Buchanan. (Appleton.) Rather hard on the mother of the period. — His Broken Sword, by Winnie Louise Taylor. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A novel of Western life, with special reference to the problems involved in the social degradation which follows upon imprisonment. The force of the book is rather scattered, and the writer has more energy of mind than clearly ordered power. One, in fact, lays the book down with more interest in the writer than in the characters she has drawn. — One Maid's Mischief, by G. Manville Fenn. (Appleton.) We decline to read a novel, however good, in such small print as this book contains. — Master of His Fate, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Another of Mrs. Barr's vigorous sketches of life among the willful. — The Path to Fame. By Edward Ruben. (O. Lanecker, New York.) A dull book in which a would-be artist's career is sketched, with the addition of some social studies. The book reads like the work of one who did not invent his characters and scenes, but lacked the power to give reality in fiction to a copy of reality in life. — Brinka: an American Countess, by Mary Clare Spenser. (Spenser Publishing Co., New York.) A racket of a book. — Agatha Page: a parable, by Isaac Henderson. (Ticknor.) A novel of Italian life, with an andante movement. — Isidra, by Willis Steel. (Ticknor.) The pastime of one who went to Mexico with other views than novel-writing.

